

THE
BEST SHORT STORIES
OF 1926

And the
Yearbook of the American
Short Story

Edited by
Edward J. O'Brien

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THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1926

BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

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THE
BEST SHORT STORIES
OF 1926

AND THE
YEARBOOK OF THE AMERICAN
SHORT STORY

EDITED BY
EDWARD J. O'BRIEN



DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
NEW YORK : 130611 : 1926

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TO
MANUEL KOMROFF

BY WAY OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND REQUEST

Grateful acknowledgment for permission to include the stories and other material in this volume is made to the following authors and editors:

To the Editors of *The Boston Evening Transcript*, *Liberty*, *The Bookman*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Cosmopolitan*, *The Pictorial Review*, *The Woman's Home Companion*, *The Junior League Bulletin*, *Harper's Magazine*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Midland*, *Opportunity*, and *Scribner's Magazine*; and to The Century Company, Messrs. Harcourt, Brace and Company, Mr. Barry Benefield, Mrs. Ada Jack Carver, Mr. Donald Corley, Mr. Chester T. Crowell, Captain A. E. Dingle, Mr. Henry Walbridge Dudley, Mr. Arthur Huff Fauset, Miss Zona Gale, Mr. Tupper Greenwald, Mr. Ernest Hemingway, Mr. Manuel Komroff, Mr. Milutin Krunich, Mr. Ring W. Lardner, Mrs. Grace Sartwell Mason, Mrs. Susan Meriwether, Mr. Ira V. Morris, Jr., Mr. Robert E. Sherwood, Mr. Wilbur Daniel Steele, Mr. Edward L. Strater, and Miss Virginia Tracy.

I wish to make particular acknowledgments for editorial assistance to Mrs. W. J. Turner and Miss Edwina M. Thompson.

I shall be grateful to my readers for corrections, and particularly for suggestions leading to the wider usefulness of these annual volumes. In particular, I shall welcome the receipt from authors, editors and publishers of stories printed during the period between September, 1925, and August, 1926, inclusive, which have qualities of distinction and yet are not printed in periodicals falling under my regular attention.

Communications may be addressed to me *Care of Dodd, Mead, and Company, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

E. J. O.

INTRODUCTION

I

IF you care to turn to Manuel Komroff's recent collection of short stories entitled "The Grace of Lambs," you will see that they have a great deal in common with the tales which have been told for many centuries in Eastern bazaars. They are improvisations in which a theme is chosen, and variations are woven about this theme somewhat circumstantially and, in accordance with the mood of the tale-teller and his auditors, they unite in a happy marriage a kind of laughing fantasy and a grave circumstantial realism. They are not written: they are told.

This kind of tale is repeated over and over, and with each repetition it gains in elaboration and in precision. Much the same process is to be observed in the development of the folk-tale. Its origin is usually so ancient that we have little certain knowledge of it. The folk-tale, as we know it, has usually attained its final form. If you were to go to any remote village in French Canada, such as Ste.-Anne-des-Monts in the Gaspé Peninsula, and were to spend your evenings in a farmer's cottage during the winter, you would find that tales were told by the fire every night, and that some were long enough to last for several evenings. Each village has its favorite story-teller and people from many houses will flock in to the kitchen to listen to him. None of his tales are ever written down, and yet they have attained so definite a form that if he leaves out a single word in a story which lasts seven or eight hours, he will be corrected. Now a tale of this sort has attained perfect artistic form, and this form has in every case been a perfectly natural growth.

One feels that Mr. Komroff's tales are also the outcome of a perfectly natural growth, that he has told them over and over again to his friends, heightening the interest here when they showed signs of boredom, elaborating the detail there when their faces clouded with perplexity, and thus attaining the final growth

in which he has given them to the general public. His tales now have the vitality of improvisation and the ripeness of well-cultivated art. The only addition which he has made to the old folk-tale is a modern consciousness of psychology and a patrician irony of statement.

The old folk-tale lacked what I may call, for convenience, "awareness." Such knowledge of psychology as it had was largely unconscious: such knowledge of experience as it had was limited by the simplicity of folk-life. This simplicity made for directness in tale-telling as well as for unity of structure. It fulfilled the needs of its audience perfectly because life was simpler and emotional experience, if sometimes more intense, was much more limited in its range. It could ignore problems, for example, because problems did not exist.

Modern life, however, in our feverish industrial civilization is full of problems, and these problems, whether rightfully or wrongfully, have become the chief stuff of our story-telling. Our civilization is mechanical, and mechanism is, therefore, reflected in the much more elaborate structure of our stories. We have a hunger for completeness, and fear to leave out a single detail. In America particularly our stories are overloaded with mechanical structure and meticulous detail. I should like to see both of these thrown overboard.

We shall always be defeated by completeness. The bravest attempts at including everything in the story have been James Joyce's "Ulysses," and Dorothy Richardson's novels. Let us honor these books, but recognize that both writers have traveled as far as it is possible to go away from story-telling. They are doing something else which is valuable, but with this we are not at the moment concerned.

I believe that the significant story-telling of the future will be that in which the story goes home once more to the hearth and the bazaar from which it came. It will carry with it on its journey all the experience of modern life, but simplified as it should be simplified, and told with a certain innocence and freshness of mind so that it will interest children whose imagination looks forward, and old people whose memory looks backward. The expanse of modern experience will give it a richer variety of mood, and the ambition of modern endeavor will give it a new imagina-

tive outreach toward the future. Finally, the recognition that no complete statement can ever be made about life, or any part of it, will enable the story-teller to leave some raveled edges in the pattern for his audience to play with. When American story-tellers begin to imagine such stories in silence, and to tell them quietly without self-consciousness, the American short story will have started on its journey home.

II

To repeat what I have said in these pages in previous years, for the benefit of the reader as yet unacquainted with my standards and principles of selection, I shall point out that I have set myself the task of disengaging the essential human qualities in our contemporary fiction, which, when chronicled conscientiously by our literary artists, may fairly be called a criticism of life. I am not at all interested in formulæ, and organized criticism at its best would be nothing more than dead criticism, as all dogmatic interpretation of life is always dead. What has interested me, to the exclusion of other things, is the fresh, living current which flows through the best American work, and the psychological and imaginative reality which American writers have conferred upon it.

No substance is of importance in fiction, unless it is organic substance, that is to say, substance in which the pulse of life is beating. Inorganic fiction has been our curse in the past, and bids fair to remain so, unless we exercise much greater artistic discrimination than we display at present.

The present record covers the period from October, 1925, to August, 1926, inclusive. During this period I have sought to select from the stories published in American magazines those which have rendered life imaginatively in organic substance and artistic form. Substance is something achieved by the artist in every act of creation, rather than something already present, and accordingly a fact or group of facts in a story only attains substantial embodiment when the artist's power of compelling imaginative persuasion transforms them into a living truth. The first test of a short story, therefore, in any qualitative analysis, is to report upon how vitally compelling the writer makes his selected

facts or incidents. This test may be conveniently called the test of substance.

But a second test is necessary if the story is to take rank above other stories. The true artist will seek to shape this living substance into the most beautiful and satisfying form by skillful selection and arrangement of his materials, and by the most direct and appealing presentation of it in portrayal and characterization.

The short stories which I have examined in this study, as in previous years, have fallen naturally into four groups. The first consists of those stories which fail, in my opinion, to survive either the test of substance or the test of form. These stories are listed in the yearbook without comment or qualifying asterisk.

The second group consists of those stories which may fairly claim that they survive either the test of substance or the test of form. Each of these stories may claim to possess either distinction of technique alone, or more frequently, I am glad to say, a persuasive sense of life in them to which the reader responds with some part of his own experience. Stories included in this group are indicated in the yearbook index by a single asterisk prefixed to the title.

The third group, which is composed of stories of still greater distinction, includes such narratives as may lay convincing claim to a second reading, because each of them has survived both tests, the test of substance and the test of form. Stories included in this group are indicated in the yearbook index by two asterisks prefixed to the title.

Finally, I have recorded the names of a small group of stories which possess, I believe, the even finer distinction of uniting genuine substance and artistic form in a closely woven pattern with such sincerity that these stores may fairly claim a position in American literature. If all of these stories by American authors were republished, they would not occupy more space than six or seven novels of average length. My selection of them does not imply the critical belief that they are great stories. A year which produced one great story would be an exceptional one. It is simply to be taken as meaning that I have found the equivalent of six or seven volumes worthy of republication among all the stories published during the period under consideration. These stories are indicated in the yearbook index by three asterisks

prefixed to the title, and are listed in the special "Rolls of Honor." In compiling these lists, I have permitted no personal preference or prejudice to influence my judgment consciously. Several stories which I dislike personally are to be found on the "Rolls of Honor." The general and particular results of my study will be found explained and carefully detailed in the supplementary part of this volume.

London.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN.

September 25, 1926.

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THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1926

NOTE.—The order in which the stories in this volume are printed is not intended as an indication of their comparative excellence; the arrangement is alphabetical by authors.

CARRIE SNYDER ¹

By BARRY BENEFIELD

(From *The Woman's Home Companion*)

ON a Saturday afternoon Paul Darnell was coming back from the cemetery, where he had gone to shout at the deaf sexton a message from his mother about the rose-bushes on the family lot, when the impulse seized him to turn into Carrie Snyder's yard and ask for a drink of water. Though it was May, northern Louisiana was already in the midst of summer, Paul was very thirsty, and he had the boy's impatience with postponement of gratifications. Besides he felt the lure of the forbidden, for at some time during his ten years of light in Crebillon he had gathered somehow the notion that Carrie's yard was not a proper place for a little boy to enter.

So he hesitated by her front fence of broad palings, close behind which was a thick row of evergreen shrubbery. He tried to look into the yard, but the palings were set flush against each other, and through the tiny cracks he could see nothing except the bushes just behind.

He surveyed the street in both directions. Toward Crebillon there were for eight or ten blocks only flat empty lots, with three round ponds and the level circus grounds where now appeared nothing more exciting than a few cows grazing, a flock of geese waddling in single file from one pond to another, and a multitude of white chimney-shaped towers a foot or so high on the green grass, known to him as crawfish houses. And he lived at the other end of town. No, he could not wait until he got home to satisfy his thirst.

In the other direction there was a red hill bare of houses until you came to the parish jail, then the cemetery on the crest of the

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hill, and a goodly distance beyond that the settlement where lived most of the small town's washerwomen, cooks, drivers, and other negro servants. His mother's cook, Aunt Julia, lived out there; but that was further away even than his own house.

Paul heard some one singing out behind Carrie's little yellow cottage, and pulling his straw hat hard down over his eyes he cautiously opened her front gate, walked softly around the house, and stood under a huge fan-shaped chinaberry-tree near the well in the back yard, where the grassless ground was hard and white and swept as clean as a floor until it merged into the garden. The singing woman was in the garden that came up almost to the well, but she wore a sunbonnet, and her back was turned to the house. She had not heard or seen her chance visitor; she went on chopping weeds with a hoe. At sight of her he had taken off his hat in deference to her sex, and now he stood studying the faded sunbonnet and the plump firm-fleshed figure in the blue-checked gingham dress. After a while he sat on a box that lay invitingly under the tree.

Because there had always been, even to his innocent intelligence, sinister implications in all the remarks he had heard about Carrie, he did not dare raise his voice to attract her attention. That would be venturing entirely too far. But it was cool in the shade of the great chinaberry-tree, it was good just to be sitting down anyhow, he was burning with thirst, he did not want to back down from his enterprise now that he had come so far, and so he waited.

There were no dogs or chickens on the place and apparently no other person except him and her, though he had expected no one else to be there. The sun was halfway down the sky; the heat-waves out in the garden, as seen from his shaded seat, quivered in the windless air; Carrie had stopped singing; and the little boy could hear nothing now except her hoe crunching the tough bodies of the weeds. He wished to goodness she would turn around.

Presently Carrie stood up straight, pushed the sunbonnet back off her head until it hung around her neck by its strings, and came toward the house. Seeing Paul, she stopped in amazement. She was not accustomed to visitors of such tender years. She surveyed appreciatively the handsome little boy with brown eyes,

widely set, and the curly brown, closely cropped hair. A small scar in the middle of his left cheek made a shallow dimple, which would deepen delightfully when he smiled; but he was now fearfully solemn.

"Could I have a drink of water, please?" he asked, scrutinizing her face, though after all it appeared to be a very pleasant face. He noticed that though Carrie's crinkly hair was as light in color as honey, her eyes and eyebrows were almost black. Her skin was smooth and white and pink. She wore on her right hand a ring containing a large diamond and an equally large emerald, which flashed and winked prodigiously whenever she moved her hand. Paul had never before been so close to Carrie Snyder.

"Sure, you can have a drink of water. Wait, we'll draw up a fresh bucket from the very bottom of the well, where it is dark and deep and cool." It occurred to Paul that she wasn't terrifying at all. He liked the straight look in her dark eyes and the lift of her hearty voice.

The rusty iron windlass screeched under her vigorous manipulations, and within a minute the wooden bucket, old and black and dripping deliciously, stood on the shelf at the top of the curbing. Carrie unhooked a long-handled tin dipper from the side of the well, filled it, and offered it to him.

"Won't you have some, Miss Carrie, first?"

"Thank you, I will."

Presently Paul's thirst was copiously satisfied. Carrie hesitated a moment, and then drawing a rake from under the back porch she went again to the garden to collect the wilting weeds. The little boy sat down on the box once more and watched her round brown arms handling the rake. He had nothing further to say, but he stayed on. Nor did she say anything immediately, though Paul knew she wasn't willing him to go away.

But he was glad she did not ask him if he went to school, did he love his teacher, did he go to Sunday-school and did he love his teacher there, and so on and on and on. He abominated questions, especially questions that everybody asked. And Carrie was glad that he did not begin at once to cross-examine her; she would have expected that any little boy would do that. No, it was somehow good for these two to be together; there was a

harmony in their reticences; they did not need to talk; they were restful to each other and gave without trying something keenly satisfying. They were instantly comrades without strain. It was friendship at first sight.

Carrie finished her work in the garden, took off her bonnet, brought a rocking-chair and a small sewing-table with folding legs out under the chinaberry-tree, and sat there playing solitaire, occasionally cooling her unworried rosy face with high winds from an enormous palmetto fan that shook the dim aura of fine pale hair around her head. Paul watched her shuffle the blue-backed cards and put them down one by one on the table, hesitating now and then with a card held in suspense while she gravely studied the situation, her smooth white forehead puckered in thought, the stones of the magnificent ring glazing gorgeously. It was cool under the chinaberry-tree, there was an aromatic smell coming from the sun-flooded garden, there was a quietness all about the place pleasant to the boy, Carrie hummed bits of tunes, and Paul stayed on nearly two hours. Twice he walked over to the well and drank, first asking her if she wouldn't have water; and then he said, "Well, good-by," and went home.

The next time he came he was asked a question, but now he did not mind because he felt that he and Carrie had known each other a long time and were pals. He was sitting on his box, she in her small rocking-chair, her fingers moving slowly in a complicated pattern of white crochet work.

"Do you know who I am?" she asked, not raising her eyes from the work in her hands.

"Yessum; you're Carrie—Miss Carrie."

"How did you know my name?"

"I hear the men down town say when you pass, 'There goes Carrie.'"

"And do they laugh when they say it?" She bent lower over her needle.

"Yessum, they do. Why do they do that, Miss Carrie?"

Carrie did not answer, and he did not think it strange; often he himself let questions go unanswered if he possibly could.

After a month, on his fifth visit, Paul asked Carrie a question, just as if he were continuing a conversation a second old instead of four weeks old.

"And do you know who I am then, Miss Carrie?" He looked eagerly over at her from his box; she took pains to sit four or five feet away from him always.

"Yes, you're Paul Darnell, son of the hardware man, and you live in the big white house across the street from the Baptist Church. Does your mother know you come here?"

"I never told her; she never asked."

"If she does ask, will you tell her?"

"Yessum, I reckon so."

"When do you start to school again in the fall?"

"The first of October."

"You will be a very busy boy then, won't you?"

"Yessum, I will that, an' night will be fallin' early then. But I'll come up Saturdays an' holidays whenever I can."

Carrie's hands stopped working and sank into her lap. She looked up at the sky, passed one hand nervously over her forehead, and shook her head vigorously.

And presently, standing up, Paul said, "Well, good-by, Miss Carrie." She said, "Good-by," without calling his name; and he went slowly around the house to the front gate, looking back several times and smiling shyly, his dimple dancing in his cheek. And when she heard the front gate slam to she ran into her kitchen and watched him until he could be seen no more.

Whenever Carrie now telephoned down town for groceries or meat she insisted that they be brought before noon; she wanted no delivery-wagon man blundering into her yard on any afternoon because Paul might possibly be there, and she knew that then he would be reported to his father.

Occasionally while he was paying one of his visits her front door-bell rang, but she ran with a great rustling of starched skirts around the house, easily got rid of the caller, and came back to her rocking-chair. Easily except once, when a drunken drummer drove up in Lon Olds ancient and odorous cab from the Cosmopolitan Hotel; him she had to shout at and shake before he crawled back into the cab mumbling, "All right, all *right*, lady; a terrible mistake's been made; wrong address; 'scuse, *please*." Lon's flat-toned ashy black face grinned in aged cynic glee.

The marble season was now in full swing in Crebillon. Paul brought his treasure-chest to Carrie to keep—a large cigar-box

containing an assortment of cigarette pictures, old fish-hooks, some split buckshot, three empty cartridges, small bundles of colored cord, and his reserve supply of marbles. When the marble rage had died down, to be succeeded by pop-guns loaded with green chinaberries, he left the treasure-chest with her. She kept it on a high shelf in a dry corner of her back porch. There were weeks now when he never asked for it. Frequently when Paul wasn't there Carrie got it down, took out each article, looked at it a long time, and then painstakingly put it back in its place. Once it occurred to her to fit cardboard partitions in the box and to arrange all the varieties of treasure in orderly fashion therein, but the next instant she realized that *that* was simply not a thing to be done.

One day, coming out of the house, she found Paul on his box holding in his lap an extremely unprepossessing little black kitten with a head shaped like a mule's.

"I found him all hunkered up in the alley by the Methodist Church, an' he was cryin' to beat the band. I reckon he's starvin', don't you, Miss Carrie? Look at his bones all stickin' out. Feel how it gives your hand a lot of little bumps when you run it over his backbone. Yessum, he's bad off, he is for a fact. So I brought him to you, Miss Carrie. Poor little kitty!"

Carrie had no pets, and she loathed cats. Besides, old maids kept cats. She stood studying the situation in perplexity, tapping at her white teeth with the nail of her right forefinger. Then suddenly she threw out her hands in front of her in a gesture of defeat, her great generous mouth smiled, and she took the battered kitten in her arms.

"Then we'd better feed him, hadn't we, Paul? We'll give him the feast of his young life. What now is to be his name?"

"Let's call him John the Baptist, Miss Carrie. I had that name in my lesson last Sunday, an' I kinda liked it."

And John the Baptist ate and drank mightily, and purred in Paul's lap, and played a little with his fingers after a while; she sitting by smiling radiantly, while she patched a blouse, for Carrie was something over thirty, and besides she had become suddenly almost a miser.

"You will keep him, won't you, Miss Carrie?" Paul asked

when he was ready to leave. "Somebody's kicked him out. He'll die if you don't. I'm afraid to take him home—they would only fuss at me."

"Yes, I'll keep him."

Paul looked hard at her for a moment. "You're awful good, anyhow. Well, good-by, Miss Carrie; I've got to go. Good-by, John the Baptist."

Along about the middle of August Paul's visits to his friend on the cemetery road stopped without warning. When he had not come for two weeks Carrie began questioning the iceman and the several delivery boys who came to her house. How was Paul Darnell getting on? She pretended she had heard that he was very sick. No, he wasn't sick; they had all seen him playing at home and near it.

Then Carrie knew that some one had betrayed Paul to his parents; she was certain that he had not forgotten her. She told herself that he had been forced by threats to quit coming to her house. Suspecting that he had been soundly switched to make prohibition impressive, Carrie worked herself into a fury and breathed terrifying threats at the entire adult Darnell family and the "low-down bum" who had told on Paul. Though she was a level-headed woman approaching middle age, Carrie found herself pouting and talking like a child to John the Baptist.

"He would come if he could," she would say, snatching up the kitten and holding his head against her cheek. "But they won't let him. But they'd better not whip him any more, I'll tell 'em that. They'd just better not do it. Once is enough—and too much."

Every afternoon now Carrie worked in her garden, whether it needed cultivation or not, waiting. When he came she wanted to be just as she was that first day when she had turned around and seen him sitting under the chinaberry-tree. A leaf falling, the well-house creaking under a change of temperature, the tiniest noises, made her turn around eagerly. But the days went by, and never did she see him sitting under the great fan-topped chinaberry-tree.

Late in September Carrie decided to make daily trips by the Darnell house. She might see him out on the sidewalk. Would

she let him speak to her? She did not know, did not know. "I will," she said many times. "I will not," she said oftener. "It might get him in Dutch worse than he is."

Carrie Snyder ordered by telephone most of the things she needed, but she had always during the seven or eight years that she had been in Crebillon made strategic trips down town two or three times a week: to the post-office at the far end of town by one street, back home along the other main business thoroughfare, stopping in occasionally at a store to buy a trifle to take with her. When she made these advertising forays into the business section of the town—demonstrations to remind the male citizenry that Crebillon had one open and avowed practitioner of an ancient profession—she had been accustomed to prepare meticulously for her public appearances.

She did not need rouge, but she put it on, following with an equally superfluous lip-stick and powder. These red embellishments were not common in little Crebillon, so that they were for her more useful than decorative. But Carrie was no languishing loitering vampire: she always went charging down the street like a soldier on parade, her body erect, her silken petticoats rustling, her dark eyes looking almost sternly straight in front of her.

The first day that she decided to walk about the streets in the vicinity of Paul's house she started to dress as for one of her down-town demonstrations. But somehow that did not seem to be the thing to do. So early on Saturday afternoon, wearing a sunbonnet and a brown gingham dress, she set out for Paul's neighborhood. She walked around his block, detoured two blocks, came back, walked away again, and so contrived to spend an hour very near her friend's house. She ran across several groups of boys, but he was not among them. She could see him nowhere, not even in his own yard. And finally, discouraged, she walked slowly back home, and found him sitting on his box under the chinaberry-tree, a dejected little figure with his head in his hands.

Carrie ran toward him with her arms held out, halted suddenly, dropped her hands to her side.

"Did they whip you, Paul?" Her voice was furious.

"Yessum."

"Did it hurt?"

"Gee, but it did hurt, Miss Carrie! Papa did it this time.

He's awful, but he was worse'n ever this time, I tell you." Paul grinned with an effort.

"Did you promise not to come up here any more, Paul?"

"Yessum, I did, Miss Carrie."

"But you did come, didn't you, Paul?"

He looked at her sharply. That was the foolishhest question Miss Carrie had ever asked him. He was surprised. He did not answer.

"Who told on you, Paul?"

"Aunt Julia—she's our cook. She passes here almost every day, but sometimes she goes on the other road by the ice-factory. But she saw me come out of your front gate one day, so she told on me."

Too excited to sit down, Carrie had been standing in front of her visitor. But now there seemed nothing more to say, and she stood nervously tying and untying the strings of her sunbonnet. She wanted him to feel at ease; and she must not let him see, she told herself, how upset she was. She must do something, for she could not sit down.

Carrie rushed away to bring his treasure-chest so that he could see that all was well within it. He gravely looked over its contents, pulled a fresh plump buckeye from his pocket and dropped it into the box, and then handed it back to her, with the remark that a buckeye carried in the left pants pocket was a cure for the rheumatism.

"And so then you're cured, I see." Miss Carrie beat her hands together and laughed very loudly. Paul looked at her suspiciously.

"Must I keep the box on, Paul?" He handed it to her. She stood leaning toward him, hanging on his answer.

"Yessum, I wish you would. It's the only safe place."

Carrie Snyder's mind was laboring with a problem, but she hustled about, trying to do pleasant things for her serious and anxious guest. She presented for inspection a fat and prosperous John the Baptist, waiting in suspense for Paul's approval and laughing in ecstasy when he gave it. She set up the sewing-table, very near him this time, and played solitaire while she reported on all the things in the garden that he had ever asked questions about. Her solitaire, she told herself, was, that afternoon, the wildest game anybody was ever guilty of. But Paul did not know

that; he liked to see her shuffle and place the blue-backed cards, and presently his calm face and untroubled eyes indicated that he had forgotten his fear.

The sun slid down toward the top of the pines on Cemetery Ridge. Paul romped with John the Baptist, and Carrie laughed and talked and hummed gay little tunes.

But her face was not calm nor her eyes untroubled, though the battle that had been raging in her mind for two hours now was over. A clear-cut decision had been achieved. And Carrie Snyder was not happy about the decision.

When the sun had touched the pine-tops and the night was sifting its first fine gray powder through the light of day and a thin acid chill was settling down over all things, Carrie Snyder got herself upon her feet and walked slowly into the house. She stood for a few appallingly long minutes before her dresser staring at her dimmed self in the mirror. Then she wheeled about quickly and walked rapidly back outside to her rocking-chair. She stood behind it with both hands gripping the back of it. Paul sat at his ease on the box.

"Paul," she said, looking sternly in front of her, "come here."

His head lifted in amazement at the tone of her voice, and he noted wonderingly the new hardness of it.

"What's the matter, Miss Carrie? You look so funny."

"Never mind that. Stand in front of my chair there. Now listen."

"Well, I'm listenin', Miss Carrie. You make me afraid, the way you look an' talk an' everything."

"Paul, I don't want you to come here any more, hanging around and getting in my way and bothering me. I won't have it, I say; I won't have it."

She had been looking straight ahead of her. Now without bending her head she looked down into his eyes; the brown of them was deepened by the standing tears. He gazed piercingly into her eyes a moment, then he shook his head several times and smiled wistfully.

"Shucks, Miss Carrie, you're just funnin' with me. Ain't you, now, Miss Carrie, just funnin' with me? You're not mad, are you? But I wish you wouldn't fun with me like that. It—it kinda hurts, Miss Carrie."

"Yes, I *am* mad too. Go away, and don't come here any more."

Her eyes were moving about above his head now. In desperation she tried to hold them on the knob of her back porch door, but they went wandering about, from the door-knob to the trees on Cemetery Ridge, to the evening star shining faintly in the reddening sky, to a crow flying southward with slowly flapping wings; and then she felt that Paul had come around close to her side. She had never touched him nor he her. She had dropped her right hand to her side. She felt him trying to loosen her clinched fingers. She released her fingers; he slipped his hand inside of hers and closed her fingers over it. She knew that he was looking up at her. Then she felt him leaning against her, and his body was shaking. And drawing a long breath, and without lowering her head, she shook loose his hand, caught his shoulder roughly, and pushed him away.

"Go home!" she said sternly. "Go home and stay away from here. And go out of the back gate too; don't you dare use my front gate. Go on now; I won't have you here. Go!"

She heard him moving away down through the garden toward the back gate. She knew that he stopped now and then and looked appealingly at her. She knew that he was sobbing. She kept her eyes on the blackening tips of the distant pine-trees. And at last, at last she heard the gate open, and then, after an age, softly close to.

Instantly Carrie was running into the house. She stood at the kitchen window staring out along the road where she knew he should now be walking. But her eyes could not see him.

After a while, feeling her way along as if she were blind, she groped back outside and sat on Paul's box under the chinaberry-tree. A locust wheezed drearily up in the tree. A dog howled far up over the hill in the negro settlement. A cow out in the flat, where the circus grounds were, lowed mournfully as if she had just thought of the calf she had left at home all day. The wind of the dusk stirred weakly among the leaves. John the Baptist came purring about her feet. Reaching down to pick him up, she touched Paul's forgotten cap—and snatched her hand away.

John the Baptist ran out in front of her and plunged into an orgy of gayety, his tail distended to terrible proportions and arched

and curved in a splendid crescent as he advanced upon a scrap of paper to deal it a mortal blow.

"John the Baptist," called Carrie hoarsely. "John, come here; come here, you green-eyed monster, you. John, John, I'm going to die right here this minute if I can't bust loose and cry right."

And then she did; after which she cradled him in her arms and rocked and sang baby songs to him in a hysterical whisper, until the air was thick and fuzzy with black night and her door-bell rang.

"Come in, come in." Though her tongue and lips went through the motions of the words, yet no sound came from them. "Come in, come in, but do be quiet, for baby's gone to sleep."

The door-bell rang again and again, and then the front gate banged to violently. Carrie eased John the Baptist to the hollow of her lap, dropped her arms to her side, relaxed luxuriously against the chinaberry-tree, and closed her eyes, sighing deeply and smiling blindly.

"Paul Darnell!" she said aloud. She caressed the words; they were sweet on her tongue. She waited a moment. "Paul Darnell! Paul Darnell!" She raised her voice. "Paul Darnell!"

"Yessum, Miss Carrie?"

She sat perfectly still.

"Yessum, *I'm* here, Miss Carrie! You're not mad at me now, are you? I can tell the way you say my name you're not mad any more."

Carrie clinched her eyes shut and held her breath. She felt a warm body against her shoulder. A hand went slowly nudging its way around behind her head where it now pressed hard against the tree.

"I been hangin' around out there, Miss Carrie, till I could stop cryin' an' come back an' get my cap so I could go home; an' I heard you call my name that way. I like *you* a whole lot, Miss Carrie. Don't you like me not at all any more, Miss Carrie, not a teeny little bit?"

And then, suddenly tightening his arm around her neck, he laid his face against hers and kissed her softly, fearfully, on the cheek.

"Now," said Carrie in a slow deliberate voice as if she were

presenting an ultimatum to some third person, "now, so help me, I have done my best—I can do no more."

And then she swept him to her, and cried, and laughed, and kissed him, and patted his cheek, and sang, and kissed him again and again.

On one of those splendid silver days that sometimes come to the South late in November, Lon Old's cab, looking older and grayer and wickeder than ever in the sharply cutting sunlight, moved out along the main street of Crebillon until it came to the railroad track that touches the edge of town at the station and then swings half around it and plunges down a straight grade into a white hole in the black forest a mile away. At the deserted crossing the cab stopped, and Carrie Snyder got out carrying a good-sized black hand-bag. In the circle of Lon's sparse gray whiskers there sat the superior smile of a masculine ancient musing over the incomprehensible vagaries of woman.

Paying Lon and saying nothing, Carrie started walking with brisk eager steps down the middle of the track, looking around presently to note that Lon and his vehicle had disappeared.

Carrie was in harmony with the day. There was about her the same brightness, the same singing power, the same quiet, tense, superb handsomeness. She wore a smooth, hard-woven, brown suit, tan oxfords, and a most fetching, brick-red felt hat with something miraculous done to the side of it that made it swagger with an admirable pride.

A half-mile down from the crossing the track ran upon a trestle that stepped across Barthou's Bayou, and at this end of it Carrie waited and looked around. A little figure came tearing out of a clump of trees near the track, scrambled up the embankment, and hurled himself into her arms. Then he stood off and looked at her.

"Oo, Miss Carrie, you're all dressed up like you was goin' away on the train."

She bent her eyes on him sharply; and then, while he danced about in the ecstasy of overflowing vitality, she stooped down to tighten his red string necktie, to fix his cap firm and straight on his head with a tender motherly gesture, and to place a finger caressingly on his dimple.

"What did you tell your mother, Paul?"

"Said I was goin' to spend the day at Cousin Emma's." He achieved a fascinatingly wicked grin.

"Has your Cousin Emma a 'phone?"

"Nome, an' she lives two miles out of town."

"Good! Your mother will know better some day, but by that time she won't mind. Now we must be getting on, but suppose a train comes, Paul, while we're crossing this trestle?"

"I can tell if it's in a mile of here, Miss Carrie. You just wait."

He knelt down, laid his ear against a rail, and listened with almost painful intensity. Looking up sideways at her, he gave his decision. "Nome, we can get across; she isn't comin'. I can't hear her clickin' on the rail." As he rose Carrie saw a black smudge across his cheek.

"Now, look at you, you naughty boy; you've got your face all dirty on that rail. Come here." And with a handkerchief moistened on her tongue she joyfully cleaned his face of the black bar. "Let's hurry, Paul."

Holding his hand, she went with swift little steps, from one cross-tie to the next, rapidly across the trestle, looking fearfully back over her shoulder from time to time. Arrived at the edge of the woods, she left the track and plunged down among the trees.

"Now we're safe, Paul." She slackened her pace and relaxed her muscles, the little pucker smoothed itself from between her eyebrows, and her face glowed with a steady radiance.

Carrie stopped a moment to sense the forest. In the tonic autumn air floated faintly acid scents of plants alive, the musty odors of fires old and forgotten, the dim deep mellow smells of sweet old wood and rich old earth. Nowhere could she hear a sound of men or machinery. There were sounds all about, a multitude of them to the listening woman, but they were only the music of the woods. Birds flashed furtively about, sometimes audibly stubbing their fluttering wings against a limb as they dived into a bush. A deep breathing of the wind started countless little ballets of red and golden leaves on their final dance to the earth, and they wheeled and circled and dipped and rose, and when they touched each other they clicked castanets no bigger than mustard-seed shells. And always and above and behind all

other sounds the tall pine-trees whispered, "Be quiet, be quiet, be quiet."

"Nobody but you and me, Paul," said Carrie. "Just for to-day you and me." And for a moment the glow died out of her face, her body drooped, and she was as "old as time."

Paul ran to gather an armful of new-fallen leaves and to whirl about in their dance, and Carrie moved on along a dim brown path, looking down.

She saw a great hickory-tree all in a gold so pale that it seemed about to dissolve into the air. She saw tall black-gums all in scarlet. She saw holly-trees in shining green, oaks in a thousand shades of yellow, and a marching army of pines in the dim blue-green they would wear all the winter through.

Carrie felt Paul's hand seize hers, and he swung it back and forth as high as he could. "Sing, Miss Carrie; or let's holler as loud as we can to see who can do it loudest."

And so, flouting the old pines, they marched with the noise and braggadocio of boundless happiness through the painted scented woods, while Carrie's day slipped swiftly away.

Along about noon they came to the bayou that wandered about as aimlessly as they. Choosing a high place on the bank of it, Carrie gave notice of lunch, and Paul yelled, "Three cheers for lunch!"

"Now, Paul," she said, "I have in this bag a chicken all ready to be barbecued, but you must help me do it. I will mark off on the ground here a place for a barbecue pit. That you must dig out at least a foot deep. Here is a knife to cut with and a big spoon to lift out the earth with. Now dig. We wouldn't want an old cold cooked chicken, would we, Paul?"

And while he excavated, Carrie gathered dry pine straw and fallen limbs and started a fire near by, so that when the pit was ready there were live coals to fill it half up. Laying the split chicken on a grill of green hickory twigs, she opened a jar of basting-sauce of vinegar, salt, and pepper, wrapped a piece of cotton around a short stick, and from time to time turned the chicken and sopped it with the sauce.

"Now, Paul, this chicken has just got to cook slow. We've simply got to wait. So let's take it easy."

Carrie sat on a bed of dry leaves, relaxing against a huge pine-

tree. Paul kept running farther and farther out into the woods. "Don't go too far from me," she often cautioned him. "You might get lost." Finally he raced up to her, stooped down, and whispered into her ear.

"Oh, is that it? Well, go on straight out behind my tree. I won't look around once."

Carrie curved her left arm under her breasts as if she were holding something soft and precious there. Her lips parted in a tender breathless smile, and in her dark eyes lay a pair of little lights waving their tiny flames. And suddenly, drawing a deep quivering breath, she turned on her side and beat the earth with her fist.

When the chicken was brown and the air maddening with the scent of it, and a white cloth was spread and garnished with bread-and-butter sandwiches, pickles, apples, celery, cake, and hard-boiled eggs, Paul sat down.

"No, sir, you don't, either," said Carrie firmly. "You go right down to that bayou and wash your hands. I've already washed mine. Here's soap and a towel. Go on. Why, I never heard of such a thing."

"Oh, shucks," growled Paul, "you go on just like mamma."

"Not another word, sir," she warned him, grinning with delight.

When the lunch was over and the black bag had received back what was to go home, Carrie and Paul built up the fire to offset the chill of inactivity and full stomachs. She sat against her pine-tree, and Paul lay down with his head in her lap.

"Miss Carrie, let's build a log cabin out here an' live. I could catch fish in the bayou, an' we could have chickens an' ducks an' geese an' everything. Wouldn't that be fine? Of course it would be too far for me to go to school, but you could teach me."

Carrie smiled and said nothing.

"Still I like your house in town fine, Miss Carrie. Is it your very own?"

"It was." She was staring out in front of her. "Oh, yes, yes; mine of course; bought it five years ago."

"You're rich, ain't you, Miss Carrie?"

"Yes, Paul, very rich." She looked down at him without bending her head.

The yellow flames of the fire were now dying into red coals,

crackling as it settled itself against the earth. Some wild bees had discovered scraps of cake-icing on the ground and were carrying it away. Above the tree-tops it was brilliant day; under the trees it was dusk except where here and there little white streams of sunlight sluiced down through holes in the foliage to the ground. The bayou murmured through the branches of a new-fallen tree and gurgled drowsily around the end of an old black log.

Paul yawned. "Sing that song about the fisher-maiden an' the fairies, please, Miss Carrie." He covered his face with his cap; she sang a little and was silent, for she knew he was already asleep.

Carrie traced the course of the slowly moving bayou as far as she could see it. In the dimness of the woods, flowing over a bed of leaf-mold ages old, it ran a stream of silky blackness, adjusting itself to the lay of the land and the obstructions in its way, running over the little things, dodging the big things; and suddenly she saw it disappear around a sharp turn.

Its sudden disappearance around the sharp turn touched some thought in her, and her dark eyes went black with rising tears. Afraid to move lest she disturb the sleeper, she tried desperately to blink them dry. Paul's cap presently slipped off his face, and he lay looking up at her.

"Get up now," she said with defensive severity. "We must be moving back toward Crebillon."

When they came to the edge of the woods again Carrie stooped down. "Here we must tell each other good-by, Paul, where nobody can see us."

He put his arms around her neck, and she kissed him gravely once, and then pressed the side of his face hard against hers so that he could not see her eyes, patted his back, and then rose quickly and walked rapidly on ahead of him.

At the other side of the trestle they halted; she merely touched his shoulder; and he drifted off toward town by a short dirt road, looking back frequently and waving his hand. Carrie stood watching him for a few moments, waving her handkerchief at him gayly; and then, lifting her drooping body up in her high old-fashioned corset, she strode rapidly along the track, somehow bravely as with banners blowing.

The next morning Aunt Julia called Paul into the kitchen after breakfast. She handed him his treasure-chest, and pointed to a lusty black kitten lapping milk from a saucer by the stove.

"It's John the Baptist!" Paul looked piercingly at the old brown woman; then he rushed from the kitchen and from the house.

Entering the rear gate he knew so well now, he ran to the back door. He tapped. Then he beat on it with his fists. His box still lay under the chinaberry-tree. He set it beneath a window of the house, tiptoed himself to his full height, and looked in. Through the curtainless, shadeless windows the sun flooded into the empty cottage.

"Miss Carrie, Miss Carrie, Miss Carrie!" he called, running around to the front porch. "Oh, Miss Carree! Miss Carree!"

In one of the front windows was a sign: "Sold by Cesar Hon-fleur."

Paul went, now slowly, back around to the chinaberry-tree and laid his head against the bole of it. He kicked it once or twice. His shoulders shook, and a little boy mourned the loss of a friend more loyal than he knew.

MAUDIE ¹

By ADA JACK CARVER

(From *Harper's Magazine*)

IT chanced to be at Phyllis's house, after ten or twelve years, that once again I encountered poor Maudie Turner.

There had always been something persistent, unquenchable about Maudie Turner. I mean, she was, under stress of any situation, so terribly as God (or was it her frail, erring mother?) had made her, without thought of change or betterment. She had been a classmate of mine in high school, a girl whom people used to remember vaguely as the daughter of that silly Alice Winters, who, in turn, was related to the Old River Winters, a fine and proud old family back in steamboat days. . . . People were wont to speak of Maudie distrustfully. "Maudie Turner? . . . let me see. Didn't her mother run away with another woman's husband and join a show?"

Throughout high school the shadow, the frail fragrance of this pretty, erring mother clung to Maudie, poor solid old Maudie, who was a plump and ineffectual creature, her every movement comic and futile, her cheeks habitually puffed with caramel candy. And yet among us in school she enjoyed distinction of a sort, for Maudie "took orders" for a certain popular though questionable line of cosmetics, from the sale of which it was understood she was putting herself through school. From Maudie's book-satchel order blanks and beauty ads were constantly dropping; and there was always about her the acrid scent of pink soap.

Maudie, ignored on the campus, was driven to solicit trade in the classroom, possessing a number of grimy placards issued her by her firm. Most often it would be in English literature, under Miss Vance's nose—Miss Vance, who, engrossed in Shelley or Keats, was unseeing, entirely oblivious: "We look before and

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after . . . and pine for what is not—" I can see old Maudie now, her round pale eyes very solemn and furtive over the rim of her desk, as she lifted before a "prospect" this arresting slogan: "*How Would You Like To Be Beautiful?*" . . . Always, I am sure, I shall think of Shelley and Maudie Turner in the very same breath, and with laughter. . . . Miss Vance's voice droned on, and Maudie's victim would stare, entranced, and nod in glad affirmation. (Who would not like to be beautiful, if it be the Spring o' the year?) Whereupon Maudie, adroit in her methods, would advance what in the trade was called a "follow-up" card, arranged in her own round scrawl: "Then Meet Me Behind the Hedge at Recess, and I'll Show You How."

Those trysts behind the hedge at recess! "The Magnolia Bloom is for pimply skins," Maudie would state, importantly, inwardly scornful. "You put it on like this" (dab, dab) "on top of the Pink Petal Cream."

In spite of her bleaching creams and her lotions, I seem to remember Maudie forever ablush—a dark, unbecoming stain that seeped through her skin, as if from some inner despair. "Pudd'n'," the boys used to call her, down in the grades; and often, with cruel implication, "Georgie, Porgie, Pudd'n' Pie, kissed the boys and made them cry!"

It came as a sort of shock, I recall, when in writing the Junior class prophecy I stumbled upon the astounding fact that Maudie was "boystruck." There was something—indecent about it. (What a silly, insensate practical joker old Mother Nature is!) Blandly enough, in the class prophecy, I had meted out fame and fortune for the rest of the class; but lacking inventiveness, imagination, where Maudie was concerned, I had disposed of her something like this: "As for our deserving classmate, Maudie Turner, in but a few brief years she will be a happy housewife, with a nice devoted husband and two children."

The morning this prophecy was read Maudie waylaid me. She had a broad, worried face, a nubby nose, and yellowish, limp-looking hair. Her hands clutched and tore at each other. "Say . . . wait a minute—" Maudie, gurgling, thrust into my hands a sticky mass, done up in tinfoil. "Say, have some caramels, won't you?" And into her cheeks, as if she had pressed a button somewhere, flooded the dark, troubled color. There was,

however, one very lovely thing about Maudie Turner, even then: her voice when she was on the verge of tears. I have never known another voice quite like it. I stared at Maudie in astonishment. There was something desperate in her face; and yet she seemed to me, in some way, neater, more compact—as if for the moment, at least, she had reached out and caught at the ends of herself and assembled them all into one complete whole. Her eyes glowed, and she stood upon her ankles square, alert. “Say, did you mean what you said?” She lurched at me and grabbed at my arm; and I saw that all over her tablet were scrawled innumerable hearts and darts and entwined initials. “I mean do you really think some one will fall in love with me . . . some day . . . and marry me?”

At that time, as now, we had a name for girls like Maudie. We called them “pills” and “sticks.” Now they are “flat-tires,” “dumb-bells.” I backed away, choking over her atrocious candy, offended by I knew not what. She was too earnest, too eager. Her big breasts shook, and the tears came. . . . Pudd’n’ Pie! (“Suppose one of the boys should pass, and hear her!” I thought, in a panic.)

“That was nice, what you said about me,” Maudie hurried on, “about having a home, and children . . . and a nice, devoted husband.” Her eyes were lost to me in tears; she was sobbing.

“Why, Maudie—” I pleaded, embarrassed, “every one gets married.” I thought of Phyllis Cadwaller, for whom in the Junior prophecy I had predicted a blithe career on the stage; Phyllis, slender, vivid, with her lazy laugh and her fringed blue eyes. Phyllis, who had implored me in mock horror not to let her go and get married until she had “lived.” . . . Somehow, for some reason, all of us took marriage for granted like that. It was all well and good, as a last resort. But first we must live. I am sure I don’t know what we meant by “living.” With me, I think, it meant going abroad, tasting the earth in fresh places.

Standing there in the corridor with Maudie, I stared out at the campus. The sun, climbing, fell into splendor, taking a bank of warm clouds, gilding the furry tasseled tops of the oak trees. Hyacinths were still in bloom, and there were early roses on all the teachers’ desks. . . . It was so easy to love, and be loved! Maudie stared out of the window too, and great yellow tears

splashed on her middy-blouse. "She ought to wear the tail of her middie inside," I was thinking.) They were happy tears. What cared Maudie for faraway places?

"Say—woman's place is in the home, don't you think?" Maudie continued breathlessly, a little resentfully.

"Why, of course, Maudie," I answered without conviction, even with malice. She grabbed my arm, hung on it. . . . Suddenly, quite unexpectedly, as I stared at her, I decided that I liked Maudie Turner. There was something about her, something carried over, no doubt, from her once proud and fine old family.

If ever a creature yearned for safety, affection, that creature was Maudie. Would life vouchsafe her these? . . . We shall see.

The following autumn, our Senior year, Maudie did not return to school, and her name was automatically dropped from the class roll. Her mother had died, we learned vaguely, and Maudie, somewhere on the frayed edges of town, was to care for a six-year-old sister. For a few weeks that autumn, I recall, a forlorn Latin text-book with Maudie's name on the title-page, and the verb "*amo*" significantly conjugated, lay around as if begging a home. Then it too disappeared, and Maudie, with her cold-creams and powders, was forgotten.

In the next eight or ten years many things happened. A few of us went on to college, a few married and moved away. Phyllis, of course, danced rapturously, straight into comic opera. I went abroad. At intervals, once in Nice at Christmas time, and once in the moon-tortured hills near Genoa, wistful picture-postcards caught up with me: "Just to remind you of old times—Maudie Turner"; "From your old devoted classmate, Maudie Turner"; "From You Know Who—Maudie Turner."

Maudie Turner, Maudie Turner—always Maudie Turner. So Maudie, after all, had never married. Not that I gave it a moment's concern. I was, I think, faintly amused, annoyed, by Maudie's insistent friendship. "The collars of her middy-blouses were always soiled," I kept thinking. "Poor old Maudie."

And then, one June morning three years ago when I was at home again, I ran into Maudie Turner at Phyllis's house. Phyllis, who was also at home for a few lazy weeks, had been, back in the

days when Maudie trafficked in lip-sticks, one of Maudie's best customers. Not that Phyllis wanted to be beautiful (she was already that, heaven knows!); but even then the art of make-up bewitched her. . . . I was to lunch with Phyllis that day, and we had lounged away the morning on Phyllis's wide south gallery. It was very warm, with fragrance like a steam from all the garden.

The town from Phyllis's south gallery spread east to the river, under high-vaulted trees. From the river the blown, drowsy wind moved over the garden, over bright tubs of petunia and beds of lantana and hot spicy pinks. Suddenly Phyllis laughed, the laugh she had learned on the stage. "My dear, who is that odd-looking creature coming up the drive?"

I looked out and saw through the shrubbery a thick-set, toiling woman in a white blouse and an orange felt hat. We watched her in silence. . . . "Her shoes hurt," Phyllis said, yawning, having already dismissed her. The woman was, indeed, limping, her face screwed tight with pain; she was wearing high-heeled "champagne" pumps, with involved and extraordinary straps and buckles. These shoes dragged terribly up the long drive, up the long flight of steps to Phyllis's terrace. The woman held against the sun a rose-silk parasol and carried a black leather satchel. Before she rang the bell she set this satchel down upon the terrace and deliberately becalmed her wet and agonized face, dabbing at it with a soiled cotton handkerchief. The blue day waved about her, beat in at her; the glittering sunshine stabbed like a million needles.

"Phyllis," I said, "that's some one we used to go to school with."

Phyllis protested drowsily. "Don't tell me we ever went to school with a woman as old as that!"

"I'm sorry, but we did, my dear. . . . That's Maudie Turner, as sure as you're sitting there. With something to sell."

Phyllis laughed. "Of course, Maudie Turner! She used to peddle those greasy cosmetics. Good Lord!"

The bell on Phyllis's front-door rang. ("The maid is probably asleep," Phyllis murmured. The incompetence of our servants always amuses Phyllis when she returns to us from the East, gives her a quiet satisfaction. "It's so . . . *Southern*," she says with her laugh.) Phyllis settled back against the cushions. "Go and

buy something from her for the cook, darling—please. She used to be a sort of friend of yours, was she not?"

I went through the French windows into Phyllis's drawing-room, across the hall to the front door. When I opened the door I thought for an instant Maudie had gone; and then I saw that she had slumped down in one of the chairs on the terrace. Also, I saw, with compassion, that she had taken off her abominable pumps. . . . "I . . . I thought no one was at home. These shoes—" Maudie without looking up, indicated the pumps with her old out-thrown gesture. Then, from the white folds of her cheeks, her little solemn eyes looked up at me. For an instant I thought Maudie was going to kiss me. "Oh!" she said, in her old lovely voice. "I . . . I didn't know you were back. Don't you remember me? I'm Maudie Turner."

"Why, of course I remember you, Maudie."

She sat there in her stocking-feet and blushed, the old black, embarrassed stain. She sat there and wriggled her toes. Her feet were curiously misshapen; they were fat, and little bulbous things stuck out on them. There was a gaping hole in the heel of one stocking; and Maudie, seeing my eyes upon it, stuck her feet under her chair. "I walked right through it this morning," she explained. "Seems like you can't get decent stockings these days, for love or money. And, you see—" She began to giggle, and the color deepened, disappeared under her collar. "I—I'm sort of saving up right now. I—my, my!" Maudie flung out her arms. "It's hot to-day. You could fry eggs in that sun out there."

I sat down in the other wicker chair. "I was just thinking how pretty your blouse is, Maudie," I said. "It's the most elaborate one I've ever seen."

Maudie looked pleased. She plucked and pulled at the blouse with her slow heavy fingers. "It's a Filipino waist," she explained. "The Philippines embroidered it. You see, I got it with coupons, selling my stuff. It's sort of getting old now, of course, and I don't trust it to suds any more. It's just back from the cleaner's. They charge two dollars, but it's worth it."

"Well, what are you selling now, Maudie?" I asked.

Maudie laughed and threw out her arms. "The same old seventy-six," she replied, stooping over the straps of her satchel.

"I thought, when I heard *she* was back"— Maudie nodded toward Phyllis's impeccable, solid old doorway—"I thought she might like to see me."

Out came the old brazen placard, out came the salves and the creams, the pomades and rouges and lip-sticks. ("Ye gods!" I was thinking. "Is it possible we used to smear *that* on our faces?")

I selected some powder and sachet for Phyllis's cook. Maudie's voice was singsongy, the warm air languid with June. . . . Had I been asleep? For suddenly I realized that some quality in Maudie had changed. She was vibrant, excited. "I just *have* to tell you. . . . You see, you . . . do you remember the prophecy you wrote about me in school?" A little gold tube with a crimson tip rolled out of her lap, fell to the bricks. A talcum-powder box sprayed over her knees. "Say"—the old voice again—"Oh, say, now—of course you remember. Think *hard!* It—it made a lot of difference to me, all through the years."

Scornfully Maudie pitched the can of talcum into her satchel. She mopped at her face. "Gee! It's hot . . . I, well, you see, I've been putting my little sister through school. She finished this May, so now of course . . . Say, don't you remember, what you said?—that I'd go and get married, and have a devoted husband?"

"Of course I remember, Maudie."

"Well—" she drew a long breath, and her eyes popped out. "What do you think? It—it looks as if it were coming true! Funny, isn't it, the way things turn out? He—we've been engaged a long time, you know. But of course, as I told him, I had to put Vera through school first. Adam's got a boat on the river. He hauls things and fishes. I guess we'll be married this fall."

Maudie wriggled her toes, and her eyes filled with tears. I stared at her throat, her pulsing throat where she kept her strange haunting voice. The wind dropped out of the trees, moved across the grass. . . . "He loves me," Maudie whispered. "He—he's in love with me. He says when we're married, I'll have to stop peddling things around like this. . . . Say, I think woman's place is in the home, don't you?"

Maudie reached for the lip-stick at her feet, and her blouse

split under the arms. "That's what I've tried to teach Vera. I tell her sometimes: Vera, you like running round now, but you'll get tired of all that some day. Vera'll be married herself, before very long. She's going out with a swell boy. Sid isn't steady, devoted like Adam. But he's handsome, and makes good money too. And Vera's crazy about him." Maudie, with practiced hand, began to sweep her boxes and bottles into her satchel. "I wish you could know Adam. . . ." Her hands clutched at each other, and the deep, sudden red stained her cheek. "It—it seems so queer, somehow—your writing about us, like that. And it all coming true."

She reached under her chair for her shoes, her eyes shining with tears. But when she tried, she found to her horror that she could not get her shoes on again. Even with our united efforts her poor swollen feet refused to be encased again in those champagne pumps. "Now you push while I pull," I directed. "Does it hurt very much?"

Maudie groaned. Two great yellow tears splashed on her cherished waist. "Oh, my God!" she moaned.

In a little rush then she confided to me certain little family secrets. The shoes were really Vera's. They belonged to Vera, as did the orange hat and the rose parasol. She always bought her hats and shoes, things like that, to suit Vera; and then they used them together. Vera was so particular, so finicky about the things she wore. And it didn't matter so much about *her*, so fat and ugly that way. But a pretty girl has to have pretty things. Vera was pretty and talented too. Yes, Vera was pretty. She could dance like a thistledown.

All this time, while Maudie talked, we were trying to get her shoes on. But we had to give it up at last. "You sit here, Maudie," I said, "and I'll go and see what I can do."

I found Phyllis asleep. She lay back against the bright soft chair, her hands in her lap. I shook her, laughing. "Phyllis, dear, I'm sorry. But you'll have to come and lend Maudie some shoes. She can't get hers on again."

Phyllis looked at me out of a dream. "Lend Maudie some shoes? Dear heart, what do you mean?"

I explained.

"Oh—Maudie Turner. I thought she had gone. How extremely absurd you are, child."

Nevertheless, graciously enough, Phyllis trailed into the house and up the stairs. And in a little while her maid came out with an armful of shoes, a dancer's shoes, gay and pointed. But of course Maudie could not get them on. . . . Once I caught a glimpse of Phyllis in the darkened hallway, staring out at us and looking negligent and pained, as if she had toothache. Then she disappeared, and in a few minutes the maid emerged, bearing Phyllis's house-slippers. They are special things, Phyllis's house-slippers, for she has them made to order, to wear after dancing. Maudie's outraged feet slid into them. She dragged up from her chair, relieved, and gave the gay orange hat a brisk little punch. It was a young gesture, acquired no doubt from Vera.

"If you'll let me have your address," I told Maudie, "I'll call for the slippers to-morrow."

Maudie told me: a house out in the Westgate district. She grasped her parasol and her black leather satchel. On the bottom step of the terrace she turned and waved. Her voice was husky, slightly hysterical. "Imagine!" she said. "*Me* in Phyllis Cadwalleder's shoes!"

The next afternoon I drove out to the address Maudie had given me. Somehow I felt responsible for Maudie, and for Adam. As I drove I thought of the things I liked about Maudie: her voice, the color of her throat, her loyalty to her mother and her little sister, her ideas of love and marriage. "Woman's place is in the home"—poor old Maudie! I wondered if her Adam saw these lovely things in Maudie, and loved her for them.

Westgate was a sprawling, overcrowded, treeless community within sight and sound of the river. Along the river, with its terrible odor of fish, were rows of little colorless houses on stilts. In one of these, in the shadow of a filling station, Maudie and Vera lived. There was a square of front yard where no grass grew, and a little row of sick-looking flowers against the fence. On either side of the steps an ancient-looking dusty abelia threw out a sullen tracery of shade; and in one of the front windows a red geranium seemed to be waving desperately, as if it yearned to be rescued.

Of Maudie's four little rooms one was an authentic "parlor." "We must have some place to receive in," Maudie explained happily. In Maudie's parlor was a rose-shaded polychrome lamp, a sofa, and a boxy Victrola on a rickety golden-oak table. Perched atop the Victrola was a goggle-eyed doll, with her skirt tilted up in the back. . . . Vera, Maudie told me, had gone to a picture show. "Please have a seat," Maudie said, incoherent with eagerness. I sat down on the sofa, which gave in two places, as if with the impress of lovers. (Was it Vera's or Maudie's courtship, I wondered, going on in that parlor?) I was soon to know. "I—I wish you could meet Adam," Maudie blurted. "He comes to supper three times a week. Vera, she and her beau are always on the go. You know how young girls are these days. But I always tell Adam that woman's place is in the home. I may be old-fashioned, but that's the way I'm made."

She talked on, wistful and eager. It was faintly irritating, and my thoughts wandered. There was a photograph on the mantel, in a polychrome frame. "That's mother," Maudie said. "Vera looks like her. . . ." Maudie's mother in the picture was pretty, and rather silly looking, wearing a Merry Widow hat with innumerable plumes.

When I finally got away Maudie went with me out to my car, looking at me with the worried eyes she used to bend over algebra. "I wonder if you'd come out, and have supper with us—say, Friday night, and meet Adam. You see, I feel sort of close to you, on account of all that has happened. I mean, that prophecy you wrote about me getting married. It's funny the way you hit it. . . . Could you, would you come out Friday night and meet Adam?"

I don't believe there was ever a creature with such troubled eyes. They seemed to say, "You saw it, foretold it—long ago. Do you think it will really come true?" I looked at Maudie's throat, exquisite in hue. . . . "Why, of course, I'll come."

Maudie's little four-room house was bedecked for the supper. The geranium, rather droopy looking, had been removed from the window, and placed on the parlor table; and disposed about the room, on the table and chairs, were innumerable pieces of "fancy-work," in intricate patterns. Maudie greeted me with effusive-

ness but with an air of detached absorption. "Just sit down," she said, "and make yourself at home till Adam comes. Vera, she's out with friends. You see"—Maudie laughed, threw out her arms—"my mind's on the supper. I just can't let go and enjoy myself till supper's out of the way." She lingered a moment, wiping her hands on her bungalow-apron (she had not as yet "dressed for the evening"). "Say," Maudie exploded, "you mustn't expect the Prince of Wales when Adam comes. Adam's just human. Vera says I carry on something awful when I talk about Adam. He—he's not good-looking, like Vera's beau. But Adam's steady. He's true as bread." She laughed and pushed back her heavy wet hair. "We've been going together nine years. I call that pretty faithful."

I sat down on Maudie's sofa, in Maudie's parlor, and stared at the picture of Maudie's mother. The little house was full of hot rich odors. "I dare say Maudie looks like her father," I thought. "I can see him, in her: a large soft man, who used to bring caramels home in a brown-paper bag."

When Adam arrived Maudie introduced us through a crack in the door. "Meet my fiancé," Maudie said; and then, in the very same breath, "You two will have to excuse me till the biscuits are done."

Adam was a tall, shy, swarthy young man who smelled of rancid fish. His eyes looked about and he coughed and sat down. "When he isn't looking," I thought, "I shall study him. I shall see what Adam is made of." Somehow, in view of the Junior class prophecy, I felt that I had created Adam, conjured him up out of nothing, for poor lonely old Maudie. . . . What sort of a man was Adam?

We talked of fish and fishing, and the way Westgate was spreading. "We'll have sewerage soon," Adam said. Adam had feverish, seeking eyes and groping hands. Groping for what, I wondered? There was something, aside from the fishiness—something repulsive, shrunken, about him. He began to sniff, to look expectantly toward the door of the wee dining room. "He likes to eat," I thought. "And he too believes that woman's place is in the home."

It seemed to me that hours passed before Maudie finally stuck her head in and, by means of significant gestures and mysterious

winks and whispers, made it known to me that I was to come and button her up in the back. In the bedroom she threw off her house-dress, daubed talcum powder under her arms. The Filipino waist, I saw, lay on the bed, stretched out as if for a nap, its arms up over its head. There were other things on the bed, a sort of shower of pink and blue silk, frilled out in lace and cheap ribbon. "Vera's," Maudie explained. "She *will* leave 'em around."

Maudie, with vague interest, stared at herself in a little cracked mirror and screwed up her hair. In the back it swept up in a long silver streak, with a few straggly hairs on her neck. "Vera wants me to cut it," she stated. "Now for my waist." Reverently Maudie reached for the poor, exhausted thing and slid her plump arms into it. As I buttoned it up (there were three buttons off) she sniffed and observed that it would soon have to go to the cleaner's again. . . . It was amazing the effect that waist had on Maudie's morale (or was it the thought of Adam, now that supper was done which caused her to glow so and shine?). She emerged into the hot little parlor a creature of airs and graces and simply silly with love, like a cheap valentine. She seemed to be actually blooming, putting forth frail petals and little green leaves.

Maudie's supper dragged through a heavy half-hour, with Adam eating enormously. There were moments of haphazard formality, followed on Maudie's part by bursts of hysterical gayety. And then the street door opened, and some one came in. "Vera," Maudie explained.

The instant Vera appeared on the threshold I knew what Adam had been groping for. His eyes flew to her, with a dumb delight. She was a pretty thing to look at, slim, exquisitely made, with thick curls and pansy-blue eyes. She slouched into the room and sort of shrugged around in it, while Maudie reached out and pulled and pecked at her as one does at a baby. "This is my little sister," Maudie said. And Vera said, "Pleased to meet you."

The rest of the meal was gayer, although Vera for her part contributed nothing. She was there to be looked at, that was all; and we looked, as cats may look at a queen. Maudie, I remember, served coffee in some odd and vicious little cups that were hard

to manage, so that Adam dropped one and broke it. At the sound of it, shattering delicately, Vera shrank back in her chair, and her eyelids quivered. She ate almost nothing. She had a little cameo face, rather white and sick-looking, with the rouge daubed on in splotches. Her hands, blue veined, lay twisted and wistful in her lap, hands that had come down to Vera unlost from the blood of the North River Winters. I was frankly interested in Vera. "She doesn't know the rest of us are here," I was thinking. "Her life is outside the life of this house."

The meal over, Maudie arose from her chair with a sigh. "Now, go into the parlor," she said, "all three of you, while I wash and clean up a little."

I drove away from Maudie's house, from Westgate, taking the long, river road, where the willows were cool and gray with summer. . . . What was Maudie Turner to me, and Adam and Vera? Maudie, and her frail, silly mother; Maudie and Vera, her frail little sister.

It must have been three months later, one warm day in late September, when Maudie telephoned me. Could I, would I come out that afternoon, about four? It was very important, urgent. Something had happened. . . . If I could come out, about four? Maudie's voice suddenly choked, grew lovely, and there was some quality in it—what was it?—a sort of triumph or pride. "Vera's going to be married," Maudie told me. "This afternoon. A very quiet wedding." Would I come?

I left the telephone with Maudie's voice to haunt me. During the last three months I had had frequent glimpses of Maudie, traversing the streets in those champagne pumps, amazingly run-down at heel, her shadow forever tagging along, sometimes in front, sometimes in the rear, sometimes under her feet like a tired little dog. At any time of day you might look out and behold Maudie's flaming, astute little hat, up one street and down another, like a bright blown leaf, until she became a reproach to us who take life easy in summer.

"I'll feel greatly relieved when she's married," I thought, "and my part in this comedy ends. I shall wash my hands of Maudie then."

But, now, here was Vera. With Vera's daintiness in mind, I

went into the garden and gathered some roses for her, some tight little buds, exquisitely tinted, and some great blowsy ones for Maudie. Poor old Maudie . . . perhaps now, with Vera out of the way, Maudie could hasten her wedding. "I shall give her a wedding-gift," I thought. "The prettiest blouse I can find."

Westgate was dusty, mud-colored, with a hot wind off of the river. . . . It was disconcerting the way old Maudie had clung to me through the years. It was funny, really annoying. Sometimes I found myself thinking of Maudie at parties, perhaps in the midst of a dinner. . . . As I drove, looking for Maudie's house, the little colorless bungalows leered at me with an expectant, gossipy look; and from every window red geraniums beckoned, all their little heads together like ladies at a party.

Maudie, when I knocked at the door, opened it for me and took the roses I had brought and stuck them in some waterless vases up on the mantle. From the adjoining bedroom I could hear some one sobbing, tonelessly, as a child sobs when worn out with grief. "I—I'm so glad you've come," Maudie said. "I don't believe I . . . could go through with it, without you. I—I don't suppose you've heard, of course, but . . . people here in Westgate know. Vera . . . Vera's going to have a baby." Maudie's voice thickened, and the old black stain crept out on her cheeks.

I stared at her. And Maudie stared at me, a little wonderingly, as if I belonged far back in her far-away childhood. I sat down on the sofa, and Maudie slumped into one of the chairs.

"It seems so kind of funny, doesn't it?—Adam and Vera getting married. Why, Adam helped me to raise her. Many's the time he used to play with Vera, down there on the floor. Sometimes I used to pretend that Adam and me were married and she was our child. Vera was just six, you know, when I took charge of her."

I wanted to laugh. Maudie looked so wretched, and so *amazed*. And yet there was that *something* in her voice.

She continued, "I wanted to tell you, so you'd understand. Everybody knows about Vera out here in Westgate. They . . . they've been horrid about it. And I, when I learned about Vera, I said I'd make him marry her, whoever he was. What else could I do? And that night, that very night, they told me, Adam and

Vera. I didn't dream it was Adam. I . . . maybe I made a mistake, putting Adam off like that—it ain't right to keep a man waiting."

Suddenly, as we sat there, with Maudie twisting her handkerchief and sniffing, I understood, understood the pride, the hint of triumph in her voice. She had, for nine long years, been both loved and desired; and now through her pain she was clinging to this; at least she had this to remember. She was holding Adam's love for her aloft like a banner. In her heart she made herself think of Adam as tragic, tortured with love. And now pushed to the wall. "Of course, there was nothing else . . . for poor Adam to do."

I remained for the wedding, and the people who lived next door came in. Vera and Adam were married by the minister of the First Baptist Church of Westgate. Just before the minister came (Adam, it seemed, was going to take Vera away for a week or so) Adam sneaked into the bedroom where we were waiting with Vera. He carried a yellow-straw suitcase; and Vera out of cold tear-drained eyes looked at the thing. The girl had a few dramatic gestures, and she used them now. "What is that, please?" she asked him wearily, and with scorn. . . . I remember how Adam cringed, his haggard eyes seeking the floor. "They're . . . they're my clothes," Adam said. There was the sleeve of a shirt or something hanging out, which Maudie hurriedly stuffed inside.

Grief, disillusion, is a dull thing, a tiresome thing, an unlovely thing.

After the very brief ceremony Maudie, with a sick look, went out to the little kitchen and took an aspirin tablet. Then she brought out from somewhere a gallant little white, encrusted cake, and made some coffee. The cake, once you bit into it, was stale, abominable; and Vera choked over it.

"Vera, Vera, honey—" Maudie said, stooping to pick up the crumbs from the floor. She had to hold on to the table to keep herself from falling, and from where I stood above her I saw that the top of her head was white.

This, of course, should be the end of Maudie's story, for I should like to remember Maudie as she looked the day Vera mar-

ried: her eyes stricken, and yet with something like pride in her voice. But our paths were to cross yet again. (And they may cross again, and again, and again, for all I know!)

I was walking down State Street not long ago when I noticed a woman standing in front of a shop-window, looking at baby clothes. The woman was Maudie Turner. She stood, pensively, placidly, eating caramels from a brown-paper bag. She was fatter, grayer, frowzier than ever. But she still clung to her Filipino waist, incredibly mended; and she carried a black leather satchel.

"Why, Maudie!" I cried.

Maudie turned and looked at me, and her face twitched as if she were going to cry. But instead she offered me a caramel. "Maudie," I suggested, "let's go in here, and have a cup of tea for old time's sake."

We went into a little shop and sought a table far in the rear, I leading the way. Behind me Maudie walked heavily, her thick, black, spread-out shoes creaking. "I can't be gone very long," Maudie said. "The baby'll be waking."

The baby! Vera's baby? . . . I looked the question.

"Yes, we had the baby," Maudie said. She spoke in a flat heavy voice.

"A boy or a girl?" I inquired. Perhaps, I thought, a little boy—

"It's a girl," Maudie said. "Just like Vera. A colored woman comes in and stays with the baby while I'm out taking orders. . . . Vera, you see, Vera died . . . when the baby came. She lived just three days."

Maudie sat and sipped at her tea and looked at me as if I were part of a dream, lost in some other life. So Vera was dead! I had a sudden, forlorn little hope. Perhaps, with Vera out of the way, Maudie and Adam . . . "And Adam," I asked, "how is Adam?"

Maudie gave me a look that should have been hopeless, but was merely dull. Gone was the pride, the fire, from her voice, the exquisite lilt that I had remembered and cherished. "Adam?" Maudie looked at me. "You didn't see it in the paper? I don't suppose you did, of course. It was just a line or two. Well, Adam was drowned. His boat caught on fire, and Adam was

drowned. Down the river. It happened a week after Vera died. He did it on purpose, of course; he was crazy about her. Adam could swim like a fish."

I stared at Maudie. Was this really Maudie talking, talking like this about Adam? She reached for a sandwich. "I—I reckon I ought to tell you," Maudie continued. "Adam . . . he wasn't the father of Vera's child. Vera told me about it the day she died. She said she wanted to set things right, to tell me it wasn't Adam. It . . . never was Adam. She thought she was making me happy, poor child, to tell me about it."

For just an instant Maudie's voice held me, with all its forgotten magic. If only life could have kept Maudie just on the verge of tears, without slopping over! . . . I drew a long breath. "Well, Maudie," I broke in, briskly, "what are you selling now? I'm sure it's something I ought to possess."

Maudie reached for her satchel, opened it. "The same old seventy-six," she said, her eyes solemn and round, unconcerned. She reached for a placard—a new one this time—and propped it before me: *Would You Like To Be Successful In Love?* I wanted to laugh; I felt ashamed and humble, and I hid my engagement ring. I stared at Maudie, and stammered, "Why, Maudie, old thing, is one *ever* successful in love? Well, let's see what you have."

Maudie fumbled about in her satchel, and out came the salves and the ointments, the lip-sticks and pomades and powders. Maudie looked worried, harassed. "Now, what did I do with my order-blanks? I hope I didn't lose 'em, or leave 'em somewhere. They're pink. The new ones are pink. Oh, here's a pink one!"

Suddenly somewhere a clock struck, and Maudie stared at me, stricken. "I must catch the noon bus." She thrust a folded slip of paper into my hand, and began to rake her things into her satchel. "Just make out your order," she said, "and mail it to me." Maudie smiled, an absent, twisted smile, and bustled away.

I went out into the street, clutching the folded pink slip. It was not, I had found, an order blank; it was a statement from the local dry-cleaner's: One Filipino Waist—\$2.00. And even as I stared at it, the wind whisked it out of my hand, and blew it down the long street.

THE GLASS EYE OF THROGMORTON¹

By DONALD CORLEY

(From *The Pictorial Review*)

“YES,” ruminated Velisen, “the English are a strange people; not only do they take Piccadilly to Barbados, but they bring back Barbados to Piccadilly, Anglicize it, and then take it with ’em the next time they go on a voyage of benevolent civilization somewhere else! Take mahogany, for instance—a piece of Sheraton in its own country (where the wood came from, I mean) is more English than it was in Bond Street!

“And so it was with Throgmorton’s monocle, down in British East Africa, as I started to tell you. He came riding up to the store one day, fifty miles or so from Nairobi—or anywhere else—with that eye of a Cyclops (it was a huge one) stuck hard in his face, as undetachable, apparently, as his manners, and infinitely more English than it could possibly be in the Inner Temple.

“The English, you know, got the monocle from France; although didn’t Nero have a sort of one, made of a thin slice of emerald? Maybe. Anyway, it was that monocle that got Throg in trouble, just the same, that made him finally leave the Protectorate of Kenya for other fields of endeavor, but for his own good, every one thought.

“But I anticipate, gentlemen! The British, you know, like to go to a jungle—the more impassable the better—root it out, plant something in the land, then—”

“What about the monocle?” growled a voice in the darkness of the club veranda, high above San Francisco, that veranda from which ascended of a Summer evening (such evenings, that is,

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when the damp fog didn't keep every one indoors) much choice tobacco-smoke and many tales. For here foregathered in the old days men from everywhere, and the art of the *raconteur* is still a sacred tradition. In fact, to have a story to tell is almost sufficient passport to the club. (Which may be why the unappreciative dubbed it, a long time ago, "that graveyard of brains.")

"I'm coming to the monocle," said Velisen good-humoredly, "but I have to show you Throg's background a little first. Like all Nordics (he was a blond Englishman) he couldn't stand the sun, but he *would* stay out in it, just the same, determined to get the better of it by sheer persistence! He and another chap, Nickerson, had some land down by that beastly yellow river that they were trying to get ready for cultivation. Hot? Well, yes, hot. Mountains cut off all possibility of a breeze.

"They had sixty negroes clearing out stumps and brush, and they used to take turns superintending them; the one off duty was at the store drinking himself pie-eyed and playing poker with the Hindu storekeeper (tell you more about poker presently). A little mad, both of them, as men get too far away from accustomed things. Well, the woman now—"

"So there *was* a woman?" drawled some one in the background. "Taken you a long time to come to her!"

"—The woman was a queer fish—or bird, if you like that better! Never could quite place her habitat myself, or why she was there," Velisen went on. "She took a shine to Throg right off, and he was always over at her place on the rise, where her father, old Tagloff, had a bit of land and some cattle, and so on—expatriates, also, too settled to go home. Dutch.

"She used to ride all over the place; used to tear off like mad in the sun, thirty miles or so—having been brought up at the equator, she seemed to be immune. But I anticipate further, gentlemen—her name was Trudie, however.

"Now, Throg wasn't very keen on the job of watching those negroes all day, particularly as Nickerson played better poker than he did, and had, finally, cleaned Throg out of his share in the land (their I O U's went back and forth, you understand) temporarily, and Throg was working to get it back, meantime being Nickerson's superintendent. Bad case of shell-shock, Throg's. Getting drunk and playing away his life at poker

seemed to cheer him up when he had an attack—only things that did.

"He had lost his horse several times, to say nothing of his land, but he would never risk that except to Nickerson—seeming to reason, at his drunkest, that maybe he *could* get it back from *him*, sooner or later, or at least keep some hold on it. Nevertheless, he got infernally *bored* watching those negroes all day long—that was why— Did I tell you he had a glass eye?"

"*Besides* the monocle?" some one inquired.

"*Behind* it," explained Velisen, grinning. "Oh, a beautiful glass eye, presented to him by a more or less grateful government for certain services rendered at Vilancourt during the War! A little off-color, that eye, from the other, but still, it *was* blue, which was something, and he'd gotten used to it. I dare say they couldn't quite match *all* the eyes that were needed. Well! Anyway, he had a maddening habit of taking that blamed monocle out of his face and clicking it against his glass eyeball when a little 'on'—gave you the creeps to hear it. His nerves were really pretty bad.

"Well, one night he did it after dinner when Trudie had us three up to dinner (Nickerson, Throg, and myself, the only whites for twenty miles or so) at her father's house. She came around and took it out of his fingers, the monocle, and he stared at her like a child who had an apple and somebody snatched it away from him.

"'What's the matter?' he asked. She was examining the monocle under the lamp.

"'How do you make it click?' she asked him. Trudie didn't reason. Couldn't. Just *asked*, always, what she wanted to know. One of those women whose like appears in every race and every time, superb to look at, but as for reasoning faculty, none, but then, they don't need any! It is enough for one of them to be a woman!

"'Primitive' you say? No, not just that, but simply not conscious of rationality—deep-dyed in a particularly feminine quality; intelligent, if that *is* intelligence—perhaps it *is* one kind—in this two-sided world. Such women always get what they want, and not by guile, either! Too simple to realize that they can't have it by ordinary laws, but just get it, anyhow!

"She didn't see that the eye was glass. Never occurred to her. Then she began to study her own hand through the monocle, which was, really, a magnifying-glass, being a lens out of a German field-glass. Yes, funny idea to use it for a monocle, isn't it? Particularly for a glass eye!

" 'My eye—' Throg began to explain, but she suddenly gave a little scream.

" 'This thing,' she said to him, wonderingly, 'shows a map in my hand!'

"Well, of course it did, in a way. Trudie had never observed the lines in her palm before, probably, and, being magnified, they must have startled her considerably. She was like a child about it, and I looked over at Throg; and the fool had taken out his glass eye and was holding it out to her. Not his idea of a joke, you understand, but simply to elucidate to her *why* it had clicked!

"The effect upon Trudie was startling. That empty socket—the eye there in his hand—no wonder the girl screamed and ran up the stairs. She took Throg's monocle with her. And old Tagloff poured some more brandy, and laughed, as Throg imperturbably put back his eye in his head. But something had happened, you see, to the girl, as well as to Throg. It seemed to me he had looked at Trudie for the first time, and seen what a strange, undecipherable, emotional creature she was.

"She came back after a little while, gave him back his eye-glass, and whispered something to him. He only shook his head, and after polishing the thing carefully with a silk handkerchief that he carried for that very purpose, fixed it against his nose just the same.

"Now here's a queer thing, gentlemen. Did he wear that lens of his over a perfectly good but useless—except for decorative purposes—glass eye to pretend somehow that he could see with it? Or was he so sensitive about the eye that he felt better with the extra glass between him and the world? Or did he think the eye might fall out and that the monocle would hold it in? Hard to say!

"Now, you know, there are sorcerers in British East Africa, fellows who squat on a mat in front of their huts, and kill people by thinking intensely for two or three days or weeks, on the de-

sired result. Sorcery is, of course, a crime in British law, and after one of 'em has killed—according to general complaint from the population—two or three able-bodied negroes, he is clapped into jail to keep him from doing any more damage. They don't hang him, because to the literal and just British mind such a thing can not be proved—may not be true—so they keep on the safe side and treat the accused as a public menace."

"Why doesn't he kill his jailers?" queried a languid, spectral voice in a corner of the veranda.

"Well, for one thing, the British don't believe in the power of sorcery," said Velisen with an odd little smile, "and, besides, a sorcerer has to get hold of something personal—extremely personal—belonging to the intended victim, a hair of his head, a bit of his clothes, and *then* the victim has to be warned he's going to die, with due formality, 'on Thursday next,' as the case may be, so he can be thinking about it, too! Otherwise—well, it doesn't work, you see? Self-hypnosis enters into the job. So he goes on living if he is strong-minded!

"And since no death by sorcery has ever been proved, why, they simply keep the sorcerer in the bilboes until resentment dies down, and then set him free with a warning. But all this is simply to prepare you for what happened about the eye (thanks, yes, Scotch! I must say you fellows do yourselves very well here—considering!).

"You see, it was pretty slow work superintending those sixty negroes digging out stumps. Nothing to do but loaf and keep an eye on 'em—I've done it! The moment you look away, picks stop in mid-air. It's constitutionally impossible, of course, for a negro in British East Africa to work unless somebody is watching him do it! Goes to sleep standing, like a horse. Well, Throgmorton got infernally bored keeping an eye on those negroes all day—"

"The *glass* eye?" queried the spectral voice in the corner, ironically.

"Yes, the *glass* eye," agreed Velisen. "It was this way, since you are wondering what this story is all about. You see, it occurred to him one day *to take that thing out of his head and put it on a rock*, in plain sight of all his negroes! Then he told them very impressively that he had to go away for a while, and that

he was leaving his eye to watch every one of them, and that when he came back his eye would tell him which ones had loafed, blast their lazy souls! And more to the same effect. Quite a harangue it must have been.

"Can't you see those fellows simply paralyzed with fright, with the supernaturalness of the thing? That blue eye sitting there in the crevice of the rock, and the boss with an empty hole in his head, looking very fierce (as he could), and emphasizing every word by tapping his infernal monocle on the ivory handle of his riding-crop? For he carried a crop, a very swanky one, made of rhinoceros-skin—great stickler for form, Throgmorton!—always dressed in immaculate linen riding-clothes, white collar, black tie, pith helmet, black mustaches—very 'doggy' indeed—his get-up would have been as hot as Hades for any one else, but he'd been a cavalry officer, and he never seemed to wilt like other people.

"Having frightened the life out of his myrmidons, he stuck the monocle in his face and galloped off to the store to play poker, leaving them to carry on! There was no loafing that day, nor the next; no sleeping under such trees as were left. No! They worked like the devil, because every time they looked at the rock there was that uncanny thing glistening—a veritable evil eye, never winking, staring them out of countenance.

"*They worked!*

"Well, of course, you're wondering, I suppose, why one of them didn't throw it in the river to the crocodiles, aren't you? Too superstitious—that was a *human* eye, to them—they hardly know what glass is, and as for a glass eye! Besides, Throgmorton stood for a sort of god to them. So they stayed in thrall all day, because he didn't come back until nearly sundown, the better for a cool day at the store—the better for any number of gin rickeys.

"The better by some three pounds ten he had won at poker there!

"From me," Velisen added with a mild rancor, as if, somehow, although he was a good loser, the memory of that three pounds ten had never been quite effaced by any subsequent poker game.

"Well, he rode to that rock and picked up his eye, gazed into it long and seriously, then he looked from one to the other of the negroes, and they quaked. They were thirsty and tired

and scared—and they hadn't dared to eat all day. He could scarcely keep his face straight (he told us that evening over at Tagloff's) as he spotted the loafers from their hangdog expression and reprimanded them.

"It must have been a funny scene! He tried it the next day, and thereafter, and his land was getting cleared very rapidly indeed (he had 'em so cowed that they actually used to go up to that eye and ask permission to go and get a drink of water!).

"But the slow savage mind was gradually roused to resentment. It was one thing to have that lank Englishman in spotless white for an overseer, but quite another breed of cats to work under the accusing, omnipotent supervision of that staring blue eye. It simply wasn't done, you understand? None of these fellows likes to *work* unless his boss is there looking on, shouting encouragement now and then—profane encouragement; it isn't necessary for the boss to be doing anything, but he has to be there. Besides, the idea of evil got into some of them; it got transmitted to the gang, and they began to feel that the eye was doing them an actual physical injury! Natural enough.

"Well, of course, all who saw Throg riding about minus one eye wondered about it; but he, realizing his good fortune, begged them not to give away the secret. You can see how he *would* get the name of 'Evil-eye,' riding about with a monocle, and not even a *glass* eye behind the thing! Can't you?

"And then Trudie Tagloff got worried about him, and (you may have gathered that she was quite a bit gone on him by this time) one evening she begged him to give up the game with the eye, and he wouldn't. So she stole the monocle from him by the simple device of asking him to give it to her, and then running upstairs with it, somehow reasoning (if that is what she did) that if he didn't have it to wear while his eye was working, he *couldn't* very well leave the thing on the rock every day.

"Pretty sharp reasoning, eh? Because the monocle *was* infinitely more important to him than any eye—glass or real—maintained his self-respect, as I said before. He'd been terribly shell-shocked in the War, and that pane of prismatic glass was a good thing to hide behind—good defense mechanism.

"Well, the theft didn't bother Throg very much. He went away laughing when Trudie refused to give him back the monocle,

and turned up next day at the store (having put his negroes to work) with the blue veins of his right eyelid duly magnified by a lens identically like the other one! While possessing only one glass eye, you see, Throg had *two* monocles!

"A field-glass *has* two large lenses, of course!

"Well, about this time somebody learned that Throg's negroes had hired a local sorcerer to make the glass eye blind! Somebody going over to observe the phenomenon at Throg's place saw him sitting under a shady tree, motionless, with his basket of tricks and guessed what it was about. That somebody was Trudie, I always thought.

"Of course we had a good laugh about it over at Tagloff's—the idea of that sorcerer solemnly sorcerering away all day on a glass eye was too much for us. But Trudie didn't laugh. It wasn't a joke to her. You see, she had been brought up in British East Africa. She *believed* in sorcery—her old nurse had seen to that. She was quite convinced that some dire thing would happen to Throg through the sorcerer's deviltry, that some evil would be transmitted to him through the eye.

"It was obvious to all of us except Trudie that the negroes, through their sorcerer, only wished to render the eye a little less observant, and that they had no designs on his life, since Nickerson paid a trifle more than other people for labor, being anxious to get his crop in the ground. Anyway, it got about, through Trudie's nurse, that all the sorcerer expected to accomplish was to render that Zeiss & Lomb, Jena glass eye *sightless*, which it was already!

"And when Nickerson complained that Throg wasn't living up to his contract as overseer, Throg said wasn't his eye doing the work? And better than he could do it? And wasn't it *his* eye? Nickerson was a bit 'near,' you see and, besides, Throg now had more time for poker at the store, and he was gradually recouping his losses, getting back his share of the land, I O U by I O U, from Nickerson, for somehow Throg got a streak of sobriety, without his eye, and played very solemn poker. You see?

"Well, Trudie got busy and concocted, or her nurse concocted—she never would tell—a strange compound that looked like purple ink, and smelled like spices, for Throg to bathe his glass eye in when he picked it up every afternoon, the idea being to neutralize

the damage done to it by the sorcerer, you see? Well, to humor her (and maybe he more than half believed it) he used to lug the bottle around with him, and dip the eye in it gravely, then polish it with his silk handkerchief—reserved for the monocle. He was always shining *that* up.

“Sure, a bit mad, but darned amusing!

“After a couple of weeks, with no results, the negroes had a conclave one day, and refused to pay their sorcerer any more, whereupon he waxed indignant, and threatened them with all manner of things. But their distress hadn’t been alleviated, you see, and in their wrath they pitched the sorcerer into the river to the crocodiles, and his basket of chips, bits of carved bone, and other sorcering implements after him! The crocodiles didn’t fancy him, evidently—he was a lean sorcerer—and he swam out and disappeared from that region. His prestige was all gone, you see? Although he had the dread reputation of having killed two men to order, five cows, and even a lion who had decimated a village somewhere. Good publicity, eh?

“I forgot to tell you that Throg had been warned, in due form, by the sorcerer (an honorable man, not wishing to do any damage to that eye in an underhand way!) to the effect that his eye would go blind from being left out in the sun. That was the polite way of putting it, you understand? And calculated not to give away the gaff, in the simple savage’s view. The message came on a bit of polished bone—a rudely scratched eye, a sun, then a circle, to show blindness. It was Trudie who interpreted it.

“Part of the negroes’ discontent, ending in the overthrow of the sorcerer, lay in the unerring accuracy of Throg’s accusation of the loafers when he came to read the eye every afternoon. Obviously to them that eye went right on seeing no matter how hard the sorcerer worked (or slept), for he would arrange his basket of tricks for operations, then go peacefully to sleep, theoretically concentrated on the desired result, leaving the bones and chips to do the work. You can see how hard pressed they were to throw their sorcerer in the river—a piece of lese-majesty! Now the basket floated down the river when the owner of it was deposed, and was found, curiously enough, at the Tagloffs’ boat-landing by Trudie, who, however, said nothing about it at the time. A reticent woman, Trudie!

"Here is one of the sorcerer's bones. (There was a pocket in the basket, in which were concealed the more potent paraphernalia—for murder and such like practices.)"

And Velisen took out of his pocket a flat bone, engraved with a fish, and handed it about. It seemed to bring the reality of the story that he was spinning for us acutely within the circle of light there on the veranda.

"Anyway, there was a button off Throg's coat in the basket, the stump of a cigar, a dried banana-skin, besides the regulation set of bones. Throg afterward remembered having eaten a banana one day in front of the store, and seeing a negro boy scrambling to pick up the skin.

"Well, the game went on, and the negroes hired a new sorcerer presently, whose methods were a bit different. He perched in a dead tree, on the edge of Throg's clearing, overlooking the rock, the river, the negroes working, and he made no secret of the fact that he was there for a purpose. *He* warned Throg also, by sending him a pair of old sun-glasses he had picked up somewhere, as a delicate hint to him that he would soon go blind. Touching, wasn't it? Particularly as most of *that* sorcerer's fearsomeness consisted in his having gone about *wearing* the sun-glasses, one lens of which was missing! He was otherwise perfectly naked.

"About this time Throg lost his second monocle. It was stolen out of his coat, which he left thrown over his saddle for ten minutes or so one day while he stopped at the store. He was quite cut up about it, and came to Trudie begging back the other one, and in a very bad state of mind. But she refused to give it to him, so he cleaned up the sun-glasses and wore them, with his good eye looking out comically through the empty rim.

"A day or two after that he got the shock of his life, going to get his eye off the rock as usual, to confront his perspiring myrmidons. It wasn't a *blue* eye any more. It was a cold, malevolent *green* one, rather queer-looking, small iris—hardly looked human (as a glass eye *should*); didn't look like a glass eye at all. However, he glared at everybody, including the sorcerer sitting up in his dead tree like a vulture, and proceeding to arraign the culprits as usual.

"Then he rode away, and went up to the Tagloffs', having put the thing in his head just the same. We were all due there

for dinner (we dined there every other night by standing invitation—hospitable soul, old Tagloff!). I used to wonder what his game was, as none of us ever had much to say. There *isn't* much to say in British East Africa, and Throg's eye had kept us going for some weeks.

"It *had* occurred to me that in the back of his head old Tagloff had an idea one of us might marry Trudie, but of course you never could tell what *he* was thinking about. Not that Trudie wasn't attractive. She was. A somewhat fragile Amazon, with tons of red hair, deep-blue eyes, high cheek-bones—*charm?* Oh, yes! But single-track in her mind. I guess *he* knew that, too, old Tagloff. But he kept his own counsel about it, and smilingly laughed at Nickerson's thousandth repetition of the conundrum about Lot's wife, plied us all with his excellent grog, and waited, as the Dutch know how to wait, pulling gently on the beautiful meerschaum pipe that never left his fingers. I used to wonder if he smoked that pipe in his sleep!

"Nickerson was a bit thick, you see—not a bounder, but—Me, of course, he never thought of in that connection—old Tagloff!"

And Velisen laughed in an embarrassed sort of way, and ran his hands through his thick gray hair.

"So maybe Throg was in that old Dutchman's mind all the time for a husband for Trudie, glass eye and all. Throgmorton was a gentleman.

"Well, Throg took out the new eye and showed it to us very gravely. It certainly *looked* queer. We were all seized with the same idea at once, that the sorcerer, or the sun, *had* done something to it. It looked shrunken, malevolent—just queer. Gave us the creeps. Only Trudie showed no surprise at it. But she stared at Throg all through dinner with an anxious expression, as he would put the eye in his head, and then take it out again, with a worried pucker of the eyebrows. 'Blamed thing doesn't seem to fit any more!' he growled once. And at that Trudie smiled, a queer, deep, secretive smile.

"And it dawned upon me for the first time that she was mad about Throg, loved him as a woman loves her child, indulgently, fiercely, protectingly—with a strange pathos in her eyes, as if she didn't quite know it yet herself, nor what to do about it. But she

wouldn't give him back his monocle, just the same, only she *did* ask, that evening, to have back her bottle of purple ink. He handed it over to her with some bantering remark about its not having done very much good, as the glass eye was ruined now for good!

"But she said nothing, and ran up-stairs with it. She was always running up-stairs to hide something, it seemed to me, like a magpie who had found a bright pebble and hurried away to secrete it in her nest—like a squirrel! Once it was a little present that Throg brought to her when an English mail was in. Somebody had sent him a fool scarf-pin, and it outraged him, since he invariably wore a bow-tie, so he gave it to Trudie. Another time he had left a cigar-band by his plate after dinner, and *that* she had taken, magpie-fashion, and run up-stairs with it.

"Strange girl, Trudie. One could imagine her taking up a loose board in the floor up-stairs, with the door locked, and taking out of it Throg's monocle, the scarf-pin, the cigar-band, and gloating over them all. Oh, yes, she *loved* him! I have always wondered if he knew how much, then—or later. He wasn't a fool, Throg, and he was good-looking in a fierce sort of way, but too civilized, maybe, to know what a brooding volcano Trudie was emotionally.

"Well, we rode home in the moonlight that night to our respective shacks, Throg complaining that his eye hurt him, and Nickerson and I joking with him about his prize sorcerer up in the tree, and asking him if *he* was on the pay-roll!

"Two days afterward, in the afternoon, I rode the seven miles from my place up to the store, on the way to Tagloffs'. And as I came near to it I heard a stream of curses coming out of it—English curses, fluent, adequate, *literary* curses! Lal, the Hindu storekeeper, came to the door and motioned to me to wait for a moment. Then he led me around to the window on the side, that looked into his little office, where we all played poker almost every day, or Hindu chess, at which Lal was an adept.

"I looked in to see Throgmorton sprawled in one of Lal's decrepit, bamboo chairs, a gin rickey in one hand, his rhinoceros-hide crop in the other. In his right eye was a monocle (he had gotten it back somehow, evidently), but there was no eye back of it.

"In front of him on the floor cowered a negro with all the earmarks of a sorcerer about him, and patently in an abject, pitiful terror, wearing those absurd sun-glasses that he had sent Throg as a warning!

"Throg's cursing was epicene! He drew from sources unknown even to me. He revealed an astounding memory for Shakespeare, the law, Chaucer, Billingsgate, Liverpoolese, French, Arabic, and most of the negroid tongues. 'Eye of a newt,' '*nom de nom de nom de cochon verte*,' 'by the thousand gilded rats of Al Raschid,' 'infernal cheek,' 'criminal mayhem' were a few of the things that poured out of his fertile brain upon the head of the sorcerer.

Throgmorton was very drunk, and he emphasized everything that he said with whacks of that rhinoceros-hide crop on the inlaid table before him, on the sorcerer's head, shoulders—anywhere at all—with a rhythmical and terrible precision, but keeping fast hold of his gin rickey all the time. He was beyond needing it, as the three empty bottles on the table testified. They jumped at every whack of the stick. If there was a curse in the Bible that he did not know I should be glad to hear of it! He even resorted to Greek in his fury.

"Nor did he confine his rancor to the sorcerer. He cursed British East Africa—which, indeed, deserves it—it *is* hotter than Hades! He cursed the flies and the dust; he went back in his memory and cursed every one who had caused him any annoyance during the War. (There were a good many!) He cursed war! He covered a great deal of ground for a self-contained man, which he had been, always. It was magnificent, admirable! It seemed to me as if he had kept his temper all his life, perhaps, through all the four years he had endured of the War, and now the berserker had risen in him, and was having its way, and all over a miserable negro sorcerer!

"Lal looked at me with a smile when I asked him if the sun had got Throg.

"'No—no—very simple!' was his explanation. 'This morning he come to store all the same, and he play poker all day, and get drunk—leetle drunk. There was an American here—he play *very* good poker! He win all Mr. Throg's money, all his land, all his cigar; then Mr. Throg say he bet his eye that is on the rock watching negro men, and American win that, too!

"'And Mr. Throg, very drunk, very precis', take visit-card and say on it, "I O U one glass eye, now on rock, Ubi District," and give card to American, make his bow very precis', and say, "I bring you that eye, Mr. Brown. You wait for me here." And off he ride, like the very dickens, to get eye! He come back two hours now, with sorcerer by scruff of his neck, but no eye, and he say to me, "Lal, lend me your office little while to curse this swine in—too hot out-of-doors—and bring me plenty gin rickeys."'

"'And the American?' I asked Lal.

"'He ride off,' said Lal; 'he say he come back for that eye some day, but I think not. He had enough! What would he do with Mr. Throg's eye in Mombasa?'

"Well, I went in presently and spoke to Throg. We were due over at Tagloffs' for dinner. He looked up at me with a child-like grin of delight, gave the luckless sorcerer one more whack, drank his drink, and admonished the sobbing negro to get out and to keep going, and not to stop this side of Cape Town! Which he evidently did, for he was never seen again.

"Then, in the greatest good humor, and quite suddenly perfectly sober (as a certain type of lank Englishman *can* get without warning), Throg adjusted his monocle carefully, put on his helmet, borrowed a sovereign from me to pay Lal with (which sovereign he never paid back, I might add!), and started off with me to Tagloffs'. But he wouldn't tell me what had happened. Not until after dinner did he tell any of us, and then, with Trudie leaning on her elbows across from him, he related what had happened.

"The sorcerer, you see, had stolen his monocle out of his coat, to operate with (that being a very personal possession); it *ought* to have put that eye out of business, and it *did*, as you will see. Now (yes, Scotch, *please!*), there was the sorcerer up in his tree, with a basket of tricks and Throg's monocle, sorcering away for all he was worth, and all the while the negroes working like blazes.

"I didn't tell you, did I, that Throg always left the eye on the *shady* side of the rock? No? Well, of course nobody knows how the sorcerer found it out (although he *was* considerably above the average in his profession), but that monocle was an excellent *burning-glass!* Do you see? Might have discovered it accidentally, and burned his own hand first—who can say? But what

he had been doing all day was to concentrate a sun-ray through the glass onto that eye in the crevice of the rock! Yes, *some* intelligence, you say? *Direct* sorcery! That man was a genius in a way.

"Well, of course, any glass eye, or any other eye not actively engaged in any one's head, could probably stand a burning-glass sighted on it all day without injury. But Throg, you see, coming along to pick up his eye toward the shank of the afternoon, bent upon taking it back to the store and handing it over to the American like the gentleman he was, paying his losses at the first opportunity—well, he found that eye too *hot* to hold in his fingers! He dropped it; it skipped on a stone like a glass marble, and jumped into the river.

"Things must have happened fairly fast after that. Mind you, he was *very* drunk, and he had gambled away everything he had—gambled the very eye out of his head! He evidently looked up at the sorcerer, and saw the monocle in his hand—saw the spot of sunlight on the rock, and guessed the truth. Because the eye had been in the shade, on purpose to keep it cool! Well, he snatched an ax from the nearest negro, and went after the dead tree, cut it down in no time at all, and the sorcerer with it, clapped the monocle in his face, hot as it was, threw the sorcerer over his saddle, and galloped to the store like one demented.

"You have read of the institution of the whipping-boy, accorded to the dauphins of France? The child-king could do no wrong; consequently, when he *did*, the whipping-boy was haled in and punished. In a way poor Throg must have welcomed that sorcerer as a sort of whipping-boy for all his grudge against life! That poor devil, thwarted of most things, uprooted out of his life as a barrister, on the way to the bench, by the advent of the War, robbed of one eye, nerves gone to pieces, too shell-shocked to believe that he could ever get back to what he was, and never croaking about it, either—very game he was!—and then to have this comic figure of a naked, whining sorcerer to bestow his erudite curses upon—really cursing out his destiny, closing up his emotional accounts and starting over, in a veritable bankruptcy of rage! Very logical, it seemed to me, as he told us about it.

"Needless to say, there had been no arraignment of the negroes that afternoon; in fact, never were the delinquents punished.

They took to their heels! It was too much to see their sorcerer tumbling down from his tree like a vulture stricken with palsy! (For I dare say that sorcerer was *scared*! He must have called upon all his mumbo-jumbos to come and save him!)

"Then Throg explained to us that he was leaving the Protectorate for England, having lost his share of the land. (He apologized to Nickerson, but added that the stumps were all out, and there was very little more to do, since *he* had cut down the last dead tree himself!)

"All his money was gone, he explained rather gleefully, except what he had put away in Mombasa to go home with if need be—never stirred anywhere in the world, he said, without salting away enough to take him back to Temple Court, in London, where he kept his chambers from year to year, equally a sally-port and a sanctuary. Said he had learned always to save the odd sovereign during the War, and never stake it on poker!

"He told us a lot of things about himself that evening, about shell-shock, how he had come to British East Africa to get away from himself—and now he *was* free of his delusions—no longer heard the whine of a shell in the buzzing of a fly—didn't really want to cultivate land, anyway, being a barrister, and didn't care now, his one desire being to get back to the Temple—he'd have to go back to England anyway to get a new glass eye—rather uncomfortable not having any!

"He seemed on the whole very happy about it all—anyway, he had his monocle back—one of them! And that made him happy. He had had the field-glass in his hands when he was wounded—when he lost his eye—and that, somehow, was why he had made two monocles out of it.

"And as he talked, and old Tagloff listened shrewdly, Trudie never took her eyes off Throg's face.

"Well, Nickerson didn't say anything—you might think he'd be a bit annoyed at Throg's gambling away his share of the land, and saddling him with a stranger for a partner. But there seemed to be something between Nickerson and Tagloff, from the way they looked at each other. Something *was* up between them, I thought.

"Suddenly Throg took the monocle out of his face, and began to tap on his coffee-cup with it, as he always did, lost in space—

back in the war-zone again! And Trudie sprang up, reached across the table, and snatched it out of his hand, turned, and threw the thing through the wide-open door. It went into the river below with a little *plunk*. I thought Throg would murder somebody for a moment—the blank amazement that came over his face. But Trudie was already running up the stairs, not to hide something, but to *find* something, in her little granary.

“There was a scratching sound on the plaster ceiling over our heads, following her quick footsteps, a little thud, and she was back again, with a funny little flat bark basket, more like a tray—the sorcerer’s basket that she had found in the river, you see? She brought it down into the living-room, carrying it with much ceremony, with both hands, like an ancient woman carrying a seed-basket!

“It was Trudie’s treasure—all her hidings from under the loose board in the floor up-stairs—the magpie had saved enough to accomplish her purpose. The time had come for Trudie to enact *her* bit of sorcery in the life of Throgmorton! We all stared at her, for it was clear to all of us that she carried something momentous in her basket of tricks. She was radiant; her eyes were shining mysteriously—she had found time to wrap a bit of bright-blue silk around her red hair.

“And old Tagloff coughed!

“She came straight to the table, where Throg sat petrified—his monocle gone into the river—his land all gone—even the eye he had lost by sorcery he owed to another man, and no way to pay it!

“And, gentlemen, that calm, assured girl brought it all back to him! It was all in the basket, you see! First she took out the ‘visit-card,’ the I O U for the eye, and tore it in half, and laid the pieces before him. But he hardly glanced at them. He was spell-bound. He was watching Trudie. We all were. She was like a sorceress, with her basket of tricks; it was as if she had stored up things all her life, to give to that man. She took out all the sorcerer’s bones and chips, and spread them in a strange pattern. She took the cigar-band—a gold one—and slipped it on her third finger. She was deliberate, purposeful, intent. That queer, scatter-brained, single-track girl was working some carefully prepared magic of her own. And it *worked*, too!

"She took a number of other I O U's of Throg's land, lost to the American poker-shark that afternoon, and restored them to him, torn in two. She took some sovereigns, quite a lot of them, and piled them in front of him, in little heaps, also. She brought out a little packet of silk, pinned with Throg's scarf-pin, and laid it down. Then she made monkey motions over the bones, selected one, and pushed it and the packet across to him.

"He undid the silk—and found—his other monocle! The one she had first taken away from him. He stuck it in his face absent-mindedly, and scrutinized the bit of bone. And the game went on—a game between a man and a woman—rather a simple one, but, Heavens! *What* a game it is! The bit of bone was the one that I have just shown you. She was restoring his *sight*, you see? Trudie was playing conjurer! Then she took out a bottle—of purple ink, apparently, smelling of spices, and opened it (a squat bottle with a large mouth), fished in it with a coffee-spoon very carefully, and brought out, and dried with her handkerchief—Throg's *blue glass eye*!

"There it was in her palm, for everybody to see. And then she spoke, for the first time."

"'How much, Mister Throg,' she asked, weighing the eye a little as if it were a rare jewel—a nugget of gold—an old talisman that would open heaven for him.

"Blessed if she wasn't *bargaining* with him!

"'But see here—' he began, 'er—*my eye!*—how—all this?' (indicating the I O U's and the money).

"'How much, Mister Throg?' she repeated very softly, but her hand closed over that glass eye possessively.

"'How much do you want, Trudie?' he asked after a little, and not banteringly, either.

"'I want—you—to marry me,' was what she said, 'and go back to London—the sun will kill you here—it makes you drink—it makes you play too much poker—makes you *remember* too much!'

"Startled? Well, no, he wasn't, exactly.

"'You *hired* that man?' he asked.

"'Oh, yes,' she assented, 'I got him in Mombasa! I told him to win everything you had, because you can not take care of things! I sell your land to my father for you! Your land—all cleared by your eye!'

"And Tagloff nodded smilingly. Nickerson burst into a guffaw. 'One on you, Throg,' he said, 'but you got a good price!'

"Throg took out his monocle and began to tap with it on the bit of bone. There was an insistent fly buzzing somewhere in the room. He was hearing a shell droning over a French sector again.

"'You must never do that any more,' said Trudie gently; 'it brings back bad things to you, too much—war—unhappy things. *Stop!*'

"And Throg stopped.

"She had him in a trap no more devious than a woman's trap for a man is, usually—but had him, very surely—knew all about him, had set out to cure him! Blind instinct *and* a low-down trick, you say? Not cricket. No. To go thirty-five miles in the sun to Mombasa, hire the best gambler there to come and get that poor shell-shocked fool drunk and win all his land and all his money away from him—so she could give it back to him! Consider the magnitude of a woman's mind, gentlemen—the powerful chicanery of this simple, direct young savage, to contemplate, *and* carry out, the cure, and accomplish the acquisition of her man! Stupendous, eh?

"What do psychiatrists know, compared with a woman? Sensed his whole trouble, and set out to cure it, *her* way. What did she pay the poker-shark? Nothing, probably—he was a Southerner—couldn't refuse a lady anything she asked! But how do I know? Trudie would have given him anything—the same as did *Manon Lescaut*—wouldn't have mattered to her. Trudie's type is rare, but she wasn't invented by the Abbé Prévost. No.

"'My eye—' Throg began, holding out his hand—'how did it get here? It's in the river!'

"'Bad eye is in the river, and bad window-glass in the river, too—sorcerer do no harm that way, Mister Throg! I took this away from your rock, one day, to keep any evil from coming to it.'

"'And you put the other eye there?' asked Throg, puzzling out the mystery little by little.

"'Oh, yes. I tell your negroes I come to see if your eye know something you forget for a moment.'

"'But where did you get the other one, Trudie?' the poor devil inquired.

"'I find it in the sorcerer's basket, floating in the river. I put

it on the rock to do your work for you—sorcerer eye, *that* one—nobody do it any harm! Save good eye in juice for you when you need it. *See?*

“He saw. Marry her? Of course he did. He’d loved her all the time—but part of his obsession was that no woman could love him with that glass eye, do you see? That was why he wore the monocle over it. Trudie cured him of that. They sailed the next week to go to the Temple, for Throg to take up his law after ten years’ recess. You don’t see her in the Temple? Well, I do. I see her anywhere—she is as universal as Cleopatra; no age, no country, no race, Trudie—legendary woman! She’s probably as much at home in Temple Court as she was down on that African river—adapts herself. He was her man, and she knew it, and she told him so. Very simple, really. Ah—well!

(“Yes, *Scotch*, please! You fellows really do yourselves very well here, considering!”)

“Oh—the eye that went in the river? I didn’t tell you, did I? It was a petrified crocodile eye—fairly common among sorcerers in Africa. Yes, she *did* play a good game of poker, as it happens—Trudie! It was a *green* eye, yes—jealousy, *what?*

“Yes, *what about intellect*, after all?”

TAKE THE STAND, PLEASE ¹

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

(From *The Saturday Evening Post*)

I

THE hour was nine o'clock. Court would be convened at ten. The venerable James Bledsoe sat in his office, gazing out the window toward the courthouse, three blocks distant, and meditating over the recent interview with his client. Silently the door opened—closed—a puff of cigarette smoke floated toward James Bledsoe's desk, and by these signs he knew that his youthful law partner, John Ennis, had arrived.

"Have you seen him?" Ennis asked anxiously.

"Yes."

"Does he understand now what happened?"

"No."

"Not even after you explained it to him!" Ennis exclaimed.

"I decided not to explain, Ennis," Bledsoe replied.

"Well, then you won't dare put him on the stand, will you?" Ennis inquired.

"Yes, I'll put him on the stand."

"But won't he convict himself?"

"He may, Ennis. Dog-gone him! And yet—and yet, I think I know how to handle him. You see, he is so beautifully unsophisticated that when he talks, the real truth comes out without his knowing it. If I handle him right, what actually happened ought to become perfectly plain."

"Yes, but he'll deny point-blank the very facts upon which his defense depends," Ennis objected.

"That's true," Bledsoe agreed. "Yes, that's true enough. And yet, my boy, he didn't fool us, did he? The truth is mighty, and

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I have even heard predictions that it will prevail, so I'm going to put that prediction to the test. Nothing is more dangerous, my boy, than coaching a stupid witness or a child witness. It's better to let God's innocents tell their own stories in their own way. They say He takes care of them."

"I approached Rogers indirectly yesterday to see if he wouldn't drop the prosecution," Ennis remarked.

Bledsoe laughed. "I know in advance," he said, "how that came out."

"I don't understand Rogers," Ennis added. "Why is he so determined to prosecute? Don't you suppose he understands the risk?"

"Of course he doesn't," Bledsoe replied. "He's a shrewd judge of men and he knows our client pretty well, therefore he can't fear him. Moreover, you forget what Mr. Rogers doubtless calls the publicity value of this trial. Think of the names that will be mentioned. Why, they are music to his ears, my boy. This was no back-alley row. Even when you get a black eye in such company you can almost borrow money on it from a national bank."

"Then you are going to take a chance on Thornton's story just as he told it to us?"

"Exactly, Ennis."

"Well, then, I'm ready to kiss the case good-by right now," said Ennis.

"I don't greatly blame you, son; but take care of the office. I must be going now. Good-by."

"Good-by. And good luck."

"Thanks, Ennis. I'll need it."

II

The hour was three o'clock. Court had been convened at ten, and now all the state's evidence against Howard Thornton had been presented.

"We rest," said the district attorney as his last witness left the stand. There was a momentary hush in the court room, then gradually all eyes turned toward the bald head of James Bledsoe, a former judge, now counsel for the defendant. Finally he touched his client's shoulder and said:

"Take the stand, please."

"Be sworn," commanded the clerk, rising, and at the same time lifting his right arm. This ceremony concluded, the defendant seated himself, glanced at the jurors, and then faced his attorney. He was a tall man with black hair and large, quiet blue eyes that said nothing, a man of military bearing, who wore a neatly tailored chauffeur's uniform with distinction. There was not the slightest indication of nervousness as he calmly rested his hands on the broad railing around the chair in which he sat.

"What is your name?" asked Judge Bledsoe, beginning the direct examination.

"Howard Thornton, sir."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-eight, sir."

"Your address?"

"County jail, sir. I had to give up my room when I was arrested."

"Were you asked to leave?"

"No, sir, but I have no assurance of being able to pay my rent in future, and so advised my landlady."

"What is your occupation?"

"None, sir. I assume that I am discharged, in view of the late unpleasantness with my employer."

"How long were you his chauffeur?"

The faintest suggestion of a wince flickered about the eyes of Howard Thornton, and then he answered, choosing his words very carefully, "I served him as chauffeur for three months, sir," he said.

Judge Bledsoe smiled. What Thornton objected to he surmised, was the "his chauffeur." Thornton would think of himself as "a chauffeur" but not "his chauffeur."

"And previous to that?"

"I was with the field artillery, sir, in France."

"And previous to that?"

"I had no occupation, sir."

Judge Bledsoe stared at the witness as if amazed at this disclosure.

"How did you earn a living," he asked.

"I didn't," the witness answered, smiling.

"Well, then how did you live?"

The witness answered apologetically in a low tone: "I was wealthy, sir. That is to say, my family was wealthy. My parents were living then. They died while I was in France."

"Didn't you ever assist them in the management of the estate?"

"No, sir."

"Were you never employed in any business enterprise constituting that estate?"

"No, sir."

"Never sold goods or services or solicited trade or clients?"

"No, sir."

"Well, how did you spend your time?"

"I was experimenting with airplanes, sir."

"Did you accomplish anything?"

"Only a broken arm."

"And you have had no business experience of any kind whatsoever?"

"None, sir."

"Are you still wealthy?"

"No, sir."

"How did you lose your wealth?"

The district attorney turned a weary, casual glance toward Judge Bledsoe, as much as to say: "That's irrelevant, old chap, and moreover, I don't see how any of this can possibly benefit your client."

"When I came back from the war," the witness answered, "I had to take charge of the estate. I bought Liberty Bonds up to the hilt with all that I had or could borrow, and when they went down to eighty-three I was wiped out."

"I object to that as irrelevant and self-serving," said the district attorney, suddenly coming to life.

"How self-serving?" asked Judge Bledsoe innocently.

"Well, isn't the man trying to tell us that he lost his fortune bolstering and supporting the Government's war-time securities?"

"I didn't hear him say anything like that," Judge Bledsoe countered, smiling pleasantly. "I thought it was just a business deal." Then turning to the witness: "You expected to make a profit on those bonds, didn't you, Mr. Thornton?"

"Yes, sir."

"You thought they were sound securities and cheap at the price?"

"Yes, sir. I never dreamed that they could go so low. I thought people must be crazy to sell them at such prices."

"Exactly, Mr. Thornton." And then to the district attorney: "Any objection now?"

"Oh, I guess not. Go ahead, go ahead."

"Thank you. And now, Mr. Thornton, after you came back from the war and lost all of your money dealing in Liberty Bonds you found work as Mr. Rogers' chauffeur."

"I was a chauffeur, yes, sir."

"How did you manage to come in touch with Mr. Rogers?"

"I met him on the street, sir. I had known him in college."

"And asked him for a job?"

"No, sir. He remarked that he was selling securities of various sorts, promoting companies, and so forth, and asked me to join his force of salesmen."

"Did you accept?"

"No, sir. I didn't want the job."

"But you were in need of money, were you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nevertheless, you didn't want the job?"

"Exactly, sir. I didn't want it."

"And then did he offer you a job as chauffeur?"

"In a way, sir. He said he needed one. He knew I could drive. I climbed into the car and said, 'Old boy, you've got one.'"

"And were your relations as employer and employee satisfactory thereafter?"

"I thought so, sir."

"No disagreements arose?"

"Nothing to speak of, sir."

"He was very generous with you, I believe he said?"

"Yes, sir. He bought me about three hundred dollars' worth of clothes, including a tailored suit costing \$125."

"Was that a chauffeur's uniform?"

"No, sir, it was a gray business suit."

"And did you wear that while driving?"

"Yes, sir. He insisted upon it. He also placed his large car in the garage and bought a roadster. After that we sat side by

side when driving. He said he did not wish to flaunt an old college chum and a war veteran as his chauffeur. Even when we drove out in the large car he would pretend that it was mine and that he was my guest."

"Do you mean that he pretended to be your guest when you two were alone in the car?"

"No, sir. Only when others were present."

"Well, didn't this little game sometimes call for explanations as to the business you were in?"

"I think not, sir."

"Did anyone ever ask you if you were associated in business with Mr. Rogers?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many persons?"

"About five or six, sir."

"Name them, please."

The witness named eight and then estimated that there were possibly two or three more.

"What did you reply to these inquiries?"

"I simply said no."

"And would that end the matter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did Mr. Rogers ever remonstrate about this?"

"No, sir."

"Did he comment at all?"

"Not that I recall, sir."

"You have no ground then for suspecting that your disavowals of any connection with his business made him angry?"

"No ground whatever, sir. I was bankrupt and a chauffeur. I do not see how his purpose could have been other than generous. He seemed to like me very much."

"Nevertheless, you had declined the offer of a connection with his business?"

"Yes, sir."

"Eventually, I judge from your present costume, he supplied you with the conventional uniform of a chauffeur. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you first discuss the matter?"

"No, sir. I learned by chance that a uniform such as this could be purchased on the installment plan. I had never previously heard of such arrangements. The dealer required only five dollars down and an assignment of a very small portion of my wages, so there was nothing to discuss with Mr. Rogers. I simply purchased the uniform and wore it."

"Did Mr. Rogers comment on it?"

"He asked me where I got it and how much I paid for it. I told him, and later I learned that he had paid the balance."

"Why were you so insistent upon wearing a chauffeur's uniform?"

"I had no objection, sir, to being a chauffeur. I have none now. It is an honest employment and one of the very few in which I could honorably recommend my services. Since I have to work for a living, I consider it a very pleasant, decently paid employment."

"What salary did Mr. Rogers pay you?"

"Seventy-five dollars a week, sir."

"Is that the usual wage for a chauffeur?"

"I have no idea, sir. I have never employed a chauffeur. I drove my own car before the war. It does seem rather high, but I am told that wages are much higher since the war. I have never had occasion to inquire about chauffeurs' wages because I have had only one job."

"All right, Mr. Thornton; did Mr. Rogers ever pay you anything extra, like a bonus, or expense account, or anything of that sort?"

"He offered to several times, sir, but it was embarrassing to me and I declined with thanks."

"With thanks, Thornton, or were you angry?"

"With thanks, Judge Bledsoe, and I was not angry; just embarrassed. What he offered seemed too much like a tip. Mr. Rogers is a common type and distressingly clumsy, or, I should say ostentatious, when he intends to be fraternal. But I was not angry."

"Did he show any anger at your refusals to accept his offers?"

"None in the world, sir. We got on together famously."

"Now, Mr. Thornton, we've got to be entirely frank with this jury. You are charged with felonious assault; with striking Mr.

Rogers a blow calculated to cause his death. He is a man of about your own age, much smaller to be sure, but apparently in good physical condition; he did not serve in the army and you did; you came back to bankruptcy and found him prosperously launched in business and looking for a chauffeur. What impression did that make on you? Didn't you resent it?"

"No, sir, not in the least," the witness replied with a smile. "The fortunes of war, sir. I was no heroic minute man myself. I went when I was drafted and had a good deal better time of it than I expected. Mr. Rogers found a soft spot, and considering what some of the boys went through, I couldn't help thinking that he was no fool. Some of us had a very uncomfortable time over there. I certainly didn't begrudge Rogers his good luck, sir; especially when I was pocketing my seventy-five every week."

"Then there were no ancient differences between you previous to the very day of the fight?"

"Not a one, sir."

"You greeted each other as friends that morning and started out together as usual; is that correct?"

"Exactly, sir."

"Where did you go first?"

"To the office of his attorney, sir."

"And then?"

"I drove him and his attorney to the office of the district attorney."

"And then?"

"I drove him and his attorney to the office of the Amalgamated Bonding Company on lower Broadway."

"There were no cross words between Mr. Rogers and his attorney—"

"Yes, sir," the witness interrupted.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Thornton," Judge Bledsoe pleaded, raising his right hand, palm forward. "Wait until I complete the sentence. Were there any cross words between you and Mr. Rogers, or you and his attorney? Never mind any cross words between them."

"Oh, excuse me, sir. No, they paid no attention to me that day. They were very busy. Something about the business."

"Never mind anything about the business, Mr. Thornton."

The district attorney rose. "We ask the court to instruct the jury," he began, but Judge Bledsoe interrupted with: "And we join in the request." So the court smiled and instructed the jury that it should not consider any references to the business affairs of Mr. Rogers.

"And now, Mr. Thornton," Judge Bledsoe resumed, after this little interlude, "where did you go next?"

"We went home fairly early in the afternoon, sir, and Mr. Rogers informed me that we would go to the home of Mr. Ransome, on Long Island, that night. The Ransomes were giving a dance. They have two daughters."

"Are you personally acquainted with the Ransomes or are you just telling us something that you read in the newspapers?"

"I used to know the family quite well, sir. And Ralph Ransome was in my company in France. He was killed in the Argonne."

"Did Mr. Rogers make any suggestions with reference to your costume that evening?"

"Yes, sir. He called me in while he was dressing and we had a cocktail together. Then he said it would be great sport for me to attend the dance with him. I remarked that I had no evening clothes, but he had his heart set on my going with him, so he had bought an outfit for me from the same dealer who had supplied my chauffeur's uniform."

"And what did you think of the joke, Thornton?"

"I didn't like it. I knew those people and I had no doubt that I would have been welcome, but, you know, there is a class of young upstarts who make a business nowadays of crashing into places where they aren't invited. It's a trashy, common thing to do. If I had wanted to go I could have called them up and asked for a bid. The Ransomes were old friends of my parents."

"So you resented Mr. Rogers' suggestion?"

"Not at all, sir. He meant the best in the world, but the poor fellow has no social background. With the best of intentions toward me, he was risking serious damage to himself."

"Damage to himself?" Judge Bledsoe queried. "How?"

"He wanted Mr. Ransome to put some money into his business."

"How do you know that?"

"I heard him tell his lawyer so. He said three days would see the whole thing done. That's what all the row was about in the car during the afternoon. The poor fellow was struggling desperately for just a little time. Under the circumstances I couldn't permit him to jeopardize his chances by dragging a disguised chauffeur into the ballroom of his possible benefactor and business partner."

"You are sure that it wasn't your own social position you were thinking of?"

"Absolutely not, Judge Bledsoe. I no longer have a social position."

"All right, Mr. Thornton. Did you go to the ball?"

"I drove Mr. Rogers there, sir."

"And how were you dressed?"

"I wore my uniform, sir."

"Which car did you drive?"

"The large one."

"Did you remain in your car outside?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, what, if any, conversations did you have with any of the persons attending that ball?"

"About midnight, sir, a young man and woman came out of the house, crossed the lawn, and then came up to Mr. Rogers' car and stepped in. There was a very large flash light on the rear seat of the car and they found it. The young lady turned the flash on me and I turned around. Immediately they both recognized me and laughed. In fact, all three of us laughed. The situation called for explanations, of course, which I gave. Seeing that I was not embarrassed, they dashed away to spread the news inside. Presently some fifteen or twenty persons whom I knew came out to greet me. It was a very jolly party. They had had a few drinks and they were in a gay humor. While we were talking and joking, Mr. Rogers joined the party, accompanied by Miss Belle Ransome. Perhaps I should explain that she had been Ralph's favorite sister. I had seen her several times at the training camp, but not since the Armistice. She seemed to be somewhat overcome at finding me there." At this point the witness hesitated.

"Well?" Judge Bledsoe prodded.

"She seemed to be somewhat overcome by surprise," the witness repeated.

"What makes you think that? What, if anything, did she do, indicating surprise?"

"She kissed me, sir; and then she began to cry."

"Had you and Miss Belle Ransome been sweethearts?"

"No, sir. She was very fond of her brother, and he and I had been close friends, especially in France. Also I sent in the report that got him his citation. It came after he was dead, of course, because it referred to the action in which he was killed. Seeing me upset the girl, I think."

"All right, Mr. Thornton; what happened next?"

"Well, they rather dragged me into the house and we danced."

"Did you meet Mr. Ransome?"

"Yes, sir."

"What conversation, if any, did you have with him?"

"Very little, sir. I greeted him with the customary pleasantries, but he seemed rather glum."

"Don't use adjectives, please, Mr. Thornton. Just tell us what he did and what he said. The jurors will decide whether he was glum or not. Now go ahead and repeat the conversation as nearly as you can remember it."

"Yes, sir. Well, his first remark was: 'Why the funny make-up, Howard?' And he was scowling. I said, 'Mr. Ransome, I am a chauffeur.' And he said, 'Whose chauffeur, for heaven's sake?' And I said, 'Chauffeur to Mr. Rogers for the sake of my bread and butter, Mr. Ransome.' And he said, 'Howard!' Just like that. Then he said, 'I was under the impression that you were associated in business with Mr. Rogers.' And I said—" The witness hesitated, then asked, "Shall I go on with this? Is it of any interest?"

"Yes, Mr. Thornton, proceed, please."

"Well, I told him that I hadn't quite enough capital to be associated in business with a pushcart peddler, much less a security firm. He didn't like that, although I meant it just as a pleasantry."

"How do you know he didn't like it?"

"He kept on staring at my uniform and looking as though he might have just swallowed a bug. I'm sure he didn't like it. I

felt very uncomfortable. It nettled me, so I said, 'I'm surprised that you didn't invite me to this dance, since you thought you knew my address. If you had invited me I would have come in appropriate dress. As it is, I was dragged in while minding my own business outside.' Then he mumbled an apology and said, 'My information about your business connection with Mr. Rogers is scarcely twenty-four hours old. However, since you are his chauffeur you will not mind, I hope, being asked to go and get him and bring him here.' I didn't like his tone, but at the same time I felt he was somewhat justified in resenting my coming into the house in uniform, so I was more than eager to be off. Fortunately, Mr. Rogers came up just then, so I left them and hurried away to dance with Miss Belle Ransome. She had forced someone else to give up that dance, so I couldn't very well evade even if Mr. Ransome disapproved. The situation may have been a trifle strained between him and myself, but everyone else present seemed to be having the happiest kind of a time. The party lasted until after two o'clock in the morning."

"And then you drove Mr. Rogers home?"

"We started home together, sir."

"Oh, you didn't get home?"

"No, sir."

"Well, tell us what happened."

"After I had been driving about half an hour Mr. Rogers suddenly began to curse me. The man was hysterical; his voice ran all the way from a roar to a squeak. I was worried and at first began to drive faster, thinking that perhaps he had drunk more than was good for him. Next he began to pound the back of my head and neck and shoulders with his fists, at the same time yelling that I had ruined him. The blows were not very heavy; I merely slowed down the car as a precaution, but I really wasn't worried, except about him. Then I happened to glance into the driver's mirror just in the nick of time and saw him coming up with that heavy flash light. That thing would be rather a dangerous weapon, even in the hands of a man no stronger than Mr. Rogers, so I slapped on the brakes and turned to catch his hand, but failed, and he landed a fairly solid wallop on my shoulder. I tried again to grab him, but the light was poor, and this time he landed one that made me see stars. I'm really surprised that

it didn't put me to sleep. I judged there was no more time for fooling, so I lashed out with my right fist, just taking a blind chance that I might hit him somewhere and at least upset him." Again the witness hesitated.

"Well, did you hit him?" Judge Bledsoe asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"Right behind the ear."

"Did it knock him out?"

"Yes, sir. I took him to the hospital and then gave myself up."

"How long was he in the hospital?"

"Five weeks, he testified, and I think that is right."

"You also heard him testify here that your attack upon him was unprovoked?"

"Yes, sir."

"That it must have been due to jealousy over Miss Belle Ransome?"

"Yes, sir."

"And now you wish to tell this jury that that was not the truth?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"But what?"

"I think he must surely have been drinking to excess, or perhaps it affected him more than he realized. I've known such things to happen."

"And you still feel sure that Mr. Rogers did not make any attempt to use you as a business asset?"

"Yes, sir. I feel sure that he wouldn't have done that, because we were fraternity brothers."

"You have had no business experience whatever, have you, Mr. Thornton?"

"Only in Liberty Bonds, sir."

"That's all," said Judge Bledsoe. And then to the district attorney: "You may take the witness."

The district attorney rose from his chair, nodded a signal to Judge Bledsoe, and the two of them strolled to the rear of the courtroom.

"Bledsoe," said the prosecutor, "I've known you a long time. I knew you when you presided over this very court. I've never

known you except as fair and square. Do you mean to tell me that this fellow is as lacking in imagination as his testimony indicates? Is it possible for a man to be that dumb?"

"Dumb!" Judge Bledsoe exclaimed. "Why, Tom, he isn't dumb. He's just about the sort of fellow we allege that our civilization is trying to produce. He has an imposing array of the Christian virtues—he's honest, friendly, generous, unassuming and, God help him, absolutely guileless. The fact that all of these commendable qualities are summed up in the word dumb, not only by Rogers but by you also, doesn't speak very well for our ethical progress, does it?"

"I guess not," the prosecutor agreed uncertainly. And then he added, "Anybody undertaking to steer all those virtues through a notoriously bumpy world needs wits, Bledsoe; wits no less than will. He'd better have sharpened his wits on poverty if that was the best he could do with wealth. He won't be safe anywhere unless he's endowed and furnished with a guardian. He'd be better off in jail than out; don't you think so?"

"Well—no-o-o," Judge Bledsoe drawled. "It isn't proper to think so. As I understand matters, a little group of possibly two or three hundred persons like Howard Thornton are eventually going to inherit the earth. Meanwhile what are you going to do with him?"

"I'm going to suggest to the jury that they find him not guilty," was the prompt reply. "And after that"—the prosecutor was grinning—"what are you going to do with him?"

"I'll take him to my office," Judge Bledsoe answered, "and turn him over to the young lady who is paying my fee. She's there waiting for him right this minute. She's going to marry him. Then he'll be endowed and he'll also have the necessary guardian. Miss Belle Ransome is a very sensible young woman. She knows that it takes several generations of nice people to produce a lad like Howard Thornton, and only a few hours for the rest of us to pick his bones."

"Miss Belle Ransome?" the prosecutor queried. "Why, I thought he testified that they were not sweethearts."

"So he did; so he did. But then, he isn't fully informed on that point, either, Tom. The information is confidential for an hour or so."

"Well, let's get back and finish the business in hand. I've got better cases than this to try, including the one against Rogers himself on the smelly blow-up of his firm. My office has been full of weeping investors for three days, damn him."

The lawyers walked back to their seats, and each in turn announced:

"That's all, Mr. Thornton."

Less than a minute later the jurors, without leaving their seats, reported a verdict of not guilty.

"Prompt, I'd say," Howard Thornton whispered to his attorney. "Very decent of them too. I'm invited to dine with the Ransomes tonight and I'll need every second to hunt up some clothes and get into them. Is it all right to say 'Thank you' to the jurors?"

"It's customary," said the lawyer. "By all means do it."

"So you think," the prosecutor remarked to Judge Bledsoe with a chuckle as he walked around the attorneys' table, "that this fellow and his business associates are going to inherit the earth, eh?"

"I'm sure of it," Judge Bledsoe answered without the flicker of an eyelash. "The process is already under way; Thornton begins with a slice of Long Island."

BOUND FOR RIO GRANDE ¹

By A. E. DINGLE

(From *Liberty*)

I

THE old man's broken teeth gleamed through tight, thin lips whenever his rheumy eyes glimpsed the lofty spars of the clipper in the bay. She was the only deepwaterman in port.

"Blood boat!" he chattered. "A blood boat. But you don't git no more o' my blood, not by a damn sight!"

Hastily turning away, the old man shambled along the wharf, at the end of which stood an office. Opposite the office, bright and cheery against the gray and dirt of the waterside, a tiny store kept its door open, revealing an interior to set the pulses of an ancient mariner leaping. Never a yellow oilskin, nor a bit of rope; not one block or shackle offended the eye grown weary through half a century of salty servitude.

Glossy plugs of black tobacco; clay pipes of virgin whiteness and lissome shape; woolly comforters and stout shore-going winter socks; old, tasty cheese and soft, white bread; fat sausage and luscious, boneless ham; all these things, mere fancies of the dreaming sailor-man at sea, were clear to the view of old Pegwell through the open door of the little store as he paced up and down before the office, waiting for the man to whom he was to make application for the job of watchman of the wharf.

There was a sharp hint of frost in the air; a sharper threat of wind. There was just enough of brine and breeze, just a trace. It smelt of salt water and of boats, with never an obtrusive reminder of hardcase deepwater ships.

Ah! There was a snug harbor indeed for a battered old seadog.

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If a chap could expect to come at last into such a fair haven as that little store now he wouldn't mind a few decades of bitter travail at sea.

"Hell's delight! Fat chance I got o' savin' money now!" he growled.

He sought for a match, found none. It was just his luck. But he had a few pennies. He would buy matches in that store. He waited until the stream of lunch customers thinned out, and entered.

"Box o' lucifers," he demanded, slapping down the coin. His eyes wandered around the homey little place. There were things he had not noticed before from outside. Red candy; bright painted toys; rubber balls. Children came there evidently. What sort of children would come to that neighborhood for toys?

"Your matches, sir," said a rippling, laughing voice; and old Pegwell turned around sharply and discovered why children might well come to that store. Men, too. A twenty-year-old girl was offering him matches. Her big brown eyes danced mischievously. She was as trim as a brand-new China clipper.

"Thank 'e, ma'am," said Pegwell, as he grabbed the matches and shuffled out, dazzled and confused by the vision. He was still dazzled, his box of matches unopened, when he stumbled against the man he had waited to see.

"Heard you wanted a watchman, sir," said old Pegwell respectfully. He proffered a bundle of ship's discharges as evidence of character. The man glanced through them, glanced keenly at the old man, and nodded.

"Night work," he said. "Six to six. If you suit, in a month I'll give you a day shift, turn and turn about. Nothing much to do here, but you'll have to watch out for strangers. Lot of crooks on the water nowadays. Rum, dope, all sorts. Start tonight."

Old Pegwell had landed his first shore job. For the first time since starting out to earn his own living he could afford to gaze curiously at a sailorman, going large, staggering along to the next blind pig.

"Sailors is a lot o' lummoxes," he decided. "Like kids."

*"If yuh save up yer money, an' don't git on th' rocks,
Yuh'll have plenty o' tobacker in yer old tobacker box,"*

he sang, quaveringly.

He pulled up sharply, ceasing his song, and drifted over toward the little store again. He would have to find some place to live, to sleep at least. That girl looked different from others he had known. Perhaps she would tell him where to seek. He walked in, more confidently than before. He had a shore job now.

"Plug o' tobacker, miss," he asked for. The girl appeared from behind a provision case, putting on a smile as she emerged. A man thrust back deeper into the shadow. Pegwell saw nothing of the forced smile or the man. His eyes were roving, taking in the wealth of the stock. When he turned to take his tobacco the girl's smile was sunny enough. He felt encouraged.

"Beg y' pardon, miss, I just got a job on th' wharf, and thought likely you could direc' me where to git a bed, cheap. I ain't a pertickler chap. Just es long 's there ain't too many bugs, or—"

"You got a job on the wharf?" interrupted a man's voice. A youth, who might have been good-looking if he could have changed his eyes, came from behind the provision case and scowled surlily. "What job?"

"Watchman," said Pegwell importantly. "Night watchman. Know any place I kin get a doss?"

"How did you get to hear about this job? I'm livin' here right along, lookin' for a job, and a stranger comes along and lands it over my head. You're a sailor, ain't you?"

"No; watchman," retorted old Pegwell. "Was a sailorman. Had good discharges. I'm a watchman now. D'you know of a place I kin sleep, miss?"

The youth dragged the girl aside and they muttered together, ignoring Pegwell. Presently the girl spoke sharply, angrily.

"It's best for you to go away, Larry. It's a good thing you never heard of the wharf job. Too many old friends hanging around there! You've signed on in the *Stella*. Now you go. You know what the judge said. Go to work, like a decent fellow, and you won't be watched like a—"

"Go to work? Hell! I'm willing to go to work, Mary, but

what d'you want to shove me off into a damned old square rigger for? Ain't there work to be got—"

"It's best that you go away for a while," insisted the girl. "You were lucky to escape jail when that gang of smugglers got caught. I'm not sure now that the judge was satisfied about you. If you stay around here they're sure to watch you—"

"Beg pardon, miss, but if you know of a place—" interrupted Pegwell impatiently. Larry swung around and grinned crookedly.

"All right, sister," he told her. "I'll do it to please you." He took Pegwell's arm. "I'll find you a bed, old timer. What time d'you go to work?"

"Six. Want to get a sleepin' place afore that."

"Meet me here at five-thirty. I'll have a bunk for you by then."

Pegwell started off for a walk, but streets were a barren wilderness to him. He gravitated toward the harbor. He found himself somehow in front of the little store. It was a long time from five-thirty. Methodically he noted the contents of the window, grew amazed at the number and variety.

"Larry hasn't come back yet," the girl called out from the store. "Won't you wait inside?"

Pegwell looked sheepish. Sailors of the deep waters were always easily abashed in the presence of a decent woman. Pegwell scarcely dared to look up from the floor as he entered. But the girl began to chatter to him, and he felt at ease when she handed him a match for his cold pipe. In ten minutes he was spinning her fearsome yarns. In half an hour they were friends. She confided little scraps of her own affairs.

"Larry's a good fellow," she said, a bit sadly. "Too good. He's easy to lead. There has been a lot of smuggling along the front lately, and he ought to have kept away. But he always seems to have money, never goes to work, and when a big capture was made he was under suspicion. The judge told him he had better go to work, then folks would be apt to believe that he was innocent. Of course he is innocent! My brother Larry couldn't be a crook, Mr. Pegwell. But he has been under suspicion, and I made him join that big sailing ship, the *Stella*, for a voyage. When he comes back everything will be forgotten, and he can— Oh, here's Jack! Excuse me, Mr. Pegwell."

A tall, brown-faced man of thirty limped in. Pegwell was no keen-eyed Solon concerning women of Mary Bland's sort; but when he saw her pretty face light up and her big brown eyes flash at the appearance of this good-looking fellow who limped on a shortened leg, he knew he was intruding. Puffing furiously at his pipe, he stumped out upon the front.

At five-thirty Larry found Pegwell sitting on the cap log of the wharf.

"Come on, old timer. I got a fine bunk for you," said Larry. Pegwell followed him.

"I heared you be goin' in th' *Stella*," remarked Pegwell.

"I ain't proud of it," retorted Larry.

"I just come home in her. A hell ship, she is! Can sail, though. You ain't old an' stiff. Do yer work an' don't give th' mates no slack, an' you'll be all kiff, me son."

Larry glanced curiously at the queer old man who thought fit to preach duty to him.

They turned down by a disused and evil-smelling fish dock, out of sight of a growing district.

"Have to cross the creek in a boat," grinned Larry. "Save time, see. You have to be on the job, now, but other times you can walk around. Here y' are."

At the foot of a perpendicular ladder of boards nailed on a slimy pile a boat lay. Three husky boatmen grinned up knowingly at Larry. A blue canvas sea bag lay in the bottom of the boat, doubled up, like a dead man.

"Take good care of my old friend," Larry ordered. He gently drew Pegwell to the ladder. "Hurry up, old timer. Soon's they see you snug they have to come back for me."

Pegwell stepped on the ladder.

"Ho!" he said. "That's your sea bag, hey? Well, me son, do yer work, an' give the mates no slack, an'—"

Something heavy fell upon his gray old head. He tumbled into the boat. As he pitched forward Pegwell heard the laugh of his friend Larry, and he realized the treatment awaiting him.

The tall clipper put to sea. On her forecandlehead men tramped drearily around the capstan. Hard-bitted officers cursed

them; an exasperated tugboat skipper bawled; the anchor clung tenaciously to the mud.

*"An' awa-ay, Rio! Awa-ay, Rio!
Sing fare yew well, my bonny young gal,
We are boun' fer Rio Grande!"*

A quavery, broken old pipe raised that chantey. The mate left the knighthead, plunging in among the desolate crew, thumping, thumping, cursing venomously.

"You sojers!" he yelped. "You double-left-legged sojers! Here's old Noah come to life again, and you let him show you your work! Heave, blind you! Heave! Sing out, old Noah! Why, damn my eyes, if it ain't old Pegwell come with us again!"

The mate stood off a pace, staring at Pegwell. Sailormen rarely made two voyages in the *Stella*.

"I didn't join, sir," protested Pegwell, ceasing his song. All the men stopped. Pegwell had tried to persuade the captain he was not one of his crew as soon as he recovered his wits. The result had been painful. "I got to be on the job at six, sir. I'll lose my new job. I wuz shanghaied—"

A fist thumped him hard between the shoulders, driving him back to his capstan bar with coughing lungs.

"Sing out! Start something! Heave, damn you!" retorted the mate, and fell upon the miserable gang tooth and nail. The tug hooted owlshly.

*A jolly good ship, an' a jolly good crew:
Awa-ay, Rio!
A jolly good mate, an' a good skipper, too,
An' we're boun' fer Rio Grande!*

Pegwell tramped around the capstan. A donkey yoked to the bar of a mill. A sailor bound by a lifetime of hard usage to a habit of obedience.

Pegwell's bunk had bugs. All the bunks had bugs. Pegwell's bunk was beneath a sweat leak where a bit of dry rot had crumbled a corner of a deck beam. But Larry's sea bag, a blue canvas bag made by a sailorman, revealed itself full of amazing

comforts. The old fellow had never owned such a bag. There were blankets. Woolen, not woolly. Warm underwear, stockings, shirts. Good oilskins, leakproof boots. There was a real steel razor; a real steel sheath knife. A great bundle of soap and matches; white enamelware dish and pannikin; and a dainty thing that puzzled Pegwell until he opened it. It was a folder of blue cloth, tied about with a silken cord. On the flat side was worked in silk, beautifully, "Larry; from Mary."

Inside, cunning pockets were full of needles, thread, buttons, scissors. And tucked into the innermost fold was a note, in a slender hand bearing signs of stress, bidding Larry act the man, wishing him luck, praying for his safe return. The feel of it gave old Pegwell a warm thrill.

"Hey, me son, I want that bunk!" he announced grimly, shaking the shoulder of a sleeping ordinary seaman whose bunk was leakless. "C'm on. Out of it! Able seamen comes fust, me lad."

Pegwell carefully placed his needle case in a dry place, then hauled the youth out onto the filthy floor, cotton blanket and all. Even youth must yield to experience when youth is seasick, and experience runs along lines of deep water pully-haul.

Pegwell now had the cleanest, driest bunk in the forecastle. He stole lemons from the steward, which he hid cunningly. From time to time he cut one in slices, fastened it to ship's side or bunk board, thereby driving puzzled bugs to other, less exclusive quarters. He stole nails from Chips; made shelves for his little comforts, pegs for his fine new clothes. He stole a bit of white line from the bosun and made a pair of flat sennit bands by which his spare blankets swung from the bunk above.

By the time the clipper crossed the line Pegwell only dimly remembered Larry's treachery. He only mistily recalled the job he had got but had never worked at. It was easy for the old man to slip back into the habits of a lifetime; even though the ship was a hard place. The great outstanding point was that for the first time in his dreary life old Pegwell sailed deep water possessed of everything necessary for comfort, and some luxuries to boot. And this he owed to Mary Bland.

Old Pegwell usually fell asleep with a flash-back of memory to a snug little store on a dingy waterside, overladen with a stock of wonders, presided over by a laughing girl whose big, brown,

friendly eyes sometimes held just a trace of trouble. Then he would think darkly of Larry, only to sink into sound slumber in the warmth of Larry's woollies under Larry's blankets.

II

Pegwell's bunk was no longer dry. No man's bunk was. The forecastle was a reeling, freezing, weeping dungeon peopled with miserable devils to whom hell would have been heaven. For thirty days the clipper had been battered by a northwesterly gale off Cape Horn.

When a man came from the wheel after a two hours' trick he was blue, and tottery, and grinning, and more than a little insane.

Pegwell stood his wheel warm and dry. He felt the bitterness of the weather and the ship's stress, but for once his old bones were not racked with extreme cold. The ship steered badly. They sent the young ordinary seamen to hold the lee spokes.

"You just put yer weight to it when I shoves the helm up or down, me son," said Pegwell. The lad's teeth chattered; his lanky body, undernourished, 'twixt boy and man, shook like a royal mast under a thrashing sail.

"Y-yessir!" he chattered, fearfully.

Pegwell glanced sharply at the lad once or twice. Since their first encounter over the change of bunks, the lad had not been remarkable for politeness toward the old man. But there was no hint of impudence in that "Yessir!" The boy looked blue.

Grumbling, taking a hand from the wheel when he could, gripping a spoke desperately to check it, the old man peeled off his heavy monkey jacket.

"Slip into this yer jacket, me son!" he roared, and put his shoulder to the spokes, bringing the ship to her course before the mate arrived. The lad thawed. When the watch was up, he was glowing. Old Pegwell was warm, but wet through with driving snow. He watched his chance to shuffle along the main deck between seas. The lad, less cautious, started first.

When they were in the deep waist, the new helmsman let the ship go off and a mile long hissing sea reared up and fell aboard the length of her. Pegwell grabbed a life-line. When the decks cleared themselves through the ports, he clawed his way choking

and blinded to the forecastle, soaked to the skin, his broken teeth chattering with the icy chill.

"Where's th' young feller?" he chattered.

"I see him bashed up against th' galley," growled the man nearest. "He'll git here. Can't lose them kind."

He didn't "git here." The young ordinary seaman never rounded the Horn. He went overboard to death wearing old Pegwell's monkey jacket.

Making northing and westing with dry decks, though the wind was bitterly cold, men with all the sailorman's improvidence discarded tattered oilskins and soggy socks. And with all the fiendish frailty of Cape Horn weather, the fair wind blew itself out, a rolling calm followed, and then another, fiercer northwesterly gale shrieked down and drove the ship back into the murderous gray seas to the southward.

Pegwell clambered stiffly out of the rigging after re-tying the points of the reefed main topsail. The maindeck was a seething chaos of rope-snarled water. In the roaring torrent men were being hurled along the deck. Only a frantically waving arm or leg indicated that a man was not dead. Then a greater sea thundered aboard. It smashed the boat gallows. The boats hung over the side, precariously held by the ropes.

A spare topmast was torn loose from chain lashings and chocks: a massive stick of Oregon pine, roughly squared, it hurtled aft on the torrent, broke a sailor's half drowned body cruelly, and crashed end on against the poop bulkhead.

Pegwell and the watch fought with the spar. The seas ended the timber with devilish spite. Twice all hands were torn from their hold, rolled about the flooded decks in the icy water, battered near to death by the murderous stick.

In a lull they secured the spar. The boats were gone. They picked up tangled gear, and took two mangled men from the meshes.

The wind struck afresh. It staggered the ship. And while she staggered and hung poised another chuckling sea climbed over the six foot bulwarks and filled her decks.

"Bill's hurted bad, now, sir," screamed Pegwell, shivering in the grip of cold and numb agony. Bill was the bosun. He hung

twisted and pallid between the two men who lifted him. They bore him forward. Chips stood across the sill of the smashed door of the tiny cabin they shared.

"This ain't no place for a hurted man!" Chips grumbled. "Tell th' Old Man he ought t' be took care of aft."

They told the skipper.

"No room aft," the skipper howled at them. "Put him in the forecabin if it's any drier."

They bore the man below. Instinctively they laid him in old Pegwell's bunk, for it was driest. All were wet. Pegwell's at least boasted woolen coverings.

Pegwell himself covered the silent form with a blanket. He needed no hint to cover the pallid face too. He made no protest when a sailor gently pulled another blanket from under the bosun.

"Jack's cruel cold, mate," said the sailor. He wrapped Jack, another storm victim, in the blanket with roughened hands that trembled.

Overhead the seas thundered on deck. The *Stella* fought her stubborn way against the gale under three lower topsails, reefed upper main topsail, and treble reefed foresail with a ribbon of fore topmast staysail.

The gale died out. A fair wind came. The ship sped north again, scarred but sound, clothed in new canvas, triumphant. They buried Bill and Jack in Pegwell's bedding.

By this time Pegwell had little left of his grand outfit. As the rags of his mates gave out, he grumbly gave of his store. Grumbled and gave. That was Pegwell. But he never let go of that little blue cloth needle case inscribed, "Larry; from Mary." Slyly he had picked at the stitches until the word "Larry" was becoming indistinguishable. When a few more threads fell out he could show his treasure to incredulous sailormen, and they would never know that the obliterated name was not his own.

The crew scuttled from the *Stella* like rats when she docked. Only Pegwell hung on. Alone of the outward bound crew before the mast, he stubbornly resisted all the efforts of the mates to get him out. They could ship a new crew homeward at half the wages paid outward. None of the deserters waited for their

wages. Their forfeited pay was so much profit to the ship. But Pegwell refused to be driven out. Cheerless and bare his bunk might be. It was. There was always the little blue folded housewife to remind him that he had a shore job once, over against a snug little store. And the ambition that had flamed then still burned.

As for quitting the ship, Pegwell had wages due. Not a lot, but wages still. If he completed the voyage, drawing no advance whatever, buying nothing from the slop chest, he would have coming to him a nice little nest egg which might hatch into a home at last. That nest egg loomed big to the captain.

"Set him to chipping cable," said the skipper. "Work him up!"

The mates worked him up, cruelly, but they could not work him out.

Homeward bound round the Horn. Pegwell showed his little blue housewife to the new hands. They were a hard lot. They made ribald fun about it. They stole his poor bedding, and dared him to identify it. He endured. They stole his sea boots. Pegwell endured that, too. But somebody stole his little blue housewife, worked in silk, "—; from Mary," and there was a fight.

It was a young weasel of a wastrel who tried to prevent Pegwell from taking back his treasure. A weasel bred in the muck of the water front; cunning and full of devious fighting tricks. But the old seaman fought on sure feet on a reeling deck; fought with righteous fury swelling his breast; fought without feeling the brutal knee or the gouging thumb. And he beat his man, recovered his treasure, and earned much freedom from molestation.

In the bleak, soul searching gales off Cape Stiff, Pegwell suffered intensely. He shivered and froze in silence.

The old sailor had always his little blue cloth treasure. He whispered his troubles to it as he shivered in his wet bed—it was the one comfort nobody could take from him. He might shake with cold and wet all through a watch below, but there was ever before him the vision of that snug little store, the pretty, laughing girl whose big brown eyes yet held a trace of trouble. Somehow he grew to fasten the responsibility for that trouble on Larry.

And, once established, his own grievance against the man smoldered fiercer.

When the tall clipper furled her sails in her home port again, Pegwell's bitterness against Larry Bland had intensified to such a degree as to surprise the old chap himself. Bitterness formed no part of his real nature. But it was winter again; the snow fell; the streets, from the ship, looked dreary and inhospitable. And old Pegwell had nothing but rags to cover his aching bones.

The rest of the fo'mast hands had drawn something on account of wages and gone ashore to spend that and mortgage the balance due. But not old Pegwell. He would carry ashore every dollar coming to him from the voyage he ought never to have made. He would buy a suit of clothes and stout shoes that would last, put the rest of his money in safe hands, then look for Larry.

"It'll be him and me fer it!" he muttered.

III

The ship paid off. Soulless wretches who had whined and cringed under the punishment of the sea rolled up bold and blustering, full of hot courage at twenty-five cents a hot shot, cursing captain and mates and ship as they took their pitiful pay.

In an hour Pegwell entered the little store, and in ten seconds more a Cape Horn Voyage in a cardcase packet was a vanished horror. The big brown eyes of Mary Bland glistened with welcome, even though at first they had been cloudy with uncertainty.

"I am so glad to see you again, Pegwell," she cried. "It was so good of you to change places with Larry. I hope you had a good voyage. Won't you come inside?"

Pegwell grinned sourly as he followed her into the smug little room behind the shop. He had meant to say something about that change of jobs. Instead, with warmth seeping through his bones clear to his heart, mellowing it again, he forgot Larry and smoked himself into rosy visions under the musical spell of her voice.

In an hour they were as intimate as before the *Stella* went out. Mary had told him, shyly, that Jack wanted a speedy wedding; she had barely hinted that brother Larry was a stumblingblock,

immediately suppressing the hint. She had offered to work Pegwell's name into the little blue housewife where the word "Larry" had been picked out; and when she took it from him her eyes were suspiciously moist. Pegwell noticed it, though the girl tried hard to hide her feelings.

Then Jack came in, and old Pegwell went out. The gladness in Mary's eyes, the pride in those of the stalwart cripple, gave the old mariner a thrill. It made him boil, too. There was a couple just aching for each other, hindered by a waster of a brother not worth a crocodile's tear.

"Hullo, old Pegwell," smiled Jack as he passed. He stuck out a strong brown hand in a hearty grip. "Mighty glad to see you again. Ought to stay this time. Going to buy Mary's shop, she tells me. Hurry up, old fellow. She's keeping me waiting all on your account."

Jack laughed, and went to Mary's side, leaving Pegwell wondering. He waited out in the cold street until Jack came out, then joined him in his walk and put the question bluntly:

"What's Larry up to?"

Jack was serious. His smile fled at the blunt demand. Anger was in his eyes, but he dismissed it. Pegwell, shrewder perhaps than he was given credit for being, noticed these little things. He put two and two together handily enough, and found the amount was four—no more or less.

"I wish Larry would either get bumped off or caught with the goods, Pegwell," Jack said. "He's breaking Mary's heart. She won't believe any wrong about him, yet she knows he's bound hellbent for ruin. If he was dead she would be better off. The rat has taken all her little savings and is about eating up her profits now. She won't marry, though God knows Larry's way of living don't influence me a bit where she's concerned. If Larry got sent up for a long stretch it would be better for Mary, though she would mourn him as if he was dead. I wish she would get rid of the store, quit this neighborhood, and let me make her happy. But she won't, as long as that rat is loose."

"Didn't 'e go to work on the dock?" asked Pegwell, raging. " 'E bunged me off in th' *Stella* and took my job, didn't he?"

"He held the job for one week and quit," Jack replied. "He said he'd made a killing at the races. Two watchmen since have

either fallen off the dock at night or been thrown off." Jack was silent for a moment.

"Pegwell," said Jack at length, "I'm glad you're home. You can do a lot for Mary. I ought not to mention this to a soul; but I believe you are her friend."

"Friend?" rasped Pegwell. "Mister, you're bloody foolish! That little gal kin use me fer a door mat, an' I'll show you what sort of friend I am fust time I set eyes on that Larry!"

"Not so loud," Jack whispered. They passed a policeman, who nodded to Jack. "Pegwell, they're out to get Larry now! I have done all I can. I can't shield him any longer. He's out of town for a while, but when he comes back he's going to be jumped on, and he'll get ten years."

"Wot d'you think I can do?" demanded Pegwell. "Can I save him when you can't? Want me to go up for him, same as I made a Cape voyage in a hell ship for him?" The old man was furious.

"You can only be a friend and comfort to Mary," said Jack quietly. Pegwell's wrinkled face was screwed up grotesquely with the intensity of his thought.

"Seems to me," he said, "if you was to sort of hurry her into a weddin', maybe you could do a bit o' comfortin' yourself. If I had money enough to offer to buy her shop off her I c'd take care o' the Larry rat."

"Oh, you have money enough," retorted Jack quietly. "Mary said long ago you could pay out of profits. You only need about a hundred to pay down. I guess you have that much."

Pegwell was apparently not listening; yet in fact he was. He seemed to be looking sheer through the cold, gray drizzle into the future, and if his worn, lined old face was any guide, what he saw in the dim perspective of imagination held more light than shadow.

"What's th' wust this yer Larry's done?" he suddenly asked. "Killed anybody?"

"Oh, no," replied Jack swiftly. "Nothing like that."

"Been wreckin' some young gal—"

"No more than he has wrecked Mary's youth," Jack interrupted. "He's just a plain crook. Dope smuggling; peddling,

too. The worst he's done is to sell dope to school kids. Bad enough, I'd say."

"Not quite es bad es murder, I s'pose," Pegwell growled, "though be damned ef I know why it ain't. Anyhow, Jack, me lad, you take the advice of a old lummo, marry Mary whether she wants to or not, and I'll promise to take care o' Larry. I'll see he don't git sent up. You tell her. I be going round to-night again and see how fur you're right about that hunderd down and hunderd when you ketch me shop purchase propposition. S'long, Jack. Set them weddin' bells to ringin'."

Late that night Mary Bland bade Pegwell good night at the door of the little shop. She was rosy and smiling. Her brown eyes were wide and bright. Pegwell had never seen her so completely alive and gladsome. She shook his hand twice, and just for a tiny instant a speck of cloud flickered in her eyes.

"If you believe you can help Larry, I know you can," she said. "I know he will be safe in your care, old Pegwell."

"He'll git a man's chance, you kin make sartain," stated Pegwell. "Good night, Missy, an' Gawd keep you smilin'. I'll be around to meet Jack in the mornin' and settle about the shop. Forgit yer troubles. Th' cops don't want Larry. If they did they couldn't git him."

At the end of the week Old Pegwell took undivided charge of the little shop, while Jack and Mary went about on some mysterious business connected with a license. Old Pegwell stood in the door watching them, and his old pipe emitted clouds of smoke in sympathy with the depth of his breathing. He felt queerly tight about the heart.

"Gawd bless 'em, goddammit!" he barked chokily.

A man came to buy tobacco. The two men stared at each other.

"Damn my eyes if 't ain't old Pegwell!" roared the mate of the *Stella*. "Come to moorings at last, hey, you old fox?"

"Aye, mister, you won't bullydam old Pegwell no more. When d'ye sail?"

The mate laughed, picking up his change.

"Next Saturday. I'll put yer name on yer old bunk. Or p'raps you'd like to sail bosun, hey?"

Pegwell laughed comfortably. He spread his feet wide as he stood again in the doorway, gazing after the rolling figure of the mate. At last, at last he was man enough to tell a first mate to go scratch his ear. He turned to go inside, for the air was cold in spite of the sun, and the shop must be kept warm, when a scurrying figure doubled the corner, burst in after him, and slammed the door.

Larry Bland stood there before him, panting, wild eyed.

"Where's Mary?" he rasped.

"Gone out, me son," said Pegwell grimly. "Just calm down. I own this here shop now. What kin I do for you?"

Larry glanced around the place furtively. He had a hunted look. Pegwell remembered Jack's words. A dark shape appeared against the glass of the door outside and Larry made for the inside room. Pegwell hastened him in as the door opened and a policeman entered.

"Larry Bland just came in here. Where is he?" he demanded.

"Orf'cer, Larry Bland shanghaied me a v'yage round Cape Stiff," grinned Pegwell. "D'you 'magine he'd come where I be?"

"I saw him open the door."

"Aye, an' he dam' soon shut it agin!"

The policeman stepped to the door of the inner room and peered inside. Old Pegwell heaved a tremendous sigh of relief when he quickly turned and bolted from the shop. Larry had taken care of his own concealment. He crawled in through a rear window when Pegwell called his name.

"Where's Mary gone?" he asked hoarsely. Larry looked scared. "I got to get to her."

"You can't get to her," returned Pegwell. "If it's the coppers you're scared of, lay low and keep your head. I won't let no cops git you, 'less you cuts up rough. You git upstairs to yer own room, while I thinks out what to do."

"You ain't gettin' even, are you?" snarled Larry suspiciously.

"In my own way, yes, me son. My way don't mean lettin' no cops git Mary Bland's brother. You duck into cover."

When Mary and Jack returned she ran up to old Pegwell and kissed him warmly. She blushed at his gaze and shyly showed him a brand-new wedding ring. Jack laughed.

"I took your advice, Pegwell," he said. "No time like the

present. So now you're sole proprietor here. We'll come back to-morrow to get Mary's few belongings. Just now I want her to myself. So long. Come, Mary!"

They left quickly, leaving old Pegwell hot with unspoken felicitations. Larry crept down. He had heard Mary's voice.

"Get outa sight!" snapped Pegwell. "Dammit! The street's full o' coppers!"

Larry ducked. He was frankly terrified.

When Mary appeared in the morning to pack her things Larry was securely out of sight. Old Pegwell had been busy all night. He had made a stout, roomy chest, iron cleated and hinged. He had made Larry help him, keeping him in mind of the police. Now Larry crouched in the big chest in the cellar, while Mary sang happily and packed her small trifles in the bright little rooms above.

"I do hope you will enjoy every hour here, Pegwell," Mary said when ready to leave. "Jack rather rushed me off my feet; but I'm glad, because he said you promised to see that Larry comes to no harm."

"Missy," replied Pegwell gravely, "I won't let Larry get into no trouble with the police. I'm goin' to try to make a man outa him. So good luck to you, and God bless you. May all yer troubles be little 'uns, and if so be you wants a rattle, why—"

The old fellow glanced around the little shop, seeking for the bundle of rattles that hung somewhere; but he felt a warm, moist kiss on his cheek, the door opened, and she was gone.

On Thursday the police visited the shop again. Larry was known to be in the district.

"He wuz here, but I ain't seen him to-day," said Pegwell. The old chap was in a sweating fret. Larry was getting impatient. He had demanded to see his sister and threatened to take his chance on the street. Pegwell had to lock the chest on him.

"He's likely to come back, then," decided the officer in charge. "One o' you camp here," he told one of his men.

"I don't think he'll bother me much," Pegwell volunteered. "He done me dirt and knows I'll git even."

Pegwell was outwardly cool; inwardly, when that policeman took up his station in the inner room, he was all a-quiver. The

noon stream of customers came in and kept him busy; but he dreaded the quiet of the afternoon. Another policeman came to take a turn of duty over night, and slept in a chair in the back room. Pegwell, upstairs, remained awake all night, listening lest the officer go exploring, dreading every moment to hear some betraying sound from the cramped Larry in the cellar.

All day Friday he had no chance to give Larry either food or water. All he could do was to pass hurriedly by and murmur through the lid of the chest a few harsh words of reassurance that relief was at hand. In the evening he closed the shop, left the policeman in sole charge, and went out for an hour. When he came back he began to make up several small parcels of tobacco.

"Got a bit o' trade from the *Stella*," he told the policeman. "Nothing' like slops and tobacker for profits, mister. Ever think o' startin' a shop?"

"Šhop, hell!" growled the policeman. "I deal in men, old salt."

"Men is queer, that's true," said Pegwell.

At eleven o'clock a cart rattled up to the door, loaded up with sea chests and bags, with two husky toughs beside the driver and a heap of brutish bodies snoring in the back.

"Come for th' slops an' tobacker," they said.

"Here's th' tobacker," said Pegwell. "Slop chest is in th' basement. Pretty heavy. I'll give y' a hand."

"We can handle it," returned the huskies, and one of them winked at Pegwell.

Pegwell chatted to the policeman as he handed out the tobacco parcels. He talked loudly, calling the policeman "officer" as the chest was carried past. That was for Larry's benefit. Otherwise Larry might wonder what was being done to him and make some unfortunate noise.

"All right?" asked Pegwell.

"O. K.," the leader said, and paid over the money he had been counting out to Pegwell. Pegwell carefully set it aside, to buy a wedding present for somebody he knew; then he joined the policeman for a good-night smoke, chatting quite brilliantly, surprising himself.

Before daylight the next morning old Pegwell was busy with broom and scraper on his sidewalk, for snow had fallen in the night. The water of the harbor was gray and cruel. Old Pegwell glanced out, shivered, and plied his broom. He was glad he had not to be out there, perhaps stamping around a capstan. It felt good to know that. It made him sing.

*And awa-ay, Rio! Awa-ay, Rio!
Then fare you well, my bonny young gal,
For we're bound for Rio Grande!*

From down the bay came the hoot of a tug. And, clear and sharp, metallicly shattering the morning heaviness, came also the clack, clack, clack of capstan pawls, the "fare you well" of an outward bounder.

QUERY¹

By HENRY WALBRIDGE DUDLEY

(From *The Midland*)

TOM KANE was reading another book from the Carnegie Library. His spatulate finger-tips curled loosely above the book's edges in the lamp-glow, and the rims of his nails, which he could never somehow quite free of cement, made dark, blunt scallops at the top of the page.

Since his wife's death he had become something of a solitary, losing himself with ever-growing interest in the somnambulism of words. His cigar-tip now faded from a luminous incandescence to dead ash unnoticed.

Outside the open window innumerable insects made a mounting *susurrus* in the summer night; far off beyond the town a train hooted raucously, the sound arriving softly, dimmed to music by the distance. Passing voices swirled and drifted in; a screen-door slammed near by; but to Kane these audible evidences of neighborhood life were completely non-existent.

Odors mingle insensibly in the texture of dreams, and it may be that he was conscious of the warm scent of verbenas just outside the blue square of open window. As he sat there in the green-capped orange cone of the lamp-glow his big thumb moved clumsily to turn a page of "Cathedrals of the North," and halted relaxed. From that idle thumb a greater relaxation seemed to glide insensibly through him, leaving his light, deep-set eyes alone alive in the ruddy placidity of his heavy features to seek again this sentence:

"These fairy buttresses leap from the west façade in festoons of airy tracery, lending an indescribable lightness and grace to the enormous upward thrust of the Cathedral, so that it seems to float disembodied in the first long lilac shadows of early evening and becomes the very spirit of incarnate beauty."

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Kane sighed with a sort of eased placidity, and turning the page, read on:

"Thus did these earnest and devout craftsmen worship God with the creation of beauty. And may not their hands have been guided to a wisdom and a skill unsuspected? For surely as the fountains of the west grow dim, the Cathedral shines far overhead, remote, enchanted, a fairy fabric of glowing rose and citron, like a burst of sudden music, like the measured cadences of music heard in dreams. . . ."

As the reader's light eyes grew flat and vacant with the lilting music and his stubby thumbs relaxed once more, his groping mind wandered charmed through the sonorous chiming of these magic words. He read the passage through happily again, this time aloud; and the vividness of those sunset towers burned in his brain like the shock of an unfamiliar scene first perceived in the passing of an ether coma. . . . "Why, that's bea-u-ti-ful," he muttered, "awful pretty; darned if it ain't. I wonder what it is? . . . Queer . . . Why can't we . . . There's something . . ."

Late next morning, moved by some obscure impulse,—a breath of air perhaps as a relief from the lifeless heat,—he had waved the driver from his smaller truck and chugged off to the Kaspars' with a load of cement and lumber for their new barn. Now he drove westward, returning dustily through an intolerable glitter of honey-yellow light. Mile after flat mile the Nebraska farms spread out, angular, raw, hard, beneath the colossal brazen vacancy of the sky. At intervals he noticed abstractedly a familiar house or barn where it reared up in a stark rectangle, a flaky white or sun-smitten red box, standing forth bold and unrelieved above the interminable yellow wheat, or cowering beside the grotesque wind-breaks of files of ragged trees, while the truck crawled forward, stuttering gustily, lost and tiny in this enormous flatness, this curious and singular rigidity.

As he drew toward town, Kane slackened pace without realization of his more than half instinctive movements. Behind his morning's mail, behind his monotonous daily routine, he was secretly absorbed in the tom-tom quality of his last night's reading.

It had stirred in his mind, vague but ever present; and now,

released to renewed vigor by the continuous pulse of the truck's engine, the words had risen again with the steady insistence of a metronome. Yet they seemed to him not so much the spindly geometry of print as the deep bourdon of some solemn chant, some unknown choral which surged and beat about him in lovely yet measureless pulsations. One part in particular sang now in his ears above the dull cough of the motor. Even the stifling blanket of the sun and the very dust of the road itself seemed, in some strange way, to be an intimate and vital part of the music.

"As the dawn wind dies above the darkly-wooded hills in the distance, and the first full glow of morning tinges a white, thatched cottage here and there with pink, the great east windows of the Cathedral seem to gather the light as in a vast chalice, so that it pours in streamers of surpassing loveliness across the purple shadows of the night which still linger in the nave. And mayhap some early devotee, encircled by the tombs of ancient warrior dead, their effigies panoplied still in the shining armor, may see in these flaunting pennons of purple, mauve, and ruby the banners of an unseen host,—may even fancy the measured whisper of their slowly-passing tread, saluting as aforetime they bent the iron knee to the crimson cross of the Crusades, and all the blazonry that marched beside."

A passing farm wagon distracted Kane for an irritating moment. Then as the truck blundered into town where the first trees exploded their far thin greenery overhead, he found himself staring from side to side as though he had never seen the familiar vista of these streets before. The unshaded flower-beds burned so raw in the glitter of sunlight that they hurt his eyes; the cropped lawns about them shone like green glass or sweated sulkily in gray shadows. Unshaded windows stared blankly into the hot light from bold house fronts; but as he approached the center of town, an advance heralded by the dry rattle and bang of the little truck, the larger windows of the stores seemed to fume and sparkle with a luminous life of their own where the sunlight splintered against them and fell to the staring sidewalks. Though he waved and nodded idly to passing friends, they seemed to be in some process of arrested motion, much as though they might have been vivid and highly detailed figures painted flat against some screen of neatness, order and prosperity.

Past his cubby of an office he drove and pulled up sharply by the warehouse door, insensible for once to the charm of reading his own name coupled with the words, "LUMBER, LIME, CEMENT," all in gigantic capitals of vermilion on the neat yellow fence which shut the yard from the street.

Stripping off his coveralls, he called across the yard. "Hey, O'Rourke, I'm goin' down to the Kiwanis Club lunch at the Sheridan Arms. Stick around the office, will yuh, till Miss Westrup comes back?" Then he dried his thin hair and thought.

"I wonder what th' hell's th' matter with me to-day? It's the heat, I guess," and started back toward the center of town in his shiny coupé.

In the cool depths of the Elite Garage he encountered Jud Stubbs, a fellow Kiwanian, and they crossed the dusty street together.

"Howsa boy, Tom?" queried Jud genially. "How's business? Busier'n a one-armed painter with the itch, I bet. But say, whyn't y' ever come 'round an' sit in a li'l' game or just visit 'round kind of, some o' these nights? 'S five years now since Mayme died. Whyn't yuh stir a stump in the evenin's some? Allus sittin' 'round. You ain't," this with a tremendous thump on the back, "you ain't dead yet, y' know."

"Oh, I donno, Jud. I seen this Gloria Swanson a couple of nights ago—the first show."

"Well, thassal right; but—" Stubb's voice was shut off by the revolving side door of the Sheridan Arms, which spewed them out into a milling group of men.

"'Lo, Jud."

"Here's Tom now."

"President Kane, shake hands with Mister Giv—excuse me—Givinch, a brother Kiwanian from Hastings."

"Ah, Joe. H'are yuh, Mister Vinch. C'mon gang; we're late; less go in."

The sun-bright dining room was cheery with the instant clatter of dishes, the calling back and forth of greetings, the curious laughter, loud, self-conscious, which always succeeds the latest "traveling man's story," but as the meal progressed Kane somehow lost the sounds of noisy eating, the burst and spatter of conversation all about, and stared across the crowded room oc-

casionally with an odd abstraction in his light, deep-set eyes, totally unconscious of the tight-packed little tables, the sparks of glass and chinaware, the oppressive red damask walls set off with golden and brown paneling. The whole scene seemed immensely distant in its thin wash of shining light. But somehow the noise and the food remained as strong sense-impressions, the first an annoyance, the second with its usual insistent delight, raising as always the warm juices of healthy appetite in his capacious mouth.

To see him sitting there, his large and placid face growing redder as he gustily absorbed quantities of steaming food, his scalp faintly pink through its straggle of plastered hair, one would scarcely have guessed the nature of the preoccupation which was gradually consolidating into a well-defined impulse in his jutting skull.

Completing a double order of chocolate ice-cream, he slicked down his hair with his big, hairy hands, and rose above a wave of friendly banter from his place at the head table.

"Fellers, brother Kiwanians," he enunciated boldly, "especially those of us who's also members of the Commercial Club—I got a prop'sition to make."

Cries of "Shoot!" "Atta boy, Tommy!" "Le's go!" rose from every side as chairs were whipped around to face him, standing there red and moistly gleaming, polished by a hypotenuse of gay sunshine as sharp-edged as a knife.

"I don't think we been s'ficiently active," Kane continued, "in makin' the town better lookin'. Now, don't get me wrong, fellers," he held up a bulbous hand with its creased palm outward, "don't get me wrong. We're neat, right neat and tidy 'n' all that; but I dunno—there's something—something seems t' me we might do. . . . Wha'd' you fellers think?"

A small, pale man boomed from behind a straggly mustache. "Fine! Any time's a good time for anything like that. But what'll we do?"

"Well, the chair'd like t' get the sense of this, now, meetin'. Lemme hear some suggestions from you fellers."

The little man with the astonishing mustache shouted, "How about some more highway signs? Bigger and brighter ones, an'

further out too? You know, some readin' mebbe. 'Welcome to Winwood City, a Fine Place to Live,' an' then on the back y' know, 'Come Again and Stay Longer,' or somethin' snappy an' up to date like that."

"Well, that's all right, Joe," acknowledged Kane, "that's all good stuff all right; but at that it ain't exactly what I mean. I read something kind of queer last night—yes, Gus, what's on your mind?"

A blond Goliath with fists as large as skulls rose from a table in a lilac-shadowed corner. "I t'ink et would be good ef ve put up a pand shtand in ta park, an' you sell a bill of goots vor it, eh, Kane?"

"No, no," Kane shouted through the laughter, "you boys got me all wrong. I'm serious about this, dead serious. There was something—I think—say, I don't want a nickel's worth of business outa this. Absolutely wouldn't take it on a bet. I thought you boys knew me better'n that."

Some one called, "Don't get so sore, Tom. Gus was only kiddin'."

Then Jud Stubbs spoke from a near-by table. "Jus' exactly what you mean, Tom, old sport? We'll travel along any place in reason. C'm on, might as well spill it."

Kane looked about slowly as if uncertain how to proceed, and then spoke with a sort of diminishing rapidity.

"Well, brother Kiwanians, it's like this. You boys know better'n to think I want any trade for myself personally out of anything like this; but I been kinda readin', you might almost say studyin' lately, bein' alone considerable these last years. Now I never been around to speak of, 'cept once out to the Coast, an' of course a few times to K. C. and Chicago, an' so on, to conventions an' things. So about other places and ideas too, all I know mostly is this, now—readin' like I say. Now some of these books got swell descriptions in 'em of little houses, you know, pretty, an' gardens too, and all sorts of pictures, streets and so on, an' cathedrals, churches you know. I got real interested, bein' in the architectural line of business in one way of thinking myself. Well, I don't know, it's sort of a hard thing to get over to you boys. I guess—I guess I don't rightly

understand the whole thing exactly myself—but it seems like there's something—something we must be overlooking . . . something . . .”

He peered around the clusters of sweaty, puzzled, or vacant faces with an embarrassed smile as though bemused; but his half-pleading, deep-set eyes met nothing but heads together over sibilant gusts of confused whispering. Three or four random faces seemed to suggest a genuine but decidedly bewildered interest, so he gulped a goblet of water and pressed on desperately.

“‘N’ then I druv a truck out to Pete Kaspar’s this morning, an’ back, and then in town just before I come to this feed here—I dunno—it seemed as though things looked kind of queer somehow, kind of flat and hard like. Seems like I’d always had my eyes shut before, sort of, an’ all of a sudden . . . Doggone, I dunno, it’s awful hard to explain to all you fellers; but don’t it strike you there’s something we’ve kind of left out? I don’t mean big buildings, convention halls and so on; but ain’t we overlooked somethin’—made some kind of a mistake along the line?”

He paused helplessly and mopped his streaming face. A stout man in a shepherd-check suit, which looked as though it had been wedged onto him with a shoehorn, rose with an effort and fingered the large tooth on his watch chain nervously.

“Sure, Kane,” he agreed in a high, whistling voice. “Sure. But what is this we’ve overlooked? We’ll get together O. K. if we just know—just understand what you’re drivin’ at. What is it?”

Tom shuffled uneasily. “W-well,” he faltered, “that’s jussa trouble. I dunno just exactly what it is m’self. You know how ’tis—you notice there’s something kind of funny about a picture mebbe; but you can’t tell just what it is—you know, a sign-board or something. I thought chances were some of you fellers had th’ same idea; mebbe I—” He waved a plump hand aimlessly and sat down.

One or two of the overfed diners snickered, and Tom heard one near-by say sotto-voice, “Well, ef that don’t beat the Dutch,” before general talk arose and beat about him in indifferent gusts through the heat and stale tobacco-smoke. He had the feeling that they were eyeing him in a sort of bewilderment, though every one in his hearing seemed excessively careful to ignore the whole affair

as chairs were pushed back hurriedly and every one made great haste back to his respective daily tasks, the little man with the walrus mustache hurrying back to his undertaking shop, for instance, with astonishing vigor for so warm a day.

As Tom drove out of the garage he thought, "Darn the whole kit and kaboodle; I had something to tell 'em; but—but—what is—what was it anyway?"

He went to see a motion picture that night still in his half-surly, half-bemused humor, walked home moodily, thinking of the luncheon, and let himself in. The book about Gothic architecture was on the table. He lit the lamp and turned the pages slowly till his eyes lingered on a sentence.

"And on clear nights, when white light gathers on these sublime towers, the crenelated arches leap aloft in curve after slender curve till the whole structure seems a colossal fountain of frozen silver tossing its topmost spray close toward the secrecy of the misted stars . . ."

Kane's thick face bent above the ordered rows of type in the lamplight with grave, unseeing eyes.

"There's a mistake somewhere," he muttered. "There's something—something . . ."

SYMPHONESQUE ¹

By ARTHUR HUFF FAUSET

(From *Opportunity*)

(To *Ruth Smith*)

I

Allegro non troppo

Allegro vivace et capricioso.

THE tiny village of Gum Ridge, Texas, fairly hummed under a sizzling white sun that mounted higher and higher in the gray-blue space lately traversed by the stars. Living creatures fled the exposed valley and sought shelter beneath the leafy branches of giant cottonwoods, pecans and maples that studded the sides of the towering hill which lent its name to the village.

The parched fields lay desolate, looking like huge burnt carcasses, and brittle as dead men's bones. They listened to the dull droning of the dust-ridden atmosphere as it quivered under the murderous lashings of the sun, and occasionally to the sonorous hum-m-m-m-m of a solitary bee that braved the death-dealing rays of heat in quest of some petalled haven.

Far down in the blistered valley, within a wretched log cabin, Cudjo, brown youth of seventeen summers, raised himself drowsily from his tattered couch. In a corner of the cabin, Old Ben lay sound asleep. Cudjo knew he was sound asleep by the noise of his snoring, harmonizing ludicrously with the bzz-bzz-bzz of the giant horse-flies that frisked and frolicked about the old man's mouth and from time to time raised huge lumps on his lips and the top of his bald head.

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Cudjo stretched and yawned.

He sat down on the edge of his couch and looked about him. The cabin was littered with filth. Rubbish of all sorts was strewn over the floor. Vermin crawled from the bed clothing, from his clothes, and from the newspapers that adorned the walls. Sleek rats darted occasionally across the floor. The smothering rays of the sun, shimmering through long thin cracks in the roof fell with a dazzling brilliance on the nauseating spectacle.

For a moment Cudjo was filled with loathing. Although he had never known any other kind of existence, something within him was not reconciled to this slovenliness. A curious shiver coursed slowly through his body, starting at the base of his spine and trickling out on his lips. Under that burning roof he felt his teeth chattering.

It took but a moment to put on his few fragments of clothing. Then he crept to the door of the shack and started to open it, but of a sudden shut it, exclaiming: "Damn hot . . . Baptism to-day too . . . Niggahs gonna do dere stuff f' sho' in all dis heat . . . Gotta be dere . . . gotta be dere."

In the corner Old Ben continued to snore profoundly. Cudjo observed him intently for an instant.

"Oughta be up an' gittin' to de ribber, sho's yuh bo'n. Dat's his lil' red wagon ah reckon. Spec' ah bettah let 'um sleep an' tek his rest. If he misses baptism though, be jes' too bad."

He reached for an old black hat hanging on a nail in the door, and pulled it far over his face as he emerged from the cabin.

"Wow, but it's hot," he exclaimed as his bare feet trod upon the sandy road that felt like a bake oven. "Twarn't fo' de damn foolishness ah'd git baptize' m'se'f dis hot day. . . . Somepin mattah wid mah soul right now an' ah knows it . . . Gotta git dis out o' m' system somehow . . . wonder what's eatin' me?"

He passed old Ebenezer Baptist Church. Standing on a small eminence overlooking the surrounding lands it had the appearance of a smoke-gray lighthouse in an ocean of heat-flame. Cudjo laughed cynically as he stepped by.

"All dis 'ligion ain't gittin' nobody nowheah. All it does, mek yo' all feel good. Mek yo' feel like yo' treadin'on soft cushions in Gawd's he'b'n. But it ain't gittin' nobody nuffin', ain't gittin' me a damn thing. Dis 'ligion don't keep folks f'um laughin' at

me cause ah'm diff'ant f'um dem. Don't kep' White Man f'um raisin' hell any time he feelin' dat-a-way. Jes' mek yo' happy dat's all. Mek yo' damn happy. Feel good . . . yea bo'."

He looked into the heavens. The sun was a whirling white streak in a hazy gray-blue pattern. His eyes could not stand the glare.

With hands folded behind him he sauntered along as in a dream, thinking, thinking, unmindful of heat or shade. His eyes seemed to be covered with mist. They were nearly closed.

He did not have to see. What were feet for? Did they not have ten eyes, as many noses, and mouths as well? There was nothing which could be perceived by the ordinary senses that these wonderfully trained friends did not discover even more readily. If he was hungry, they led him to patches of wild blackberries and juicy strawberries. When he was tired and sleepy they carried him gently over rocks and stones, avoiding pits, brambles and poisonous snakes.

They knew the east from the west; the quiet lanes that led down to the cool, refreshing brook from the steep stony paths which ascended to the crests of those mighty shaggy turrets that people called hills; those hills from whose tops he delighted to look down on the sleepy villages below and pretend that he was God.

God again!

What was all this talk about God? These niggers and their God! Fools, that's all they were, they and their God.

Did they think that God gave a tinker's damn for them, they in their dirty shacks that bred scorpions, bedbugs and rats, and gave forth a stench that would knock down a polecat! Where was their God when White Man came along at the end of the harvest season and told the niggers they hadn't made enough cotton to pay for their grub to say nothing of their shelter, their clothing, their very liberty!

And what was He doing on that hot afternoon when White Man took Zack Jones and riddled his body with bullets after he had been strung up to a big tree for being in the neighborhood when little "Miss" Dora suddenly took a notion it would be funny to pretend that some nigger had said naughty things to her? . . .

He liked to go up on Gum Ridge in the late afternoon when pale, purple clouds hovered over the tiny villages like a hen over

her brood of chicks. It was like being in heaven to be there and hurl a stone high in the air only to watch it fall on some naked roof in the white section of the village; then with fists clenched and arms raised in mighty exaltation to exclaim: "Damn yuh, when ah'm down in de valley yo' all white folks is Gawd. Yeh. Ain't no mo' Gawd when ah'm down dere. But when ah gits up in dese pahts ah'm Gawd. Hyeah me, yo' gawddamned w'ite trash. Yo' all listen to me. Ah'm Gawd. An' one o' dese days ah'm gonna baptize yo' all wif fiah an' brimstone!"

He arrived at the bank of the Tugaloo River, the sluggish, anemic stream that mocking white folks called Ebenezer's Jordan. No other person was in sight. Cudjo lifted himself upon the stern of a small motor launch that lay anchored near the shore, and sat there masterfully perched for witnessing the baptismal ceremony.

The sickening sun smote him with its sleep-dispensing rays. He began to feel drowsy. A gentle mist formed over his half-closed eyes; the world commenced to swim from under him.

Pictures flitted across the space in front of him, flickering glimpses of the same slim brown girl who seemed to dance for his pleasure and performed miraculous gyrations like some whirling pinwheel. In a half doze he mumbled to himself: "Damn . . . that's Amber Lee. Sho' is. Amber Lee. Wonder ef she be hyeh to-day?"

The slim brown figure whirled round and round until it appeared as dazzling as the sun. Cudjo shook himself from sheer dizziness.

"Ah got funny feelin's these days. Don't know whut's wrong wid me. Ah wants to dance an' shout an' raise hell in gen'ral, ah reckons."

His head nodded. . . . Asleep. . . . Awake. . . . Here . . . then . . . there . . . now . . . dead . . . alive . . . just enough alive to feel himself crooning an old melody he had often heard Old Ben sing:

"Hop right! goin' to see mah baby Lou!
Goin' to walk an' talk wid mah honey!
Goin' to hug an' kiss mah honey . . .
Hop right, mah baby!"

He *hopped right* out of his reverie when a party of picnickers, breezing by in a small launch yelled out to him amidst waving of flags and handkerchiefs: "Hello, Cudjo! Hello, Crazy Cudjo!"

Cudjo's arm shot out with a jovial fling, but ended with a stock gesture, the outstretched fingers of his right hand in close proximity to his nose as he yelled back: "Hope t' Gawd yo' all boat turns over!"

There was no more chance to dream. The worshipers were coming down to the river; at first small straggling droves of children; soon after, clustered crowds of men, women and children.

It was hot. The dank water of the Tugaloo smelled like a cistern containing an old corpse. Men and women perspired till the air was filled with a thick pungent odor like soppy stale salt.

Old people looked on at the gathering crowd and said little; the young folk laughed and twitted each other.

Ebenezer Baptist was on party display. Her women were clad in every description of red, yellow, purple, pink, blue. Many of them wore dresses of brilliant hues woven into Egyptian patterns. They raised gay paper parasols and cotton umbrellas to ward off the scorching sunshine.

Young men sported wide trousers with gaudy suspenders or broad brilliantly colored belts. Their belt-furrowed coats made of screaming brown and blue cloth displayed a profusion of buttons, some of them hanging from long tassel-like cords. They wore large brown and black felt hats and glistening derbies.

The congregation grew thicker and noisier. Members found places on odd stacks of lumber that were piled up here and there on the shore; in rowboats which they tied together; on the roofs of sheds and outhouses. Some of the young bucks sat on the trestle of the railroad bridge that spanned the river.

Cudjo viewed the gaudy parade with great glee. He chuckled low to himself and clapped his hands. "Hotdam," he muttered half aloud, "gonna be big doin's in dis man's town dis yere day . . . sho' is . . . Hotdam!"

A loud murmur emanating from the gathering throng attracted his attention to the bank of the river. A cry surged through the congregation. "Uh-uh . . . hyeh dey come . . . hyeh dey come . . . hyeh dey all come."

II

*Crescendo**Religioso furioso*

All eyes focused on the preacher, shepherd of the flock who appeared leading his baptismal lambs. He was a tremendous black figure with a large round stomach that almost bulged out of his dark blue vest. As he waddled, his corpulent body seemed like a huge inflated balloon made of thick rubber swaying upon two large resilient pillars.

He wore a white robe that was neither long enough to hide the tips of his blue trousers nor wide enough to cover the heavy gold watch-chain that circled his paunch.

A hush came over the ever-increasing throng as the preacher and two deacons prepared a passageway to the river for the baptismal candidates. In their stocking feet they waded out in the smutty brown water and drove two long staves about a yard apart into the soft mud. To the ends of these they fastened ropes which they brought back to the shore and attached to hooks that had been driven into some pilings on the river bank.

The converts, dressed in white, were lined up one behind the other on the shore. Most of them were young girls. Their eyes were red with weeping. Now and then one of them sobbed and fell into the arms of a buxom matron who crooned old Baptist hymns in her ear.

The preacher bustled about, imparting final instructions to his deacons while they waited for a tall brown man, clad in white robes, to make his way through the dense crowd. He was the exhorter.

The ceremony began.

The exhorter discarded the white cap that adorned his head and exposed himself to the excruciating heat. He commenced singing in a high quavering voice:

“Run away, run away,
Run away, run away,
Ain’t gonna see you any more.”

At the third "run away" the entire congregation echoed the song fervidly. The young candidates took this for a signal to shriek and sob. Their voices rent the sizzling air like screaming sirens in the black of a starless night.

The exhorter continued:

"Cry some more, cry some more,
Cry some more, cry some more,
Ain't gonna see you any more."

Some one in the congregation started to sing:

"How many done dead an' gone?
Couldn't have religion I would not be."

The exhorter desiring even more fervor decided that one more song was necessary. Soon the air rang with melody.

"Ain' we some angels of Jesus, some angels of Jesus,
some angels of Jesus,
Surely He died on Calvary,
Calvary, Calvary,
Calvary, Calvary,
Calvary, Calvary,
Surely He died on Calvary."

The singing became hysterical. Men and women cried. Some swayed their bodies from right to left; some leapt into the air; others shook themselves up and down like coarse dancers in a burlesque theater.

Crescendo, crescendo, crescendo. Mighty roar of an ocean tumult. Thunder. Tumult of song that challenges the listening heavens.

"Calvary, Calvary,
Calvary, Calvary,
Calvary . . ."

As if by signal the torrent of song diminishes in volume and velocity; step by step, pitch by pitch, it diminishes. Nothing remains but a gentle soft crooning that seems like the pattering of raindrops on the leaves after a storm.

The crooning stops abruptly. The soft voice of the big black preacher wafts its way soothingly over the congregation like an evening lullaby. "Come on, chillun, da's 'nough now . . . chillun . . . Gawd done hyard yo' all . . . Gawd sho' hyard his white lambs dat time. Now we gwine ha' prayer by Brother Simpson."

Brother Simpson stepped out from the throng. He threw his battered straw hat on the muddy bank and flung his long black arms toward the sunlit heavens. He spoke slowly at first in low tones that were scarcely audible above the quiet murmuring that wrapped itself around the devout worshipers like a soft blanket. He prays:

"Oh, Lawd . . . dis is a prayer to you . . . dis is a prayer to m' father in heb'n, oh, Lawdy Jesus . . . yas . . . yas . . . Done turn mah face to de jasper walls so's you kin see de heb'nly sunshine in mah eyes . . . Oh, Lawdy Jesus . . . done renounce de flesh an' de debil. . . ."

His prayer grows warmer and warmer. He punctuates each fervent plea with a deep gasp resembling a suffocating man struggling for air.

"Oh, Lawd, Lawdy, u-n-n, hab mercy on dis po' creature of yours, u-n-n, hab mercy on dis thy humble servant, u-n-n, oh, Lawd, deliber us, u-n-n, f'm de debil's wiles, u-n-n, ah, holy Lawd Jesus, u-n-n, watch fo' us, u-n-n, an' pray, u-n-n, fo's, u-n-n, that we be not led, u-n-n, into de temptation ob de wilderness, u-n-n, and fall beneath de prickly feet of dat wicked debil, u-n-n."

The deacon exhorts. He cajoles and laments. He pants, sings, groans and croons. Great clouds of steam fall from his face.

At first the congregation with heads bowed listen in a rhapsody of terror and exaltation. After a little while they too shout and scream as the deacon denounces the wickedness of the devil and depicts the horrors of hell.

From time to time the preacher dips down into the muddy stream with his hands and brings up water to bathe the head of the sweltering deacon and his own as well. After each application

he emits a shrill laugh whose fiendish notes resound on the stifling atmosphere like the midnight cry of a panicky jungle cat. The prayer is ended.

The congregation breaks into spontaneous song. Bodies sway to left and right. Body touches body. A corporate thrill passes through the entire congregation.

Spontaneous song.

“Oh, Lord, thy will be done.
Oh, Lord, thy will be done.
Our Father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name,
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done,
Oh, Lord, thy will be done.”

No one was more affected than Cudjo. The scoffer could not help himself. Emotion overcame reason. He laughed and shouted. Tears streamed from his eyes. He pranced in the air, slapping his thighs with the palms of his hands, while his lithe body bent and swayed to the rhythm of the songs.

He sang with tears in his eyes and throat, as if his heart brimmed over with heavenly moisture. Like a drunken man he was reeling in an orgy of emotional rapture, drowning in a warm, rich, overwhelming flood of sensual experience.

An ominous grin spread over his entire countenance. Again his eyes seemed covered with mist. He scarcely knew where or who he was.

Uneasiness crept over the members of the congregation who stood by him.

The preacher called for the candidates. Single file they marched through the passageway that led to the living water.

The first was a tender child of fifteen years. She tugged and fought with the leaders as they led her to the stream. Under the scathing sun energies soon fagged and good humors vanished. The preacher was sorely tried. He called out constantly to the congregation to restrain their zeal. Finally he looked in the direction of Cudjo and screamed: “If any yo’ niggahs cain’t behave yo’selves hyeh, yuh kin git out right now . . . any you niggahs!”

Water on a duck's back. Cudjo clapped his hands and laughed the more.

Religious frenzy gave strength to the young candidate. It took two deacons and the preacher to immerse her. One took her by the arms while the other two each grasped a struggling ankle. For a moment, the congregation looked on in tense silence.

The silence became a dumb shudder. Even the struggling girl, suspended in midair, looked on in dumb wonder as Cudjo rushed down through the surprised throng, and leaping over the ropes made as if to snatch her from the arms of her preceptors. The perspiration gleamed on his face. The muscles of his arms bulged as he tried to tear the girl from the grasp of the amazed preacher.

"You black debil," he shouted to the holy emissary, "you'se a sinner an' a hypocrite. Take yo' orn'ny hands f'um off'n her. De voice ob Gawd speakin' th'oo de clouds f'um he'b'n. Hyeah me, now, hyeah me. John de black Baptis', he hyeh now tellin' me to do dis. Yo' all baptize wid water but ah baptize . . ." He got no further.

Pandemonium.

Cries of "Lawd, ha' mercy, oh, Lawd-Gawd, save us . . . save us f'um dis debil!"

The candidate still hung suspended in midair, the preacher, two deacons, and Cudjo grasping some part of her. She had fainted and lay lifeless in their hands.

Mad fury swept over the congregation. The baptism was suddenly converted into a scene of near carnage.

"Kill him, kill him, kill the black fool," they all shouted.

Cudjo held on and laughed fiendishly. They swarmed around him and started to crush and pummel him. For a moment he was certain to be crushed to death, but the saner preacher, recovering from his surprise, released the girl and rushed at Cudjo from behind. A dozen stalwart deacons came to his assistance. From the hysterical circle of women and children, flaying him with umbrellas and pelting him with missiles, the outraged deacons bore him clear through the throng out into the open.

Up the banks they ran, dragging the interrupter with them. Finally they rushed behind a clump of tall bushes many yards from the scene of the baptism. They lifted Cudjo into the air and, as if he were an outcast devil, hurled him as far as they were

able. Solemnly they watched him fall in a senseless heap. Then breathless and tired they made their way back to calm the awe-struck candidates and to resume the baptism.

III

*Agitato**Agitato appassionato**Smorzando et tranquillo*

Cudjo landed in a thick patch of dry grass. The sudden impact stunned him but aside from painful bruises, he was none the worse for his wild adventure. The merciless rays of the sun beating down upon him seemed more cruel than the scourging crowd, and he crawled to the clump of bushes, grateful for some shade and shelter. There he sat on the hot grass nursing the muscles of his legs.

Down by the river he could hear soft music crooned by the congregation, and the rhythmic tread of feet patting on the ground. Gradually the energy of youth returned. He laughed aloud. He looked at his bare feet, burned almost black by the sun; then at his soiled hands. He clapped them together and kicked his heels as high as his sore calves would permit.

He laughed aloud. He cried; he panted. He crooned to himself as if to soothe his torn soul; half speaking, half singing, he consoled himself in words of self-pity and encouragement.

"What's matter, ol' Cudjo?" he said. "Cain't yo' all behave yo'se'f? Yo' all done raise 'nough hell fo' one day!"

The echoes of another song wafted over from the river. He heard the congregation crying and screaming, and listened to their stamping and moaning.

"Take mah Lawd away, Lawd away, Lawd away,
Take mah Lawd away,
Not a mumbelin' word did he say,
Nevah said a mumbelin' word.
Not a word,
Not a word,
Nevah said a mumbelin' word."

Music. Rhythm. Dancing.

Warm bodies swaying like tall sugar cane in an evening breeze. The earth seemed to be swaying beneath him. Unconsciously his own body commenced to sway. A tongue of flame shot from beneath a hidden soul-cloud and set his whole body on fire. Desire possessed his body. He felt an outpouring of white hot desire.

Like a starved beast of the forest who scents game Cudjo sprang erect and poised himself for the leap to the goal of his desire. Savage music tingled in his hot blood. His feet danced away to the mad strains and carried him on and on through the dry grass in long rapid strides.

Gum Ridge lay in the distance. Nearer and nearer his feet took him, then more than half way round, till he could see a cozy green cabin that lay sequestered beneath some maple trees.

Slackening his pace, Cudjo peered intently, while his heart thumped against his chest like angry waters against the shore . . . each thump was a song . . . each song a dance . . . and she who danced . . . was . . . Amber Lee.

Fires within and without.

Cudjo stooped down in some tall bushes that offered protection from the sun. He heard the swarming of insects. He knew: they were singing songs to each other. He bent down and listened . . . and understood.

"I want you. . . . I . . . want . . . you. . . . I'm coming after you, m' honey, coming after you and take you . . . take . . . you. . . . Hear me, m' honey. . . . I'm coming to take you . . . you . . . you. . . . I'm going . . . to . . . wrap . . . myself . . . around . . . you . . . all . . . over . . . you . . . take . . . you . . . you, m' honey . . . take my honey . . . your honey. . . . I . . . want . . . you . . . I'm going to take you. . . ."

He listened, breathless, for the answer.

"Come and take me . . . come . . . and . . . take . . . me . . . take . . . me . . . but . . . you've . . . got . . . to . . . catch . . . me. . . . I want you to take me . . . but . . . you've . . . got . . . to . . . catch . . . me. . . . Come and take me . . . come . . . take . . . me . . . come . . . and . . . wrap . . . yourself . . . all . . . around . . . me . . . and . . . over . . . me . . . and take me . . . take . . . my . . . honey . . . come . . . and . . . take . . ."

So this was it!

Cudjo sprang to his feet. He wanted to rush out blindly—to seize her and carry her far off.

The blistering sun brought him back to some realization of earth. He gazed skyward and exclaimed: "Lawd, how come ah nevah know befo' dis? . . . Lawd, ah wants . . . her. . . . Amber Lee . . . dat's what been ailin' me. . . . Lawd, ah wants her . . . an', Lawd . . . ah gwine tek her!"

He looked in the direction of the cabin. It stood in a veritable forest of shade. At first sun blindness prevented him from seeing. He peered intently into the open space between the cabin and the trees that sheltered it. . . . She was there.

Amber Lee.

Pale straw face brown. Sad face Amber Lee. Luscious big brown eyes like swelling bays of tears. Pity . . . sadness . . . hunger . . . warmth . . . Amber Lee. . . . Two warm golden brown breasts soft like young birds' feathers . . . flaky . . . soft . . . Amber Lee. . . . Pale straw face brown Amber Lee. Limbs full and graceful like apple boughs in spring.

Oh . . . oh . . . Amber Lee. . . . Amber Amber Lee. Why did God make you so lovely, so lovely down there under the tropical sun where hearts whose passions lie asleep wake overnight throbbing with hot desire—where new seed shoots when the old has scarcely taken root?

Cudjo watched her intently. He lay flat on his belly, hidden in the parched grass while the sun beat down upon him like a burning flail. He only felt a burning sensation from within.

His body was a drum; his heart was the drummer. The flames were passion-music.

And why, dear Cudjo, do you lie there on your belly and hide like a wild beast intent on seizing its prey? Is it not the one—your Amber Lee—the only one in fifty miles who ever understood you and your strange fancies and dreams? It is no new experience for you to hold her in your arms. Remember the day you rescued her from the lake? You have been her friend and playmate. You have done her chores for her. She has sat at your feet in the dark shadows of the night and listened to you as you told her your dreams and your fantasies.

Why then do you linger in the tall grass and let the relentless

sun smite you while you only devour your treasure with your eyes?

Amber Lee.

Amber Lee feels no presence; she sees no person. She feels only herself, her budding self. . . . It is warm, it is hot, it is smoldering. . . . She is warm . . . she is hot . . . she is smoldering.

Her heart sings an inward song. She feels but she does not understand. What is this which thunders like a rumbling polonaise and marches through her tortuous limbs on up to the ruddy tips of her swelling breasts?

She hears the song of nature's creatures and feels its echoes quivering through her limbs and breast.

"Come and take me . . . come . . . and . . . take . . . me . . . me. . . . But you've got to catch me . . . got . . . to . . . catch . . . me . . . come . . . and take me . . . come . . . and . . . wrap . . . yourself . . . all . . . around . . . me . . . and . . . over . . . me . . . and . . . take . . . me . . . take . . . my honey . . . come. . . ."

But she cannot understand. . . .

The sun had passed beyond the last high curve in the vaulted heavens. Slowly it retreated into the distant west, the pale whiteness of noon absorbed in a vista that grew more and more rosy.

But Cudjo perceived only Amber Lee. Unnoticed were the softer rays of the receding sun, unnoticed the shade which steadily enveloped the fields where he lay hidden. The outer cool only intensified his inner heat. He lay in the grass like a panting beast, his mouth watering for the distant prey.

He could contain himself no longer. Like a tricky savage he quietly bestirred himself. Like a sneak thief in the night he stole his way towards her.

The friend and playmate of Amber Lee, twin to her sorrows and longings, stole his way towards her, gliding through the tall grass and skirting the leafy trees like a sneak thief in the night.

Amber Lee.

Gradually she sensed him, sensed a presence. What was it? What was that rumbling through her limbs, her bosom, that quivering in her breasts? What did she want . . . want . . . want? . . .

Before she knew, even before he could realize, she was in his

arms—in Cudjo's warm perspiring brown arms that throbbed and quivered with passion. She looked into his eyes, ravenous flaming eyes that peered out at her as through a silken shade. A chill came over her as she saw those eyes; she became suddenly cold with fright.

She lay in his arms affrighted, like a startled fawn who after she has been pounced upon by a wild beast cowers in silence and stares with an icy stare. She perceived the message of those eyes: "I want you. . . . I want you . . . you . . . you. . . . I want you."

Her own which had been so soft and warm responded with terror.

The starved beast has his prize. He feasts upon her with his eyes but as he sees her own stricken with terror he can find in them no answering warmth.

He has her. She makes no outcry; she offers no resistance. She is his, all his. But she rests in his arms a poor quivering human leaf, her eyes melting into tears of terror and shame.

The fires that had leaped into bursting flame so suddenly, fled as precipitously back to the dark recesses from which they sprang.

Cudjo's eyes filled with tears. Tears of what? He stroked Amber Lee's face and hair gently.

"Me, me," he whispered. "Gawd, Amber Lee, it's me . . . yo' all know me. . . . Cudjo . . . ah wouldn't hurt a hair on yo' head. . . . Amber Lee . . . Amber Lee, m' chile . . . it's me . . . jes' want' scare mah lil' Amber Lee, da's all. . . . Lee . . . Amber Amber Lee . . . un'stan' . . . ? Jes' wan't scare mah lil' Amber Lee."

He placed her gently on the warm grass and did not even kiss her.

She sat upright and looked at him as through a cloud. Limbs quivering, mouth wide open she kept staring at him. All the warm music of her body had ceased; the song in her limbs and breasts had vanished. Once she felt a chill breath steal over her that might have been like death. She quivered.

"Cudjo . . . Cudjo . . . you . . . only you! . . . But it wasn't you at first. No, no, Cudjo . . . not you . . . only some fierce demon who looked at me with frightful eyes like Satan's. . . . And you rescued me, didn't you, Cudjo, just like you saved

me in the lake! . . . Oh, Cudjo," she exclaimed, and buried her head in her own bosom.

Cudjo looked down upon her in silence.

Far in the west he saw a blood red sun retreating under banks of thick dark cloud. Gum Ridge waned in the distance, a thin shimmering light playing on her crest.

His own body was cool now. The flaming coals of high noon were reduced to barely flickering ashes. His eyelids closed. Without so much as a single look backwards he started towards the towering hill. It seemed far away.

Slowly he mounted its steep sides to the summit. A chill wind had commenced to blow; it was cool there.

He sat on a ledge which jutted out from the very topmost point of the hill and dropped tiny pebbles on the little huts below.

. . . The sinking sun disappeared in the big hollow under the west.

EVENING ¹

By ZONA GALE

(From *The Bookman*, New York)

ERNIE MENDENHALL was now forty-two years old, and still he had found no one with whom to share his home. His home was a white house in the town of Oderhill, and its little garden had fine hollyhocks. For four years, since the death of his parents, he had lived there alone, and in those four years he had bought now and then a piece of old furniture or a rug or some small article for his house. Every time that he did this, the neighbors would say: "Ernie Mendenhall must be going to get married." But so far he had not married. He earned his living as part time secretary for a Writer who lived on the edge of town. Every morning the neighbors saw Ernie's long form, swinging its right arm and holding its left arm stiff as it hurried along, his lips moving in imagined talk. And they said: "What can he be talking about, to himself that way? He hasn't any business of his own to reckon up."

One summer week-end the Writer had a house party and Alla Vintrin was his guest. On Sunday morning she walked into the library where Ernie was working. He saw her frail beauty in its pink linen enclosure, her delicate profile, her heavy hair. The linen, the profile, and the heavy hair attacked him as an epidemic attacks, and he was as one who catches a cold instantly and pervadingly.

She said: "Is the old secretary in this room—the Governor Winthrop secretary? . . ."

"Here," said Ernie with immense difficulty, and bowed, and perceived that he had bowed not to her but to the secretary.

He managed to talk to her about that piece of old mahogany. Afterward he wondered whether he had not perhaps said: "It has

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a beautiful profile, heavy hair, and it wears pink." And though later he tried in agony to recall her words, he could recover nothing save an assent, a murmur, a perfume.

Next he noted, from a great distance, that he was saying to her, if she was interested in old furniture, he had some good pieces in his house, if she cared . . . And she said alertly that she did care, and could she see them that morning? With no more thought of the Writer than of an eagle on a far cliff, Ernie walked out of the house and down the streets of Oderhill, and beside him she went.

She said little—he liked her for that. She walked rapidly—that he liked. She was not so tall as he, she observed the flowers, she stopped and spoke to a child—she was perfect.

Thanking God for an upbringing which had forced him to keep order in his house, he opened his front door and let her in upon the hooked rugs, the cherry chairs, and the one piece of rosewood. It was before this melodeon of rosewood that Alla Vintrin paused at last, then sat, pulled out the stops, and pressed from the reluctant instrument its few remaining tones.

And at the sound of music, played by her, in his home, Ernie's years of waiting cried from his throat these words: "Could you stay? Could you live here? Could you be my wife?" And this he did not hear himself saying from a distance. No, for he was in the very words themselves.

She looked round the room, small, sweet and colored, and at the hollyhocks motionless beyond the glass. "Why not?" she said.

"You could? You would?" He was not sure that he said this at all. And all that he heard her say was, "Why not?" as she moved to the door. He walked beside her under the maples, and told her about his life. Always he had wanted to tell somebody about his life, but when he had tried, his confidante had looked at him. Eyes could be puzzled, amused, disdainful. Alla did not look at him. She merely walked beside him and listened. "Could you? Would you?" Ernie cried when he had done.

"Why not?" she said again, with immense sadness.

In the corridor at the Writer's house she gave him her hand, saying only: "I shall see you again, Mr. Mendenhall—this afternoon, perhaps."

But that Sunday afternoon all the house party decided to motor back to town. Ernie, who had made his task last into the day, heard them go, saw them go, and sat at his desk mute and blind.

Three days later he had a note from Alla:

. . . and I know exactly how you are feeling because you spoke so. I have asked one or two men to marry me and wished afterward that I hadn't spoken. But you mustn't mind. Those forty-two years in Oderhill—you are likely to ask anybody, anywhere. . . . I did mean to speak to you about the melodeon. I assume that those things are for sale, and if the melodeon is at all within my reach I should like very much to buy it. . . .

Every day the neighbors saw Ernie's long form as it hurried along, his lips moving in imagined talk with some one.

He was writing to Alla Vintin, composing his letters as he walked the streets. He was telling her of his life, its routine, its emptiness. These letters he dared to write out. When her bread and butter letter came to the Writer, Ernie copied the address, and it burned on his bureau. One night, when it rained, he took out his letters to her, read them over, selected the mildest, addressed it, carried it in his pocket for days. One day when he had an influenza, he took the letter from his pocket and mailed it.

As soon as the letter was mailed, he fashioned her reply, many replies. She would be kind, she would be cold, she would be cruel. All these replies he wrote in his mind. When days passed and no reply came, he said to himself that she had gone abroad. And when his letter reached her, at some lonely foreign place, how touched and warmed she would be that he had remembered. He thought that she would write: "My dear friend, you move me greatly." Once he had taken down that sentence, dictated by the Writer: "My dear friend, you move me greatly." No answer came, but when he was at home for a week with lumbago, he chose another of his letters to her and mailed that. It required a calling down by the Writer and his own omission from an Oderhill wedding reception to bring the third and fourth letters to the mail box. In all Ernie sent off six letters. But the mails, he knew, were uncertain. So he continued to fashion her replies. At last he wrote down these replies, and he would read them, at

home, in the evenings: "My dear friend, you move me greatly." His lips whispered as he read. He remembered the phrases in her letters and in his own, and he would go down the street, swinging his right arm and holding his left arm stiff as he hurried along. And the neighbors said, "What can he be talking about to himself that way?"

One night, sitting alone by his stove, going over one of her replies, it occurred to Ernie Mendenhall that he was tired of those things that he was saying, as having come from her. What else would she say? He could think of nothing else. Certainly these were rather tiresome—talk about his safety, his loneliness, her coming to Oderhill. Even "My dear friend, you move me greatly" had become tiresome by repetition. Somewhat irritably he saluted the image of her, writing to him, saying to him the same thing over and over. Couldn't she think of anything else to say?

He began to be bored with her. Feeling the wind blowing in the back of his neck, he asked her quite irritably what had made her leave the window open at the top. Finding the fire low he said to her, in his mind, that she could certainly put in a stick of wood when it was he who filled the woodbox. And when the clock struck a wrong hour he exclaimed aloud to her that with all that he had to do, earning their living, he should have thought that she might wind the clock. The next morning when he watered a favorite plant he saw that water had dripped down on the rosewood melodeon, and he cried reproachfully: "You who pretended to care for this rosewood melodeon, what have you ever done to protect it?" But at that she answered up quite tartly, and he was startled and hastened out of the house.

He found that his homecomings had acquired a new fascination. He would come hurrying into the house and cry: "What? No fire? No supper? A great way to treat a man who's been slaving all day for you." "Slaving indeed!" would come her clear reply. "Writing a few letters for a pittance. I've a good mind to sell your old rosewood melodeon and make real money for us." At that he would fly into a rage, and then grow sullen, and would eat no dinner—actually did eat none; and imagined Alla Vintrin Mendenhall cooking a steak savory with onions and eating it all alone. Occasionally he would smile at himself awkwardly; but less and less often.

Then a child was born to the Writer, and Ernie Mendenhall was extremely shaken. Arriving one morning for work, he heard that faint wailing above-stairs. All day when the cry came he could do nothing but listen. And when he went home at night, there was Alla Vintrin Mendenhall with a child.

But now his imagination failed. He had no idea what he would say to her. He could not even look at her. Suddenly she was not there any more, but was wrapt away from him, absorbed in a wailing cry. Sometimes he could catch an outline of her bending head, but when she turned toward him, her face blindingly disappeared and the game stopped. He sat by the stove and imagined her in the room above-stairs. He never went there. It was many nights before she was downstairs with him again. He sat making milk toast when she entered. He looked at her in awe and in silence, but then his milk boiled over onto the griddle and he said: "Is it or isn't it a woman's job to keep things from boiling over, say?" And when he blackened the toast he became fairly caustic. After that they resumed their old quarrels. When she was unconscionably exasperating, Ernie Mendenhall would hurry along the streets, his lips moving as he rehearsed what he would tell her. And the neighbors would say: "Ernie Mendenhall—don't you s'pose he works out puzzles as he walks?"

As the holidays came near, he wandered about in the shops of the little town, thinking of a gift for her and one for the child. But when he touched this or that, it seemed not worthy of them. He bought one little gift, a vase to stand on her melodeon—he thought of it as her melodeon—and on Christmas eve he filled the vase with roses and watched her bend above it, with the child. He thought: "Maybe they meant something like this about Christmas. Maybe it has something to do with somebody being born not of the flesh—" But this he dismissed as unlikely. He prolonged the evening, became involved in dressing an imaginary tree, very tall, and ended in disagreeing with her about having so much tinsel stuff all over everything; found the fire out, and went to bed annoyed by her obstinacy and her carelessness. But he woke once and smelled the roses.

In the holiday week, he came dragging home from his work one dim afternoon, and as he approached his house with its white-folded spruces, he felt a sense of utter weariness at the look of it.

At once he knew this as the weariness of the end of a game. He understood that the game had played itself out. All was over, it seemed, the funeral, all; and he entered upon his house as it had been before ever he had seen her. He moved through the little empty rooms, looking at them so differently. Desolation flowed through him. He could experience, but he could not believe that she was gone.

In his mail box a letter waited. Before he opened it he knew her touch. Alla Vintrin wrote: "Dear Sir: Is the rosewood melodeon still for sale? I was married in the spring, and now that we are furnishing our house—" He replied: "Dear Madam: The rosewood melodeon is not for sale. I wish to keep it on account of its associations . . ." He went into the white evening and posted the letter at the box where he had posted all the others, which she must have received; and he turned back toward the house where she had died.

He had fallen in love, experienced domesticity, been bored by it, and was left alone in Christmas week with the child whom none had ever begotten. He recounted these things to himself as he walked. And the neighbors, meeting him, said: "Ernie Mendenhall, he's always talking away about something."

WHEELS¹

By TUPPER GREENWALD

(From *The Midland*)

MY father tells me it happened suddenly, at a time when he was so young as to consider himself still a boy; "a time" (to quote him) "when growing old seems both inconceivable and desirable. Little things crowd your mind and large worldly ones, when they come, almost burst it." He was a trifle past twenty and his cheeks were smooth. People,—the few he knew,—guyed him for the sheer hairlessness of his skin. "Egg-face" he says one man called him, a village horse-trader with a club-foot who, accompanied by his daughter, often visited the farm in a great bumping wagon.

But he refused to buy oil and attempt one of those gallant worldly little moustaches the peasant girls liked. That would have meant a surrender of a sort, he says. It was doubtless a small thing, but he rather cherished his defiance. Moreover, he disliked putting on the tall, sharp linen collar his mother had bought him in Warsaw for Sabbath wear. He wore it only to please her, he says, having sensed that the sight of him in it brought to mind her husband in his wooing days.

The other night in the room where my father sits most of the time since the death of my mother, he showed me a daguerreotype of himself as he looked then, in the collar. The face rises above it like a soft plant above a formal pot. The eyes, long-lashed, glint soft through the Sabbath fixedness of his expression. The mouth lies in a firm, tight line, but it is plain that the firmness is being maintained with effort. And the dark hair, like wet fur, with an angrily white part splitting the middle, has so plastered-down and confined a look that you can't help thinking how wavy and loose it must have been on week days when, sep-

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arated for hours from the family, he worked under the sun that burned over his father's fields.

As he held the picture my father laughed.

"Look at the damned young fool," he said awkwardly, as if he had spoken the words to discover whether I was thinking them. He gave me a covert glance and his laugh thinned into a chuckle.

"This picture was taken about a month before it happened," he began. "You can see, I was about your age, wasn't I? But of course I guess I was much younger in other respects. If I wasn't I shouldn't be telling you this story perhaps."

He says he was in the fields that day. They were wide and yellow, the richest for miles around, with the wheat spread out as far as you could see in a sweeping liquid layer. Often it had a way of heaving and rolling. It had it that day. He was standing between the heavy stalks, breathing the sweetness, he says, while the sun swam down slowly and its nether swell lowered as if into a great cleft at the horizon, until he could see only a half-circle, a dome, of sunflame. Now the wheat seemed to have its source in the sun and was issuing from it in a flood. It was as if fire were giving birth to grain, he says.

The day's work over, he lay down on the heated ground. The field-horses ceased their panting, lolled in their harness, and, lather dribbling from their mouths, champed in rhythm. He rested prone in the wheat for a long time, watching the sky change color and listening to the horses champ. That was the only sound.

At length another sound came, the sound of wheels crunching on the blanched clay road at his back, the sound of wheels rubbing the sides of a wagon, shafts creaking, and pressed pebbles grinding. They were ancient wooden wheels that squeaked with each turn. They set his teeth on edge like the scrape of stone on slate. Impatience at the slowness of their passage coiled about him like barbed wire.

Those wheels were familiar. Each day for many days they had rolled by his field towards the village. *Squeak! Squeak!* He would sometimes thrust fingers into his ears against their noise. And when, ultimately, they had wobbled out of earshot, he would sigh, he says, and feel a curious sense of escape. They were heavy; they forced broad and ugly ruts in the road. At their departure he would feel that something stodgy, something aged

beyond reckoning, something dry and relentless, had passed. It was these wheels that wore into his being a first sense of himself in relation to the world.

Sometimes, at night, the squeakings of the wheels would re-sound in his mind as he lay in bed. They would branch out of the sounds of the night in whips that waved over his body that was sheathed for protection only in a white sheet. They waved, but never struck.

To-day he resented them more than ever. They neared. He clenched his fingers till the nails made deep crescents in his palms; and he felt like shouting at the wheels, as fiercely as possible,

"Get a move on there!"—or even worse, he says.

He loathed them. He could not have told why. He thought then that it was merely because of their monstrous habit of trampling the smooth warm stillness with their ponderously decrepit *Squeak! Squeak!*

He had not stirred during their approach. His body had lain inert, an immovable case against whose sides pricked needly impulses of fright and uneasiness. He told himself that the wheels must pass. That was their habit. Their place was in the village with the other wagon-wheels. As ever they must roll by his fields and follow the ruts leading to the village.

To-day they did not.

One squeak that was abrupt and distinct from the others told him they had halted. Silence dropped, a reverberant shield, over the wheat. He says he turned to a position on his elbows, then slowly lifted his body till his eyes were skimming the massed tips of grain. Fear shook him and he wanted to run off—in the direction of the sun, he says.

Two men got down from the wagon. One was his father, the other the club-footed and red-faced horse-trader who had so often teased him about the smoothness of his cheeks.

"Like hers . . ." the horse-trader had said one day in early spring at dusk, drinking tea in the farmhouse kitchen. And the horse-trader had slapped him on the back as he stood in the room, breathless from a long walk in the fields with the man's daughter. "Look at them—two little egg-faces. That's what they are—two little egg-faces ready to break if you touch 'em."

The men were chuckling as they advanced, their throats clicking cheerfully, he says, as though, having agreed on something, they were now harmoniously bent on acting it out.

"Are you there?" his father called.

He squatted quickly; snuggled close to the ground on his belly. The bodies of the men made a swishing sound as they pressed towards him through the wheat. Finally they were so close that he could hear the horse-trader's snuffy breathing. He decided to lie hidden no longer—it was useless—and, pretending that he had secreted himself out of a boyish caprice, he leaped up. He leaped so suddenly that the men started, then they smiled and he eyed them tremulously, managing to force an answering smile, half bold, half sheepish, on his face.

"We're making for town," his father murmured, soberly now.

"Yeah!" cried the horse-trader, blowing his nose and poking a large brown blob of snuff into the red, hairy, gaping nostrils. "We're making for town to see the sights. Come along, you little rascal—you little egg-face." One eyelid lowered and tightened into an elephantine wink.

He says he eyed his father. The latter looked away, muttered to the field-horses. The animals, harness flapping, jogged off towards the farmhouse.

"Well . . ." said the horse-trader, scratching an ear.

"Let's get going," said his father.

He says he walked with the two men to the roadside, where the wagon waited—a mud-crusting thing drawn by a hulking blind mare with great tattered fetlocks.

The men climbed into the high straw-padded seat in front. He was directed to sit behind, on the dusty floor of the wagon.

"You can't sit with us married men—yet," said the horse-trader with another wink more grotesque than the first.

He put a trembling foot on the hub of one wheel and clambered in.

"Well, there's my daughter, you little rascal," cried the horse-trader, chucklingly taking up the reins.

"His daughter," intoned his father gravely.

The girl was sitting impassively on a sack of meal. A small girl of sixteen whose loose black hair wrapped her head in a shadowy veil, her face tense and white. He gave her an abrupt.

awkward nod, eyes lowered, and sat down sideways opposite her. Seen from the sides of his eyes, her body was a feathery white blur. He looked down sheepishly at the backs of his hands gloved in the brown grime of the fields.

The horse-trader belched a command at the sightless mare, slapped its buttocks with a broad, frayed whip. With a preliminary pant the wagon lurched forward. *Squeak! Squeak!* The hideous cacophony of the wheels started anew. The wagon jolted, swayed; the dust on the floor danced; and his body shook in time with the jarrings, his teeth drumming upon one another till his jaws ached.

Through a small hole in the rough boards he saw the road move. Tiny dark fissures in the clay flitted in a raveling motion like threads snapped here, renewed there. Suddenly the threads vanished. He waited for the unwinding to resume. But the wheels had rolled onto a smooth, baked stretch of road flanked by warped oaks. He looked up and back.

His field was almost out of sight—irregular swatches of gold cut by trees and bushes. They dimmed. At a sudden slope in the highway they were gone. He yearned to rise for a glimpse of them. He sat still, loneliness fastening on his heart. He says he felt lonelier than ever before in his life.

His thoughts drifted to the girl, to the spring day they had passed in fields full of the pageantry of growth. She was the sole girl he had ever been alone with in the wheat. He wished, now, that she would speak as she had spoken that day. His tongue lay like an iron lid tight over his throat.

At his back the men's voices reared now and again above the din of the wheels. Blurred talk with intermittently-heard fragments touching on horses and sheep, calves born and dying, and the oncoming harvest.

Twilight thickened. In the gauzy, gray dimness he could get a larger view of the girl without disclosing his scrutiny. Several times he started to speak—the words refused to form. He thought of leaping out of the wagon and plunging through the woods for home. In his mind he rehearsed the required movements; saw his body hurtle to the ground, felt the impact of his booted heels on the stiff surface. But he was numbed by a rock-

like inertness, deafened by the racket of the doddering wheels, the coarse, throaty noise of the men's words; trussed by a sense of isolation and utter helplessness.

At length he garnered enough courage to face full towards the horse-trader's daughter. After a quick glance he jerked away. Her pale head was bowed. For a moment, he says, he fancied she was dozing and it made him bitter, but as he listened, quivering, he found she was sobbing—a wailing sound faintly underlying the wagon's clamor.

Her tiny sobs gave significance to his own wretchedness; and certain that the men could not perceive his weakness, he too wept. The shaking wagon flicked a few tears out of his eyes and onto his hands limp between his legs.

When the thorough-clotted blackness of night had come, the wheels still groaned in their tireless careening rhythm. Stars bit through the sky. Some winked, others stared. A dull, opaque half-moon stood aloft like an ear. Out-thrust branches plied leaves through his hair and across his face and neck. He felt chill.

The girl coughed.

He rubbed his eyes, then began to inch towards her. But he held back, fearful lest she resent his coming.

The wheels dug into yielding earth suddenly; their cries let up. The men's tones lifted into distinctness, the horse-trader's braying, his father's grave.

"Yeah!"

"Well, you didn't make trouble."

"Isn't my way—nope!"

"It'll make him feel responsible. . . ."

"Yeah! And she's got stuff. You know how it is. . . ."

"Too much dreaming around *is* bad. . . ."

"Yeah! . . . I got plenty horses. I'll take him in with me. . . ."

The village lamps began to bob and dart on the inky horizon, he says.

Intently he looked at the girl. Her eyes glimmered, two tendrils of light growing toward his. He drew towards her in the dark; found her wrist, then her hand. It was cool. His fingers

trembled among the little valleys of her knuckles. In silence he let his arm creep about her waist. She shivered slightly and he moved closer, till their touching bodies pressed tight.

"Yeah! It's best all around," came the horse-trader's voice.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak! came, he says, the wooden wheels' voice.

And finishing his story my father told me,

"That winter, when the snow lay sill-high round the horse-trader's house, you were born."

THE UNDEFEATED

By ERNEST HEMINGWAY

(From *This Quarter*)

MANUEL GARCIA climbed the stairs to Don Miguel Retana's office. He set down his suit case and knocked on the door. There was no answer. Manuel, standing in the hall way, felt there was some one in the room. He felt it through the door.

"Retana," he said, listening.

There was no answer.

He's there all right, Manuel thought.

"Retana," he said and banged the door.

"Who's there?" said some one in the office.

"Me, Manolo," Manuel said.

"What do you want?" asked the voice.

"I want to work," Manuel said.

Something in the door clicked several times and it swung open. Manuel went in carrying his suit case.

A little man sat behind a desk at the far side of the room. Over his head was a bull's head, stuffed by a Madrid taxidermist, on the walls were framed photographs and bull fight posters.

The little man sat looking at Manuel.

"I thought they'd killed you," he said.

Manuel knocked with his knuckles on the desk. The little man sat looking at him across the desk.

"How many corridas you had this year?" Retana asked.

"One," he answered.

"Just that one?" the little man asked.

"That's all."

"I read about it in the papers," Retana said. He leaned back in the chair and looked at Manuel.

Manuel looked up at the stuffed bull. He had seen it often before. He felt a certain family interest in it. It had killed his brother, the promising one, about nine years ago. Manuel remembered the day. There was a brass plate on the oak shield the bull's head was mounted on. Manuel could not read it, but he imagined it was in memory of his brother. Well, he had been a good kid.

The plate said, The Bull "Mariposa" of the Duke of Veragua which accepted 9 varas for 7 caballos, and caused the death of Antonio Garcia, Novillero, april 27, 1909.

Retana saw him looking at the stuffed bull's head.

"The lot the Duke sent me for Sunday will make a scandal," he said. "They're all bad in the legs. What do they say about them at the Café?"

"I don't know," Manuel said. "I just got in."

"Yes," Retana said. "You still have your bag."

He looked at Manuel leaning back behind the big desk.

"Sit down," he said. "Take off your cap."

Manuel sat down; his cap off, his face was changed. He looked pale, and his coleta pinned forward on his head, so that it would not show under the cap, gave him a strange look.

"You don't look well," Retana said.

"I just got out of the hospital," Manuel said.

"I heard they'd cut your leg off," Retana said.

"No," said Manuel. "It got all right."

Retana leaned forward across the desk and pushed a wooden box of cigarettes toward Manuel.

"Have a cigarette," he said.

"Thanks."

Manuel lit it.

"Smoke?" he said, offering the match to Retana.

"No," Retana waved his hand, "I never smoke."

Retana watched him smoking.

"Why don't you get a job and go to work?" he said.

"I don't want to work," Manuel said. "I am a bull fighter."

"There aren't any bull fighters any more," Retana said.

"I'm a bull fighter," Manuel said.

"Yes, while you're in there," Retana said.

Manuel laughed.

Retana sat, saying nothing and looking at Manuel.

"I'll put you on in a nocturnal if you want," Retana offered.

"When?" Manuel asked.

"To-morrow night."

"I don't like to substitute for anybody," Manuel said. That was the way they all got killed. That was the way Salvador got killed. He tapped with his knuckles on the table.

"It's all I've got," Retana said.

"Why don't you put me on next week?" Manuel suggested.

"You wouldn't draw," Retana said. "All they want is Litri and Rubito and La Torre. Those kids are good."

"They'd come to see me get it," Manuel said, hopefully.

"No, they wouldn't. They don't know who you are anymore."

"I've got a lot of stuff," Manuel said.

"I'm offering to put you on to-morrow night," Retana said. "You can work with young Hernandez and kill two novillos after the Charlots."

"Whose novillos?" Manuel asked.

"I don't know. Whatever stuff they've got in the corrals. What the veterinaries won't pass in the day time."

"I don't like to substitute," Manuel said.

"You can take it or leave it," Retana said. He leaned forward over the papers. He was no longer interested. The appeal that Manuel had made to him for a minute when he thought of the old days was gone. He would like to get him to substitute for Larita because he could get him cheaply. He could get others cheaply too. He would like to help him though. Still he had given him the chance. It was up to him.

"How much do I get?" Manuel asked. He was still playing with the idea of refusing. But he knew he could not refuse.

"Two hundred and fifty pesetas," Retana said. He had thought of five hundred, but when he opened his mouth it said two hundred and fifty.

"You pay Villalta seven thousand," Manuel said.

"You're not Villalta," Retana said.

"I know it," Manuel said.

"He draws it, Manolo," Retana said in explanation.

"Sure," said Manuel. He stood up. "Give me three hundred, Retana."

"All right," Retana agreed. He reached in the drawer for a paper.

"Can I have fifty now?" Manuel asked.

"Sure," said Retana. He took a fifty peseta note out of his pocket book and laid it, spread out flat, on the table.

Manuel picked it up and put it in his pocket.

"What about a cuadrilla?" he asked.

"There's the boys that always work for me nights," Retana said. "They're all right."

"How about picadors?" Manuel asked.

"They're not much," Retana admitted.

"I've got to have one good pic," Manuel said.

"Get him then," Retana said. "Go and get him."

"Not out of this," Manuel said, "I'm not paying for any cuadrilla out of sixty duros."

Retana said nothing but looked at Manuel across the big desk.

"You know I've got to have one good pic," Manuel said.

Retana said nothing but looked at Manuel from a long way off.

"It isn't right," Manuel said.

Retana was still considering him, leaning back in his chair, considering him from a long way away.

"They're the regular pics," he offered.

"I know," Manuel said. "I know your regular pics."

Retana did not smile. Manuel knew it was over.

"All I want is an even break," Manuel said reasonably. "When I go out there I want to be able to call my shots on the bull. It only takes one good picador."

He was talking to a man who was no longer listening.

"If you want something extra," Retana said, "go and get it. There will be a regular cuadrilla out there. Bring as many of your own pics as you want. The charlotada is over by 10.30."

"All right," Manuel said. "If that's the way you feel about it."

"That's the way," Retana said.

"I'll see you to-morrow night," Manuel said.

"I'll be out there," Retana said.

Manuel picked up his suit case and went out.

"Shut the door," Retana called.

Manuel looked back, Retana was sitting forward looking at some papers. Manuel pulled the door tight until it clicked.

He went down the stairs and out of the door into the hot brightness of the streets. It was very hot in the street and the light on the white buildings nearly blinded him. He walked down the shady side of the steep street toward the Puerta del Sol. The shade felt solid and cool as running water. The heat struck you as you crossed the intersecting streets. Manuel saw no one he knew in all the people he passed.

Just before the Puerto del Sol he turned into a Café.

It was quiet in the Café. There were a few men sitting at tables against the wall. At one table four men played cards. Most of the men sat against the wall smoking, empty coffee cups and liquor glasses before them on the tables. Manuel went all the way back through the long room to a small room in back. A man sat at a table in the corner asleep. Manuel sat down at one of the tables.

A waiter came in and stood beside Manuel's table.

"Have you seen Zurito?" Manuel asked him.

"He was in before lunch," the waiter answered. "He won't be back before five o'clock."

"Bring me some coffee and milk and a shot of the ordinary," Manuel said.

The waiter came back into the room carrying a tray with a big coffee glass and a liquor glass on it. In his left hand he held a bottle of brandy. He swung these down to the table and a kid who had followed him, poured coffee and milk into the glass from two shiny spouted pots with long handles.

Manuel took off his cap and the waiter noticed his pigtail pinned forward on his head. He winked at the coffee boy as he poured out the raw brandy into the little glass beside Manuel's coffee. The coffee boy looked at Manuel's pale face curiously.

"You fighting here?" asked the waiter, corking up the bottle.

"Yes," Manuel said. "To-morrow."

The waiter stood there, holding the bottle on one hip.

"You in the Charlie Chaplins?" he asked.

The coffee boy looked away, embarrassed.

"No. In the ordinary."

"I thought they were going to have Chaves and Hernandez," the waiter said.

"No. Me and another guy."

"Who? Chaves or Hernandez?"

"Hernandez, I think."

"What's the matter with Chaves?"

"He got hurt."

"Where did you hear that?"

"Retana."

"Hey, Looie," the waiter called to the next room, "Chaves got cogida."

Manuel had taken the wrapper off the lumps of sugar and dropped them into his coffee. He stirred it and drunk it down, sweet, hot and warming in his empty stomach. He drank off the brandy.

"Give me another shot of that," he said to the waiter.

The waiter uncorked the bottle and poured the glass full, slopping another drink into the saucer. Another waiter had come up in front of the table. The coffee boy was gone.

"Is Chaves hurt bad?" the second waiter asked Manuel.

"I don't know," Manuel said. "Retana didn't say."

"A hell of a lot he cares," the tall waiter said. Manuel had not seen him before. He must have just come up.

"If you stand in with Retana in this town you're a made man," the tall waiter said. "If you aren't in with him you might just as well go out and shoot yourself."

"You said it," the other waiter who had come in said. "You said it then."

"You're darn right I said it," said the tall waiter. "I know what I'm talking about when I talk about that bird."

"Look what he's done for Villalta," the first waiter said.

"And that ain't all," the tall waiter said. "Look what he's done for Marcial Lalanda. Look what he's done for Nacional."

"You said it, kid," agreed the short waiter.

Manuel looked at them, standing talking in front of his table. He had drunk his second brandy. They had forgotten about him. They were not interested in him.

"Look at that bunch of camels," the tall waiter went on. "Did you ever see this Nacional?"

"I seen him last Sunday, didn't I?" the original waiter said.

"He's a giraffe," the short waiter said.

"What did I tell you?" the tall waiter said. "Those are Retana's boys."

"Say, give me another shot of that," Manuel said. He had poured the brandy the waiter had slopped over in the saucer into his glass and drank it while they were talking.

The original waiter poured his glass full mechanically and the three of them went out of the room talking.

In the far corner the man was still asleep, snoring slightly on the intaking breath, his head back against the wall.

Manuel drank his brandy. He felt sleepy himself. It was too hot to go out into the town. Besides there was nothing to do. He wanted to see Zurito. He would go to sleep while he waited. He kicked his suitcase under the table to be sure it was there. Perhaps it would be better to put it back under the seat against the wall. He leaned down and shoved it under. Then he leaned forward on the table and went to sleep.

When he woke there was some one sitting across the table from him. It was a big man with a heavy brown face like an Indian. He had been sitting there some time. He had waved the waiter away and sat reading the paper and occasionally looking down at Manuel, asleep, his head on the table. He read the paper laboriously, forming the words with his lips as he read. When it tired him he looked at Manuel. He sat heavily in the chair, his black Cordoba hat tipped forward.

Manuel sat up and looked at him.

"Hello, Zurito," he said.

"Hello, kid," the big man said.

"I've been asleep," Manuel rubbed his forehead with the back of his fist.

"I thought maybe you were."

"How's everything?"

"Good. How is everything with you?"

"Not so good."

They were both silent. Zurito, the picador, looked at Manuel's white face. Manuel looked down at the picador's enormous hands folding the paper to put away in his pocket.

"I got a favor to ask you, Manos," Manuel said.

Manosduros was Zurito's nickname. He never heard it without

thinking of his huge hands. He put them forward on the table self-consciously.

"Let's have a drink," he said.

"Sure," said Manuel.

The waiter came and went and came again. He went out of the room looking back at the two men at the table.

"What's the matter, Manolo?" Zurito set down his glass.

"Would you pic two bulls for me to-morrow night?" Manuel asked looking up at Zurito across the table.

"No," said Zurito. "I'm not pic-ing."

Manuel looked down at his glass. He had expected that answer; now he had it. Well, he had it.

"I'm sorry, Manolo, but I'm not pic-ing." Zurito looked at his hands.

"That's all right," Manuel said.

"I'm too old," Zurito said.

"I just asked you," Manuel said.

"Is it the nocturnal to-morrow?"

"That's it. I figured if I had just one good pic I could get away with it."

"How much are you getting?"

"Three hundred pesetas."

"I get more than that for pic-ing."

"I know," said Manuel. "I didn't have any right to ask you."

"What do you keep on doing it for?" Zurito asked. "Why don't you cut off your coleta, Manolo?"

"I don't know," Manuel said.

"You're pretty near as old as I am," Zurito said.

"I don't know," Manuel said. "I got to do it. If I can fix it so that I get an even break that's all I want. I got to stick with it, Manos."

"No, you don't."

"Yes, I do. I've tried keeping away from it."

"I know how you feel. But it isn't right. You ought to get out and stay out."

"I can't do it. Besides I've been going good lately."

Zurito looked at his face.

"You've been in the hospital."

"But I was going great when I got hurt."

Zurito said nothing. He tipped the cognac out of his saucer into his glass.

"The papers said they never saw such a faena with the muleta," Manuel said.

Zurito looked at him.

"You know when I get going I'm good," Manuel said.

"You're too old," the picador said.

"No," said Manuel. "You're ten years older than I am."

"With me it's different."

"I'm not too old," Manuel said.

They sat silent, Manuel watching the picador's face.

"I was going great till I got hurt," Manuel offered.

"You ought to have seen me, Manos," Manuel said, reproachfully.

"I don't want to see you," Zurito said. "It makes me nervous."

"You haven't seen me lately."

"I've seen you plenty."

Zurito looked at Manuel, avoiding his eyes.

"You ought to quit it, Manolo."

"I can't," Manuel said. "I'm going good now. I tell you."

Zurito leaned forward, his hands on the table.

"Listen. I'll pic for you and if you don't go big to-morrow night, you'll quit. See? Will you do that?"

"Sure."

Zurito leaned back, relieved.

"You got to quit," he said. "No monkey business. You got to cut the coleta."

"I won't have to quit," Manuel said. "You watch me. I've got the stuff."

Zurito stood up. He felt tired from arguing.

"You got to quit," he said. "I'll cut your coleta myself."

"No, you won't," Manuel said. "You won't have a chance."

Zurito called the waiter.

"Come on," said Zurito. "Come on up to the house."

Manuel reached under the seat for his suitcase. He was happy. He knew Zurito would pic for him. He was the best picador living. It was all simple now.

"Come on up to the house and we'll eat," Zurito said.

Manuel stood in the patio de caballos waiting for the Charlie

Chaplins to be over. Zurito stood beside him. Where they stood it was dark. The big door that led into the bull ring was shut. Above them they heard a big shout, then another shout of laughter. Then there was silence. Manuel liked the smell of the stables about the patio de caballos. It smelt good in the dark. There was another roar from the arena and then applause, prolonged applause, going on and on.

"You ever seen these fellows?" Zurito asked, big and looming beside Manuel in the dark.

"No," Manuel said.

"They're pretty funny," Zurito said. He smiled to himself in the dark.

The high, double, tight-fitting door into the bull ring swung open and Manuel saw the ring in the hard light of the arc lights, the plaza dark all the way around, rising high; around the edge of the ring were running and bowing two men dressed like tramps followed by a third in the uniform of a hotel bellboy who stooped and picked up the hats and canes thrown down onto the sand and tossed them back up into the darkness.

The electric light went on in the patio.

"I'll climb onto one of those ponies while you collect the kids," Zurito said.

Behind them came the jingle of the mules coming out to go into the arena and be hitched onto the dead bull.

The members of the cuadrilla who had been watching the burlesque from the runway between the barrera and the seats came walking back and stood in a group talking under the electric light in the patio. A good looking lad in a silver and orange suit came up to Manuel and smiled.

"I'm Hernandez," he said, and put out his hand.

Manuel shook it.

"They're regular elephants we've got to-night," the boy said cheerfully.

"They're big ones with horns," Manuel agreed.

"You drew the worst lot," the boy said.

"That's all right," Manuel said. "The bigger they are the more meat for the poor."

"Where did you get that one?" Hernandez grinned.

"That's an old one," Manuel said. "You line up your cuadrilla so I can see what I've got."

"You've got some good kids," Hernandez said. He was very jolly. He had been on twice before in nocturnals and was beginning to get a following in Madrid. He was happy the fight would start in a few minutes.

"Where are the pics?" Manuel asked.

"They're back in the corrals fighting about who gets the beautiful horses," Hernandez grinned.

The mules came through the gate in a rush, the whips snapping, bells jangling and the young bull plowing a furrow of sand.

They formed up for the paseo as soon as the bull had gone through.

Manuel and Hernandez stood in front. The youths of the cuadrillas were behind, their heavy capes furled over their arms. In back the four picadors, mounted, holding their steel-tipped push poles erect in the half dark of the corrals like lances.

"It's a wonder Retana wouldn't give us enough light to see the horses by," one picador said.

"He knows we'll be happier if we don't get too good a look at these skins," another pic answered.

"This thing I'm on barely keeps me off the ground," the first picador said.

"Sardines for the canning factory."

They laughed, sitting their gaunt horses in the dark.

Zurito said nothing. He had the only steady horse of the lot. He had tried him, wheeling him in the corrals and he responded to the bit and the spurs. He had taken the bandage off his right eye and cut the strings where they had tied his ears tight shut at the base. He was a good solid horse, solid on his legs. That was all he needed. He intended to ride him all through the corrida. He had already, since he had mounted, sitting in the half dark in the big, quilted saddle, waiting for the paseo, pic-ed through the whole corrida in his mind. The other picadors went on talking on both sides of him. He did not hear them.

The two matadors stood together in front of their three peones, their capes furled over their left arms in the same fashion. Manuel was thinking about the three lads in back of him. They

were all three Madrilenos, like Hernandez, boys about nineteen. One of them, a Gypsy, serious, aloof, and dark-faced he liked the look of. He turned.

"What's your name, kid?" he asked the Gypsy.

"Fuentes," the Gypsy said.

"That's a good name," Manuel said.

The Gypsy smiled showing his teeth.

"You take the bull and give him a little run when he comes out," Manuel said.

"All right," the Gypsy said. His face was serious. He began to think about just what he would do.

"Here she goes," Manuel said to Hernandez.

"Let's step."

Heads up, swinging with the music, their right arms swinging free they stepped out crossing the sanded arena under the arc lights, the cuadrillas opening out behind, the picadors riding after, behind came the bull ring servants and the jingling mules. The crowd applauded Hernandez as they marched across the arena. Arrogant, swinging, they looked straight ahead as they marched.

They bowed before the president and the procession broke up into its component parts. The bull fighters went over to the barrera and changed their heavy mantles for the light fighting capes. The mules went out. The picadors galloped jerkily around the ring and two rode out the gate they had come in by. The servants swept the sand smooth.

Manuel drank a glass of water poured for him by one of Retana's deputies, who was acting as his manager and sword handler. Hernandez came over from speaking with his own manager.

"You got a good hand, kid," Manuel complimented him.

"They like me," Hernandez said happily.

"How did the paseo go?" Manuel asked Retana's man.

"Like a wedding," said the handler. "Swell. You guys came out like Joselito and Belmonte."

Zurito rode by, a bulky equestrian statue. He wheeled his horse and faced him toward the toril on the far side of the ring where the bull would come out. It was strange under the arc light. He pic-ed in the hot afternoon sun for big money. He

didn't like this arc light business. He wished they would get started.

Manuel went up to him.

"Pic him, Manos," he said. "Cut him down to size for me."

"I'll pic him, kid." Zurito spat on the sand. "I'll make him jump out of the ring."

"Lean on him, Manos," Manuel said.

"I'll lean on him," Zurito said. "What's holding it up?"

"He's coming now," Manuel said.

Zurito sat there, his feet in the box stirrups, his great legs in the buckskin-covered armor gripping the horse, the reins in his left hand, the long pic held in his right hand, his broad hat well down over his eyes to shade them from the lights, watching the distant door of the toril. His horse's ears quivered. Zurito patted him with his left hand.

The red door of the toril swung back and for a moment Zurito looked into the bare passageway far across the arena. Then the bull came out in a rush, skidding on his four legs as he came out under the lights then charging in a gallop, moving softly in a fast gallop, silent except as he woofed through wide nostrils as he charged, glad to be free after the dark pen.

In the first row of seats, slightly bored, leaning forward to write on the cement wall in front of his knees, the substitute bull fight critic of *El Heraldo* scribbled, "Campagnero, Negro, 42, came out at 90 miles an hour with plenty of gas—"

Manuel, leaning against the barrera watching the bull, waved his hand and the Gypsy ran out trailing his cape. The bull, in full gallop pivoted and charged the cape, his head down, his tail rising. The Gypsy moved in a zig-zag and as he passed the bull caught sight of him and abandoned the cape to charge the man. The Gyp sprinted and vaulted the red fence of the barrera as the bull struck it with his horns. He tossed into it twice with his horns, banging into the wood blindly.

The critic of *El Heraldo* lit a cigarette and tossed the match at the bull, then wrote in his note book, "large and with enough horns to satisfy the cash customers Campagnero showed a tendency to cut into the terrain of the bull fighters."

Manuel stepped out on the hard sand as the bull banged into the fence. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Zurito sitting the

white horse close to the barrera about a quarter of the way around the ring to the left. Manuel held the cape close in front of him by the collar and shouted at the bull. "Huh! Huh!" The bull turned, seemed to brace against the fence as he charged in a scramble, driving into the cape as Manuel sidestepped, pivoted on his heels with the charge of the bull and swung the cape just ahead of the horns. At the end of the swing he was facing the bull again and held the cape in the same position, close in front of his body and pivoted again as the bull re-charged. Each time as he swung the crowd shouted.

Four times he swung with the bull, lifting the cape so it billowed full, and each time bringing the bull around to charge again. Then at the end of the fifth swing he held the cape against his hip and pivoted so the cape swung out like a ballet dancer's skirt and wound the bull around himself like a belt, to step clear, leaving the bull facing Zurito on the white horse, come up and planted firm, the horse facing the bull, its ears forward, its lips nervous, Zurito his hat over his eyes, leaning forward, the long pic sticking out before and behind in a sharp angle under his right arm, held half way down, the triangular iron point facing the bull.

El Herald's second string critic, drawing on his cigarette, his eyes on the bull, wrote, "the Veteran Manolo designed a series of acceptable veronicas ending in a very Belmontistic recorte that earned applause from the regulars and we entered the tercio of the cavalry."

Zurito sat his horse measuring the distance between the bull and the end of the pic. As he looked the bull gathered himself together and charged, his eyes on the horse's chest. As he lowered his head to hook, Zurito sunk the point of the pic in the swelling hump of muscle above the bull's shoulder, leaned all his weight on the lance and with his left hand pulled the white horse into the air, front hoofs pawing, and swung him to the right as he pushed the bull under and through so the horns passed safely under the horse's belly and the horse came down, quivering, the bull's tail brushing his chest as he charged the cape Hernandez offered him.

Hernandez ran sideways taking the bull out and away with the cape toward the other picador. He fixed him with a swing of the cape squarely facing the horse and rider, and stepped back.

As the bull saw the horse he charged. The picador's lance slid along his back and as the shock of the charge lifted the horse back the picador was already half way out of the saddle, lifting his right leg clear as he missed with the lance and falling to the left side to keep the horse between him and the bull. The horse, lifted and gored, crashed over with the bull driving into him, the picador gave a shove with his boots against the horse and lay clear, waiting to be lifted and hauled away and put on his feet.

Manuel let the bull drive into the fallen horse, he was in no hurry, the picador was safe, beside it did a picador like that good to worry. He'd stay on longer next time. Lousy pics. He looked across the sand at Zurito a little way out from the barrera his horse rigid, waiting.

"Huh!" he called to the bull, "Huh!" holding the cape in both hands so it would catch his eye. The bull detached himself from the horse and charged the cape and Manuel running sideways and holding the cape spread wide, stopped, swung on his heels and brought the bull sharply around facing Zurito.

"Campagnero accepted a pair of varas for the death of one rosinante with Hernandez and Manolo at the quites," El Heraldo's critic wrote. "He pressed on the iron and clearly showed he was no horse lover. The veteran Zurito resurrected some of his old stuff with the pike pole notably the suerte—"

"Olé! Olé!" the man sitting beside him shouted. The shout was lost in the roar of the crowd, and he slapped the critic on the back. The critic looked up to see Zurito, directly below him, leaning far out over his horse, the length of the pic rising in a sharp angle under his armpit, holding the pic almost by the point, bearing down with all his weight, holding the bull off, the bull pushing and driving to get at the horse, and Zurito, way out, right on top of him, holding him, holding him and slowly pivoting the horse against the pressure so that at last he was clear. Zurito felt the moment when the horse was clear and the bull could come past and relaxed the absolute, steel lock of his resistance and the triangular steel point of the pic ripped in the bull's hump of shoulder muscle as he tore loose to find Hernandez's cape before his muzzle. He charged blindly into the cape and the boy took him out into the open arena.

Zurito sat patting his horse and looking at the bull charging the

cape that Hernandez swung for him out under the bright light while the crowd shouted.

"You see that one?" he said to Manuel.

"It was a wonder," Manuel said.

"I got him that time," Zurito said. "Look at him now."

At the conclusion of a closely turned pass of the cape the bull slid to his knees. He was up at once, but far out across the sand Manuel and Zurito saw the shine of the pumping flow of blood smooth against the black of the bull's shoulder.

"I got him that time," Zurito said.

"He's a good bull," Manuel said.

"If they gave me another shot at him I'd kill him," Zurito said.

"They'll change the thirds on us," Manuel said.

"Look at him now," Zurito said.

"I got to go over there," Manuel said, and started on a run for the other side of the ring where the monos were leading a horse out by the bridle toward the bull, whacking him on the legs with rods and all in a procession trying to get him toward the bull who stood dropping his head, pawing, unable to make up his mind to charge.

Zurito, sitting his horse, walking him toward the scene, not missing any detail, scowled.

Finally the bull charged, the horse leaders ran for the barrera, the picador hit him too far back and the bull got under the horse, lifted him, threw him onto his back.

Zurito watched. The monos in their red shirts running out to drag the picador clear. The picador, now on his feet, swearing and flopping his arms. Manuel and Hernandez standing ready with their capes. And the bull, the great black bull with a horse on his back, hoofs dangling, the bridle caught in the horns. Black bull with a horse on his back, staggering short legged, then arching his neck and lifting thrusting, charging to slide the horse off, horse sliding down. Then the bull into a lunging charge at the cape Manuel spread for him.

The bull was slower now Manuel felt. He was bleeding badly. A sheen of blood all down his flank.

Manuel offered him the cape again. There he came, eyes open, ugly, watching the cape. Manuel stepped to the side and raised

his arms, tightening the cape ahead of the bull for the veronica.

Now he was facing the bull. Yes, his head was going down a little. He was carrying it lower. That was Zurito.

Manuel flopped the cape, there he comes, he sidestepped and swung in another veronica. He's shooting awfully accurately, he thought. He's had enough fight so he's watching now. He's hunting now. Got his eye on me. But I always give him the cape.

He shook the cape at the bull, there he comes, he sidestepped. Awful close that time. I don't want to work that close to him.

The edge of the cape was wet with blood where it had swept along the bull's back as he went by.

All right, here's the last one.

Manuel, facing the bull, having turned with him each charge, shook the cape with his two hands. The bull looked at him. Eyes watching, horns straight forward, the bull looked at him, watching.

"Huh!" Manuel said, "Toro!" and leaning back swung the cape forward. Here he comes. He sidestepped, swung the cape in back of him and pivoted so the bull followed a swirl of cape and then was left with nothing, fixed by the pass, dominated by the cape. Manuel swung the cape under his muzzle with one hand to show the bull was fixed and walked away.

There was no applause.

Manuel walked across the sand toward the barrera while Zurito rode out of the ring. The trumpet had blown to change the act to the planting of the banderillos while Manuel had been working with the bull. He had not consciously noticed it. The monos were spreading canvas over the two dead horses and sprinkling sawdust around them.

Manuel came up to the barrera for a drink of water. Retana's man handed him the big porous jug.

Fuentes, the tall Gypsy, was standing holding a pair of banderillos, holding them together, slim, red sticks, fish hook points out. He looked at Manuel.

"Go on out there," Manuel said.

The Gypsy trotted out. Manuel set down the jug and watched. He wiped his face with his handkerchief.

The critic of *El Heraldo* reached for the bottle of warm champagne that stood between his feet, took a drink, and finished his paragraph.

"—the aged Manolo rated no applause for a vulgar series of lances with the cape and we entered the third of the palings."

Alone in the center of the ring the bull stood, still fixed. Fuentes, tall, flat backed, walking toward him arrogantly, the two slim, red sticks held above his head, one in each hand, held by the fingers, points straight forward. Fuentes walked forward. Back of him and to one side was a peon with a cape. The bull looked at him and was no longer fixed.

His eyes watched Fuentes, now standing still. Now leaning back calling to him. Fuentes twitched the two banderillos and the light on the steel points caught the bull's eye.

His tail went up and he charged.

He came straight, his eyes on the man. Fuentes stood still, leaning back, the banderillos pointing forward. As the bull lowered his head to hook, Fuentes leaned forward, his two hands together, the banderillos two descending red lines, and dropped the points into the bull's shoulder, leaning far in over the bull's horns and pivoting on the two upright sticks, his legs tight together, his body curving to one side to let the bull pass.

"Olé!" from the crowd.

The bull was hooking wildly, jumping like a trout, all four feet off the ground. The red shaft of the banderillos tossed as he jumped.

Manuel, standing at the barrera, noticed that he hooked always to the right.

"Tell him to drop the next pair on the right," he said to the kid who started to run out to Fuentes with the new banderillos.

A heavy hand fell on his shoulder. It was Zurito.

"How do you feel, kid?" he asked.

Manuel was watching the bull.

Zurito leaned forward on the barrera, leaning the weight of his body on his arms. Manuel turned to him.

"You're going good," Zurito said.

Manuel shook his head. He had nothing to do now until the next third. The Gypsy was very good with the banderillos. The bull would come to him in the next third in good shape. He was

a good bull. It had all been easy up to now. The final stuff with the sword was all he worried over. He did not worry. He did not even think about it. But standing there he had a heavy sense of apprehension. He looked out at the bull, planning his faena, his work with the red cloth that was to reduce the bull, to make him manageable.

The Gyp was walking out toward the bull again, walking heel-and-toe, insultingly, like a ball room dancer, the red shafts of the banderillos twitching with his walk. The bull watched him, not fixed now, hunting him, but waiting to get close enough so he could be sure of getting him, getting the horns into him.

As Fuentes walked forward the bull charged. Fuentes ran across the quarter of a circle as the bull charged and as he passed running backwards, stopped, swung forward, rose on his toes, arms straight out, and sunk the banderillos straight down into the tight of the big shoulder muscles as the bull missed him.

The crowd were wild about it.

"That kid won't stay in this night stuff long," Retana's man said to Zurito.

"He's good," Zurito said.

"Watch him now."

They watched.

Fuentes was standing with his back against the barrera. Two of the cuadrilla were back of him with their capes ready to flop over the fence to distract the bull.

The bull with his tongue out, his barrel heaving, was watching the Gypsy. He thought he had him now. Back against the fence. Only a short charge away. The bull watched him.

The Gypsy bent back, drew back his arms, the banderillos pointing at the bull. He called to the bull, stamped one foot. The bull was suspicious. He wanted the man. No more barbs in the shoulder.

Fuentes walked a little closer to the bull. Bent back. Called again. Somebody in the crowd shouted a warning.

"He's too damn close," Zurito said.

"Watch him," Retana's man said.

Leaning back, inciting the bull with the banderillos, Fuentes jumped, both feet off the ground. As he jumped the bull's tail rose and he charged. Fuentes came down on his toes, arms

straight out, whole body arching forward, and planted the banderillos straight down as he swung his body clear of the right horn.

The bull crashed into the barrera where the flopping capes had attracted his eye as he lost the man.

The Gypsy came running along the barrera toward Manuel taking the applause of the crowd. His vest was ripped where he had not quite cleared the point of the horn. He was happy about it, showing it to the spectators. He made the tour of the ring. Zurito saw him go by, smiling, pointing at his vest. He smiled.

Somebody else was planting the last pair of banderillos. Nobody was paying any attention.

Retana's man tucked a baton inside the red cloth of a muleta, folded the cloth over it and handed it over the barrera to Manuel. He reached in the leather sword case, took out a sword and holding it by its leather scabbard reached it over the fence to Manuel. Manuel pulled the blade out by the red hilt and the scabbard fell limp.

He looked at Zurito. The big man saw he was sweating.

"Now you get him, Kid," Zurito said.

Manuel nodded.

"He's in good shape," Zurito said.

"Just like you want him," Retana's man assured him.

Manuel nodded.

The trumpeter blew for the final act and Manuel walked across the arena toward where, up in the dark boxes, the President must be.

In the front row of seats the substitute bull fight critic of El Heraldito took a long drink of the warm champagne. He had decided it was not worth while to write a running story and would write up the corrida back in the office. What the hell was it anyway? Only a nocturnal. If he missed anything he would get it out of the morning papers. He took another drink of the champagne. He had a date at Maxim's at twelve. Who were these bull fighters anyway? Kids and bums. A bunch of bums. He put his pad of paper in his pocket and looked over toward Manuel, standing very much alone in the ring, gesturing with his hat in a salute toward a box he could not see high up in the dark plaza. Out in the ring the bull stood quiet, looking at nothing.

"I promise that I will fight faithfully and loyally and that I

will kill this bull or he will kill me," was what Manuel was saying.

He bowed at the dark, straightened, tossed his hat over his shoulder and carrying the muleta in his left hand and the sword in his right walked out toward the bull.

Manuel walked toward the bull. The bull looked at him, his eyes were quick. Manuel noticed the way the banderillos hung down on his left shoulder and the steady sheen of blood from Zurito's pic-ing. He noticed the way the bull's feet were. As he walked forward, holding the muleta in his left hand and the sword in his right, he watched the bull's feet. The Bull could not charge without gathering his feet together. Now he stood square on them, dully.

Manuel walked toward him, watching his feet. This was all right. He could do this. He must work to get the bull's head down so he could go in between his horns and kill him. He did not think about the sword, not about killing the bull. He thought about one thing at a time. The coming things oppressed him though. Walking forward watching the bull's feet he saw successively his eyes, his wet muzzle, and the wide, forward pointing spread of his horns. The bull had light circles about his eyes. His eyes watched Manuel. He felt he was going to get this little one with the white face.

Standing still now and spreading the red cloth of the muleta with the sword, pricking the point into the cloth so that the sword, now held in his left hand, spread the red flannel like the jib of a boat, Manuel noticed the points of the bull's horns. One of them was splintered from banging against the barrera. The other was sharp as a porcupine quill. Manuel noticed while spreading the muleta that the white base of the horn was stained red. While he noticed these things he did not lose sight of the bull's feet. The bull watched Manuel steadily.

He's on the defensive now, Manuel thought. He's reserving himself. I've got to bring him out of that and get his head down. Always get his head down. Zurito had his head down once but he's come back. He'll bleed when I start him going and that will bring it down.

Holding the muleta with the sword in his left hand widening it in front of him he called to the bull.

The bull looked at him.

He leaned back insultingly and shook the wide spread flannel.

The bull saw the muleta. It was a bright scarlet under the arc light. The bull's legs tightened.

Here he comes. Whoosh. Manuel turned as the bull came and raised the muleta so that it passed over the bull's horns and swept down his broad back from head to tail. The bull had gone clean up in the air with the charge. Manuel had not moved.

At the end of the pass the bull turned like a cat coming around a corner and faced Manuel.

He was on the offensive again. His heaviness was gone. Manuel noted the fresh blood shining down the black shoulder and dripping down the bull's leg. He drew the sword out of the muleta and held it in his right hand. The muleta held low down in his left hand, leaning toward the left, he called to the bull. The bull's legs tightened, his eyes on the muleta. Here he comes, Manuel thought. Yuh!

He swung with the charge, sweeping the muleta ahead of the bull, his feet firm, the sword following the curve, a point of light under the arcs.

The bull re-charged as the pase natural finished and Manuel raised the muleta for a pase di pecho. Firmly planted the bull came by his chest under the raised muleta. Manuel leaned his head back to avoid the clattering banderillo shafts. The hot, black bull body touched his chest as it passed.

Too damn close, Manuel thought. Zurito leaning on the barrera spoke rapidly to the Gypsy who trotted out toward Manuel with a cape. Zurito pulled his hat down low and looked out across the arena at Manuel.

Manuel was facing the bull again, the muleta held low and to the left. The bull's head was down as he watched the muleta.

"If it was Belmonte doing that stuff they'd go crazy," Retana's man said.

Zurito said nothing. He was watching Manuel out in the center of the arena.

"Where did the boss dig this fellow up?" Retana's man asked.

"Out of the hospital," Zurito said.

"That's where he's going damn quick," Retana's man said. Zurito turned on him.

"Knock on that," he said, pointing to the barrera.

"I was just kidding, Man," Retana's man said.

"Knock on the wood."

Retana's man leaned forward and knocked three times on the barrera.

"Watch the faena," Zurito said.

Out in the center of the ring under the lights Manuel was kneeling facing the bull and as he raised the muleta in both hands the bull charged, tail up.

Manuel swung his body clear and as the bull recharged brought around the muleta in a half circle that brought the bull to his knees.

"Why, that one's a great bull fighter," Retana's man said.

"No, he's not," said Zurito.

Manuel stood up and the muleta in his left hand, the sword in his right, acknowledged the applause from the dark Plaza.

The bull had humped himself up from his knees and stood waiting, his head hung low.

Zurito spoke to two of the other lads of the cuadrilla and they ran out to stand back of Manuel with their capes. There were four men back of him now. Hernandez had followed him since he first came out with the muleta. Fuentes stood watching, his cape held against his body, tall in repose, watching lazy eyed. Now the two came up. Hernandez motioned them to stand one at each side. Manuel stood alone, facing the bull.

Manuel waved back the men with the capes. Stepping back cautiously they saw his face was white and sweating.

Didn't they know enough to keep back? Did they want to catch the bull's eye with the capes after he was fixed and ready? He had enough to worry about without that kind of thing.

The bull was standing, his four feet square, looking at the muleta. Manuel furled the muleta in his left hand. The bull's eyes watched it. His body was heavy on his feet. He carried his head low.

Manuel shook the muleta at him. The bull did not move. Only his eyes watched.

He's all lead, Manuel thought. He's all square. He's framed right.

He thought in bull fight terms. Sometimes he had a thought and the particular piece of slang would not come into his mind

and he could not realize the thought. His instincts and his knowledge worked automatically, and his brain worked slowly and in words. He knew all about bulls. He did not have to think about them. He just did the right thing. His eyes noted things and his body performed the necessary measures without thought. If he thought about it he would be gone.

Now facing the bull he was conscious of many things at the same time. There were the horns, the one splintered, the other smoothly sharp, the need to profile himself toward the left horn, lance himself short and straight, blind the bull's charge with the muleta and going in between the horns, put the sword all the way into a little spot about as big as a five peseta piece straight in back of the neck, between the sharp pitch of the bull's shoulder. He must do all this and must then come out from between the horns. He was conscious he must do all this, but his only thought was in words, "Corto y Derecho."

"Corto y derecho," he thought, furling the muleta. Short and straight. Corto y derecho, he drew the sword out of the muleta, profiled on the splintered left horn, dropped the muleta across his body so his right hand with the sword on the level with his eye made the sign of the cross and rising on his toes sighted along the dipping blade of the sword at the spot high up between the bull's shoulders.

Corto y derecho he lanced himself on the bull.

There was a shock and he felt himself go up in the air. He pushed on the sword as he went up and over and it flew out of his hand. He hit the ground and the bull was on him. Manuel lying on the ground kicked at the bull's muzzle with his slippered feet. Kicking, kicking, the bull after him, missing him in his excitement, bumping him with his head, driving the horns into the sand. Kicking like a man keeping a ball in the air Manuel kept the bull from getting a clean thrust at him.

Manuel felt the wind on his back from the capes flopping at the bull and then the bull was gone, gone over him in a rush. Dark as his belly went over. Not even stepped on.

Manuel stood up and picked up the muleta. Fuentes handed him the sword. It was bent where it had struck the shoulder blade. Manuel straightened it on his knee and ran toward the

bull, standing now beside one of the dead horses. As he ran, his pocket flopped where it had been ripped under his arm pit.

"Get him out of there," Manuel shouted to the Gypsy. The bull had smelled the blood of the dead horse and ripped into the canvas cover with his horns. He charged Fuentes' cape with the canvas hanging from his splintered horn and the crowd laughed. Out in the ring he tossed his head to rid himself of the canvas. Hernandez, running up from behind him, grabbed the end of the canvas and neatly lifted it off the horn.

The bull followed it in a half charge and stopped still. He was on the defensive again. Manuel was walking toward him with the sword and muleta. Manuel swung the muleta before him. The bull would not charge.

Manuel profiled toward the bull, sighting along the dipping blade of the sword. The bull was motionless, seemingly dead on his feet, incapable of another charge.

Manuel rose to his toes, sighting along the steel, and charged.

Again there was the shock and he felt himself being borne back in a rush to strike hard on the sand. There was no chance of kicking this time. The bull was on top of him. Manuel lay as though dead, his head on his arms and the bull bumped him. Bumped his back, bumped his face in the sand. He felt the horn go into the sand between his folded arms. The bull hit him in the small of the back. His face drove into the sand. The horn drove through one of his sleeves and the bull ripped it off. Manuel was tossed clear and the bull followed the capes.

Manuel got up, found the sword and muleta, tried the point of the sword with his thumb and then ran toward the barrera for a new sword.

Retana's man handed him the sword over the edge of the barrera.

"Wipe off your face," he said.

Manuel, running again toward the bull, wiped his bloody face with his handkerchief. He had not seen Zurito. Where was Zurito?

The cuadrilla had stepped away from the bull and waited with their capes. The bull stood, heavy and dull again after the action.

Manuel walked toward him with the muleta. He stopped and shook it. The bull did not respond. He passed it right and left,

left and right before the bull's muzzle. The bull's eyes watched it and turned with the swing but he would not charge. He was waiting for Manuel.

Manuel was worried. There was nothing to do but go in. Corto y derecho. He profiled close to the bull, crossed the muleta in front of his body and charged. As he pushed in the sword, like a boxer shooting a straight right, he jerked his body to the left to clear the horn. The bull passed him and the sword shot up in the air, twinkling under the arc lights, to fall red hilted on the sand.

Manuel ran over and picked it up. It was bent and he straightened it over his knee.

As he came running toward the bull, fixed again now, he passed Hernandez standing with his cape.

"He's all bone," the boy said encouragingly.

Manuel nodded, wiping his face. He put the bloody handkerchief in his pocket.

There was the bull. Quite close to the barrera now. Damn him. Maybe he was all bone. Maybe there was not any place for the sword to go in. The hell there wasn't. He'd show them.

He tried a pass with the muleta and the bull did not move. Manuel shook the muleta in front of the bull. Nothing doing.

He furled the muleta, drew the sword out, profiled and drove in on the bull. He felt the sword buckle as he shoved it in, leaning his weight on it and then it shot high in the air, end over end into the crowd. Manuel had jerked clear as the sword jumped.

The first cushions thrown down out of the dark missed him. Then one hit him in the face, his bloody face looking toward the crowd. They were coming down fast. Spotting the sand. Somebody threw an empty champagne bottle from close range. It hit Manuel on the foot. He stood there watching the dark where the things were coming from. Then something whished through the air and struck by him. Manuel leaned over and picked it up. It was his sword. He straightened it over his knee and gestured with it to the crowd.

"Thank you," he said. "Thank you."

Oh, the dirty bastards. Dirty bastards. Oh, the lousy dirty bastards. He kicked into a cushion as he ran.

There was the bull. The same as ever. All right, you dirty lousy bastard.

Manuel passed the muleta in front of the bull's black muzzle. Nothing doing.

You won't. All right. He stepped close and jammed the sharp peak of the muleta into the bull's damp muzzle.

The bull was on him as he jumped back and as he tripped on a cushion he felt the horn go into him, into his side. He grabbed the horn with his two hands and rode backwards holding tight on to the place. The bull tossed him and he was clear. He lay still. It was all right. The bull was gone.

He got up coughing and feeling broken and gone. The dirty bastards.

"Give me the sword," he shouted. "Give me the stuff."

Fuentes came up with the muleta and the sword.

Hernandez put his arm around him.

"Go on to the infirmary, Man," he said. "Don't be a damn fool."

"Get away from me," Manuel said. "Get to hell away from me."

He twisted free. Hernandez shrugged his shoulders. Manuel ran toward the bull.

There was the bull standing, heavy, firmly planted.

All right, you bastard. Manuel drew the sword out of the muleta, sighted with the same movement and flung himself onto the bull. He felt the sword go in all the way. Right up to the guard. Four fingers and his thumb into the bull. Hot on his knuckles.

The bull caved with him as he lay on and then he was standing clear. He looked at the bull going down, over on his side, four feet in the air.

Then he gestured at the crowd. His hand warm from the bull's blood.

All right, you fellows. He wanted to say something but he started to cough. He looked down for the muleta. He must go over and salute the President. President hell. He was sitting down looking at something. It was the bull. Four feet up. Tongue out. Dead bull. To hell with the bull. To hell with them all. He started to get to his feet and commenced to cough.

He sat down again, coughing. Somebody came and pushed him up.

They carried him across the ring to the infirmary, running with him across the sand, standing blocked at the gate as the mules came in, then around under the dark passageway, men grunting as they took him up the stairway and then laid him down.

The doctor and two men in white were waiting for him. They laid him out on the table. They were cutting away his shirt. Manuel felt tired. His whole chest felt warm and hot. He started to cough and they held something to his mouth. Everybody was very busy.

There was an electric light in his eyes. He shut his eyes.

He heard some one coming very heavily up the stairs. Then he did not hear it. Then he heard a noise far off. That was the crowd. Well somebody would have to kill his other bull. They had cut away all his shirt. The doctor smiled at him. There was Retana.

"Hello, Retana," Manuel said. He could not hear his voice.

Retana smiled at him and said something. Manuel could not hear it.

Zurito stood beside the table, bending over where the doctor was working. He was in his picador clothes. Without his hat.

Zurito said something to him. Manuel could not hear it.

Zurito was speaking to Retana. One of the men in white smiled and handed Retana a pair of scissors. Retana gave them to Zurito. Zurito said something to Manuel. He could not hear it.

To hell with this operating table. He'd been on plenty of operating tables before. He was not going to die. There would be a priest if he was going to die.

Zurito was saying something to him. Holding up the scissors.

That was it. They were going to cut off his coleta. They were going to cut off his pig tail.

Manuel sat up on the operating table. The doctor stepped back, angry. Some one grabbed him and held him.

"You couldn't do a thing like that, Manos," he said.

He heard suddenly, clearly Zurito's voice.

"That's all right," Zurito said. "I won't do it. I was joking."

"I was going good," Manuel said. "I didn't have any luck. That was all."

Manuel lay back. They had put something over his face. It was all familiar. He inhaled deeply. He felt very tired. He was very, very tired. They took the thing away from his face.

"I was going good," Manuel said, weakly. "I was going great."

Retana looked at Zurito and started for the door.

"I'll stay here with him," Zurito said.

Retana shrugged his shoulders.

Manuel opened his eyes and looked at Zurito.

"Wasn't I going good, Manos?" he asked for confirmation.

"Sure," said Zurito. "You were going great."

The doctor's assistant put the cone over Manuel's face and he inhaled deeply. Zurito stood awkwardly, watching.

THE CHRISTIAN BITE ¹

By MANUEL KOMROFF

(From *The Atlantic Monthly*)

I HATE this Christian world we live in. I hate its cheap morals, I hate its mean standards, I hate everything about it! It is all small and petty! Narrow, tight, two-by-four lives watered with a stuff called goodness and pressed into a mold hardened by tradition. The Romans were right. They cast the Christians into an arena. They fed them to lions and enjoyed every minute of it. They paid admission to see the spectacle and I'd gladly pay a good deal to see—well, I hate them, anyway."

These were the earnest words of Charles Adams Scott, born in Boston, the son of a clergyman. He banged his fist on the table as he raged about the narrowness of this Christian world; and little did we expect at the time that these words would start a whole series of incidents. In fact, that is how the trouble started. It began in anger and it ended almost in tears. And between the anger and the tears ran a current of unbelievable and ridiculous events.

At first I paid no attention to Scott's anger. There was one year when he hated the Germans; then he hated the French and worked himself into a frenzy about them. Only recently he opposed the rich and blamed them for a good share of the world's miseries; and now it was Christianity. Well, I didn't think it meant very much, and when I went home that evening I thought of Daniel in the lions' den and smiled at the idea. "He's an odd fellow," I said to myself, and went to bed to sleep through a restful night. But I must admit that I have not had a peaceful night since.

He drove over the next morning and tooted the horn of the car. When I came to the front of the house he yelled: "Get your

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hat and come to town with me. I want a witness." He drove over to the office of a friend, an attorney.

"I want to ask you some problems in law."

"Fire away," said the lawyer.

"Can a man sell away his life?"

"Yes and no," replied the lawyer. "In the eyes of the law a man's life belongs to God alone. That is, with exceptions. But—"

"Leave out this Christian business. What are the exceptions?"

"Well, they may be numerous. In the case of a criminal the law has a right to take away his life. But there may be other exceptions also."

"Has the law any objections to people witnessing the death of a man?"

"In the South," replied the attorney, "people attend hangings in great numbers."

"That is all I want to know." And with that we left the office.

I was too dazed to speak. I looked at Scott.

"I am not so crazy as you think," he said. "What is in the back of my mind is a plan that will knock this narrow Christian world into a cocked hat. I am going to stage a Roman sacrifice on a grand scale. I will hire a big place like the Yale Bowl and get a couple of lions from a menagerie and then throw in a Christian."

"You are mad," I cried.

"Not so mad as you think. It will be a great gesture and attract attention. It will shake the very foundations of our society."

"You will have the world against you!"

"No, not at all. We don't have to sacrifice a good Christian—we can get hold of a bad one. And nobody can object to that. Even on their own standards they could not object."

"What standards?"

"Christian standards!" Scott yelled. "In the Christian world that we live in, only the good have any right of existence."

"Surely you're not serious," I protested. "And where will you find this Christian for the mad gesture that you think will rock foundations?"

"Wait and see!"

That evening he showed me a copy of a letter he had type-written to the State's Prison. He explained his plan at length and requested that he be given the next criminal who was about to be executed. He relieved the prison authorities of any trouble in the matter, and said that the criminal's death would be witnessed by thousands and any money made by the venture would be donated toward the improvement of prison conditions.

Having had no answer to his letter, at the end of a week he wrote again. In reply to his second letter he was visited by two detectives who came to find out if he was a dangerous character. His session with them lasted two and a half hours and when they left they hardly knew what he was, and they came to seek information from me. I assured them at once that it was only a sort of joke and that there was nothing seriously wrong with Scott, excepting, perhaps, his sense of humor.

"Now you have had your lesson. Live and let live," I said when I saw him again.

"I knew you would say something of the sort," he replied. "You sum it up and dispose of it with one of your tubercular proverbs. You're a cheap sport!"

It did me no good to try to point out that I had done my best to stand by him, and that while I was not wholly in sympathy with his project I still understood his motives and remained loyal. It did me little good to tell all this, for what Scott wanted to know was regarding the future. He wanted to know if I would see him through "to the bitter end"; and if I had only known at the time what this would imply I think I should have risked our friendship rather than the mad adventure. It was mad, indeed, from start to finish. But the bark of it was worse than the bite.

Before I knew it, we were off for New York in his old, dilapidated car. "New York," he said, "is the right place for such a gesture. It's the place where people will pay admission to see a real live martyr thrown to the lions." He abandoned the idea of the Yale Bowl in favor of the City College Stadium in upper New York. This was the best neighborhood, he said, for the "pageant." At one time he called it a "gesture," at another a "pageant," and once he even went so far as to call it "the lion's bite." At all times he was in deadly earnest.

At Bridgeport came our first disappointment. We visited the winter home of the big circus and were told it was off touring in the Middle West. We were also told, however, of an old German animal-trainer who might be able to put us in the path of a lion. With a little difficulty we found the place.

"What kind of animals have you got what needs training?" asked our host.

"We came to inquire about a lion."

"How old is it?"

"No. We want to rent one."

"Oh," said the German, a bit disappointed, "you want to get one? Oh, I see."

For a moment a heavy silence hung in the room. "Would a couple of baby leopards do? I got first-class leopards what can eat out of your hands."

Scott explained that only lions would be eligible, and then he added cautiously that he did not need them very highly trained, but preferred to have them hungry and ferocious.

"My animals eat the best," protested the trainer. "They eat the same as I eat. Many a man would be glad to get such good food."

Scott did not disclose his venture for fear that the trainer would feel that the lions were endangered by this Christian bite. The German seemed very cautious and wanted to know again if his pair of leopards would not do.

In the yard, along the wall of which grew sunflowers, stood a row of box-like cages, mostly empty. In one of these the keeper had a lioness, but I cannot say I should have recognized the beast as such. She was far removed from my picture-book and menagerie experiences. But the keeper insisted that she was of first-class parentage, though I must say that her looks would hardly have gained her admission to the cartoon pages of *Punch*.

"What you want, Scott," I said, "is a regular British lion. One with a good dark mane and a wide, flat nose."

"When we brush her up," said the keeper, "you will not recognize her. She is beautiful. When I lend her out for motion pictures—did you see the picture, 'The Man Who is Slapped'? Well, she photographs like a million dollars. When I brush her up

I give her a little hair dye in the collar and bring it all up high—big all around. She is beautiful. My wife loves her.”

“What is her name?” asked Scott.

“Fanny. My wife calls her Fanny.”

“Is she the only one you have?”

“That’s the only baby in Bridgeport; the rest is traveling.”

Scott bit his lips. He was vexed. He mumbled something to me—something about making the best of a bad business. Then he spoke privately to the trainer and they walked to the back of the yard and stood among the sunflowers. At length I heard that the deal had been made, and Fanny, box and all, was lifted out of the yard and put into the back of our car. We covered the box with a rug, and off we started.

“Take my advice,” I said, “and avoid the Boston Road.”

“You are too darned cautious,” Scott replied. He drove on. Evening was approaching and I began to get worried.

All this time Fanny had been very well behaved, and I feared that now she might kick up and begin to protest. But nothing happened. I could hear her tail knocking against the boards of her box. I kept trying to persuade Scott that the venture was an impossible one and that no good could come of it. But he only pointed his finger at me and said: “Remember your promise. On to New York!”

Once I even said to him: “Look at Ingersoll. With all his eloquence he was unable to make any noticeable impression on Christianity. Then what will you do with your fleabite?”

“That’s the trouble,” he replied. “Ingersoll tried to reason with them. You can’t reason with a religion—you can only ridicule it or show it up. We will show it up. Then you will hear them holler. You will see! Remember your promise! You will see!”

“Shall we rent an apartment for Fanny or will she live à la carte in a hotel?” I asked in a sarcastic voice.

He stopped the car. He needed time to think. At length he decided that we would make our headquarters in a roadhouse not far from White Plains. This would be near enough to New York to allow us to visit the city daily.

The plan was not a bad one. We secured two rooms in this country hotel and parked Fanny in a little garage in the back yard. They gave us a key to the padlock on the door of the

garage, and all seemed well. The only funny part about it was the name of the hotel. It was called the Blue Mouse, and I tried to invent all kinds of puns about the lion and the mouse. But Scott would stop me and say: "Cut it out. Can't you be serious about anything?" As a matter of fact the puns were like trying to whistle to keep up courage. Then Scott would say, pointing his finger: "Remember your promise. Now where do you think we shall find our Christian?"

At first he was going to ask the girls in the Blue Mouse, but I protested. I told him they would never understand—they were only country girls, innocent in all things, excepting perhaps sex matters, which they learn in detail from the movies. I said that I was wholly against complicating our problems with the fair sex. "We should look for a man—a Christian man in New York," I said. It would be difficult, but I thought he could be found.

"Ah!" exclaimed Scott. "A woman in the arena, eaten by a lion! That's what would make the sensation. That's the gesture to give them."

But I insisted on a man. "Suppose you make this deal with a woman," I argued, "and we bring her here to the hotel for the rehearsals and—"

"Rehearsals!" he cried.

"Yes, rehearsals. How else are you going to manage? Can you dare risk it without pumping up her courage? Suppose we are already in the arena, and the wild beast is let loose, and the woman jumps up into the lower boxes—what are you going to do? Who will throw her back to the beast? Will you? And suppose the night before the performance she begins to weaken and tears roll from her eyes and she sobs about her mother and reminds you that she was once a little girl and—well, who will comfort her? Will you? No—we must have a man. A man who understands. A man of courage."

The task was not an easy one, but after several days we found a hobo in a Bowery mission who was willing, for five hundred dollars, to go through with this deal. Of course he wanted to know if there wasn't anything else he could do for the same money. But at last he consented.

"What is your name?" I asked, as he got into the back of the car.

"Evans—Billy Evans," he mumbled in his toothless mouth.

"Evans is a good old name," I remarked. "You won't fail us?"

"I give you my word as a gentleman," he replied, and put forward his knotty hand for me to shake. Then he shook hands with Scott, too, for at that time he did not know which of us was going to pay out the money.

When we got him to the Blue Mouse we explained the plan in detail. He listened; but when we asked him if he knew anything about the old Christian martyrs he said in his deep, whiskeyed voice, "Do they serve any sandwiches here?"

"The poor man is hungry," I cried and rang for the waiter.

"What kind would you like?" said the waiter, as he named half a dozen.

"Bring one of each," said Scott, who did not fancy the interruption.

While the hungry man ate and drank near-beer Scott continued with the plan. "Now of course the five hundred dollars goes to any person you desire to leave it to. The whole business is for the benefit of humanity. Your name will live in history." The hungry man munched the sandwiches and drank the beer. When he was through he wanted to know if he could have a cup of coffee.

While he drank the coffee and wiped his unshaved chin Scott went on. "The main reason for going to all this trouble and doing this is to show the world that there are some people who have a great contempt for Christianity, who feel that on the whole Christianity has been a force for evil and bad. The world has refused to listen to reason, but a spectacle of this kind will demand attention and give courage to those who feel as we do but have been too weak to say so." When the coffee was finished a bell announced that dinner was ready.

"I feel now," said Scott, "that we have made great strides. To-morrow you run down and engage the City College Stadium for an afternoon about two weeks from now."

"You insist on the City College Stadium?" I said.

"There are many reasons. I have given the matter a good deal of thought. In the first place it resembles a Roman arena, and has a large seating-capacity. Then one side is closed with a high iron fence, so that Fanny could not escape. Besides, it is situated

in a desirable part of the city. Nobody in that section could really object to the sacrifice of a Christian—in fact, most of them would enjoy it. It is the most desirable place. You arrange for it, and I will continue instructing the main actor and settle with a printer for tickets and posters.—By the way,” he added, “I think you feed Fanny too much.”

That night we had turtle soup and broiled chicken for supper, after which we sat on the porch and smoked cigars—and so did the hobo.

Then I called Scott aside. “There is just this that came into my mind. We know very little about this fellow. Are you sure he is a Christian? The mere fact that we found him at a mission means nothing. We certainly cannot go any further unless we find out. It would be a great joke on us if it were discovered when it was over that he wasn’t a Christian after all.”

“What is the test of a Christian?”

I had to admit that I did not know.

“Well, now, let’s see,” Scott reasoned. “He is not a Chinaman or an Eskimo. He is not a Buddhist from India or a Moham-medan from Turkey. He is certainly not a Zionist. Then what else can he be?” My fears were pacified.

In the morning we had a long talk with Billy Evans. He was a Christian all right, though he admitted he never practiced at it very regularly. He said: “Me and my missus parted company in Chicago ten year back. Our little girl was confirmed in church. Church is for the womenfolk, says I. It’s no place for a fellow who feels his independence.”

“Then how did you happen to come to the mission?” I asked.

“Coffee and buns,” he answered. “All you do is confess something and the rest is easy.”

“You see!” said Scott indignantly. “We will teach them a lesson. To take starving men and force ethics into them before they can get a cup of coffee!”

“Without sugar,” added the tramp. “I wonder if they got any more of them sandwiches left.” Between meals he ate sandwiches and drank near-beer. In fact, he ate all day long, and I soon feared that indigestion might take him from us. At the same time I starved Fanny—I gave her nothing to eat for two whole days. She rolled her eyes and flopped her heavy tail

against the side of the box. It was a plan to make her ferocious, so that when the time came she would not fail us.

All this while I avoided going down to New York to arrange for the Stadium. I found first one excuse, then another; how much longer I could postpone it I did not know. Surely something must happen, I thought, that would put an end to this mad adventure. Then Evans announced, "I decided to leave the money to the missus."

"How will you locate her?"

"I will send her a letter. Her brother in New York has a plumber business on Third Avenue."

"All right," I said. "Write your letter at once."

"I will," he said, "but how about five dollars now for myself?"

I called Scott, who gave him five dollars on the promise that he would not run away.

"I only want to get a haircut and a shave," he added. And sure enough he came back to the Blue Mouse—in time for lunch.

While he was out Scott said to me, "I guess it's time to start the rehearsals." I had no idea, of course, how an affair of this kind could be rehearsed, and could offer no suggestions. But Scott now had definite notions about the matter, and asked me to secure for him a lady's nightgown. That is exactly what he said. He did not say, "Steal a nightgown for me"; he did not say, "Borrow a nightgown," and he did not say, "Buy a nightgown." All he said was "Secure a nightgown." He left it all to me—and it was most embarrassing.

You can well imagine the mood I was in. I went out into the back yard, unlocked the little garage, sat down on the running-board of the car, and looked at Fanny. "Poor Fanny," I mumbled. "Poor Fanny. Here we brought you away from home, and separated you from your trainer's wife, who loves you, on a darn fool mission that was never any good from the start and will end the same way. And now we have starved you for two days so that the pangs of hunger will force you to eat this Christian hobo—and that's no kind of diet for a lady. Yes, my dear, you will have a nice Christian bite; but it's more than likely that it will give you indigestion. Poor Fanny—you are a beast and I am a beast too. Forgive me, Fanny. My heart was never

set on this adventure—I was humbugged into it.” Fanny pricked up her ears, rolled her big watery eyes, and flopped her tail against the box.

“Yes, my dear, you will have a Christian bite,” I continued, forgetting all about the nightgown. “A nice Christian bite; but what would you do, Fanny, if I opened your box and let you loose? You great big overgrown cat, what would you do? Could you find your way home to Bridgeport?”

Just as I was saying this the colored porter passed the open garage door with a garbage can that he had emptied.

“Morning, boss,” he called. “How is your zoo behaving?”

“Fine and dandy,” I replied.

He stuck his head in. “Still sleeping,” he remarked.

“No, she’s just kind of lazy,” I said.

“How would she like a nice cup of coffee to brace her up?”

“As far as I am concerned, you can give her iodine,” I said.

In a minute he returned with a big pot of coffee. I poured it into Fanny’s pan and locked the garage. While giving the colored man his tip I reminded myself of the nightgown. He was just the right person to ask, and it seemed a stroke of genius, for in less than half an hour he delivered to my room a lacy-silk orchid-colored affair.

In the evening of that day I heard a great commotion. Scott rushed into my room, the nightgown in his hand. He was boiling with rage.

“Is this what you got?” he thundered. “Are you trying to make a fool of me? Did you ever hear of a Christian martyr in a pink nightgown?”

“It’s not pink,” I murmured.

The rehearsal was postponed until the next day. In the morning I returned the silken gown to the porter, who wanted to know if I would not like another pot of coffee for the zoo. As Fanny had not had any food for days I thought a little stimulant might do no harm, and we gave her the coffee. Then I went in search of a department store to buy a white-cotton regulation Christian martyr nightgown.

When I returned I was met by the colored porter, who cried, “Hurry up, boss! Your zoo is kicking up a big holler!”

Sure enough, Fanny was letting loose her wild jungle cries. "There is nothing to be done," I said. "If she wants to holler, let her holler."

While we were eating lunch we heard her again. Scott remarked that he did not know she had it in her. But the poor hobo was as pale as the cotton nightgown I had bought. The color he had taken on during the week had all vanished in a moment. "Now I wish I hadn't written that letter," he remarked, as he passed his plate for another helping of pie.

Fanny was quiet all afternoon. I paid her two visits and finally came to Scott to announce that the poor beast was sick. I told him she was so weak that if the performance were to take place that day the Christian would probably eat the lion; her condition was such that she wouldn't mind who bit her.

"What made her sick?" he asked.

"Starvation," I thought. But I also mentioned the coffee as a possibility.

Scott directed me to go at once to a first-class butcher shop and buy a good sirloin steak. "That will fix her up," he said. And while I was gone they would begin rehearsing.

Little did I suspect, when I set out in search of the butcher, what was waiting for me on my return. For that matter, little did I suspect, when we left Boston, what madness and folly I was to be led into. I wandered about aimlessly, looking for a butcher shop in streets where I was certain none could be. It was what psychologists call an escape mechanism. I was trying to escape. I was like Fanny in her box. I did not dare to face reality. It was all so impossible, so incredible, so unbelievable, so insane. I did not want to find a butcher and return with a sirloin steak. I made all kinds of wishes as I walked. I wished a policeman would come up to me and arrest me; I wished a passing automobile would run over me; I wished Fanny would break loose and run home; I wished all kinds of things, until I found myself actually in a plain, matter-of-fact butcher shop.

When I got back to Fanny she was lying on her side, jerking her legs, in the grip of a violent hiccough. "Here's a nice little steak for you, Fanny," I said, as I worked the five-pound sirloin through the bars. But she could not be tempted. I waited a moment and then pushed the steak up to her nose, but she would

not have it. In fact, we might have found this out before if we hadn't been such fools. Then I ran to the house to give the news. It was good news to me, and I made up my mind how to say it. I was going to run up the stairs, burst open the door, and cry, "It's all off! She don't eat meat!" I repeated the words as I ran.

Just then a limousine drove up to the front door and I could hear a slight commotion, but I did not stop. I ran up the stairs and threw open the door, but I was speechless.

In the middle of the room stood the hobo smoking a cigar; over his clothes hung the white nightgown, which draped around his big shoes. Scott was under the table pretending he was the raging lion.

"When I growl," he said, "you roll your eyes and look spiritual."

People had followed me up the stairs, and before I had time to cry, "She don't eat meat!" a crowd was already in the room. Scott stuck his head out from under the table as a woman cried: "Billy! Billy!" and flung herself into the arms of the hobo. "It's not too late, Billy. It's not too late," she sobbed, and tears rolled down her cheeks.

In the meantime her young companion was dragging Scott out from under the table and shouting, "I'll teach you how to take advantage of a poor old man! I'll teach you all right! I'll teach you!"

Then the woman turned on me, but the hobo pacified them by saying: "The boys is all right. They're a bunch of nuts, but they mean right." Then he turned to us and said by way of explanation, "That's my missus."

"I have a good mind to turn you over to the police!" shouted the "missus." Her head and neck were covered with artificial jewels of great size, and as she spoke they clanked.

It was impossible to explain. There was nothing to say. When the nightgown was torn off our Christian he stood looking about as though in a daze.

"Our car is downstairs, Billy. Maggie will be home when we get there. She is working to-night in the Fox studio. She doubles for the star." Then, turning to us, she said proudly: "That's my daughter, and it's mother's love what did it. Mother's love," she

repeated. "It's good we are not too late. It's good he wrote me. We don't want your old money!" she cried, and drew a letter from her large beaded bag and threw it on the table. Tears came to her eyes. "What mother's love did for my daughter it can also do for my Billy-Boy." She kissed him again.

In another moment they were gone. Oh, what a sense of relief! Then I whispered to Scott: "Well, it's good they are gone. Fanny don't eat meat anyway. We might have found it out before, but we didn't. She is terribly sick, and if she dies on our hands—and we have a dead cat to bring back to Bridgeport—what can we tell Mr. Kraus, the keeper, and his wife who loves her? What can we say?" We were just in the mood for a long tale of woe, and I went on and on.

At length Scott could stand it no longer. He jumped to his feet and cried, "Come, pack your bag!" This was the happiest moment in my life.

That very night we returned Fanny to her old home—her sunflowered back yard in Bridgeport. We deposited the box in its place, and Scott went into the house to settle with the keeper while I remained in the yard to say good-by to Fanny. I walked up and down in front of the cage. "Good-by, Fanny," I said. "It's all for the best. Here is where you belong instead of that old stuffy garage in back of the Blue Mouse. You have been a good girl, Fanny. You are a perfect lady even though you don't eat meat. I hope you will forgive us, Fanny. This whole scheme was hardly right from the start. You were roped in and I was roped in. It was a lot of noise and nothing more. You were the only one who acted with any dignity. I guess you understand a good deal more than people think. Yes, you're a good old girl, Fanny; you have more brains than we and I hope you'll forgive us. We live in a civilized world, and martyrs are different now. You know what I mean by civilized; by civilized I mean half-and-half. Scott's idea is not a bad one,—you know you must give the Devil his due,—but the way he goes about it is all wrong. He should write a book instead of going in for arena affairs that threaten to be messy and land him in jail. If he feels the way he does about Christianity he should at least be a gentleman about it. That is what I have tried to tell him, but he would not listen to reason. I wish you could speak to him.

I wish you could only say you forgive us. Good-by, Fanny. You are a perfect lady, and I will always love you. Good-by." As we went out of the gate I could again hear the dull knock of her tail against the hollow sides of her box, and I felt she understood.

We remained in a Bridgeport hotel overnight. The next day was Sunday, and to avoid the heavy traffic of the Boston Road we started at daybreak and ran on full speed. At last we were returning home, and my gladness burst out into a tuneful whistle. But Scott jerked at the wheel and the clutch of the car, and I could tell he was angry.

We reached Boston before noon. The trees along the avenue seemed black against the sky. At last we were hardly a mile from home, when suddenly, as though it were all staged for our arrival, the church bells began ringing. First one church, then another, and in the distance we heard a third. With every stroke Scott winced. Now he could stand it no longer, and suddenly stopped the car in front of the next church. The large doors were open and we could hear the slow, beating, low notes of the organ. Little girls in white dresses hurried up the stone steps.

"I won't give it up!" Scott cried. "I am not going to lie down so easily. I will face them in their own den. I will preach them the kind of sermon they need. Narrow, tight, bigoted fools! I will show them what they are. You just wait until the music stops and see what happens. I won't be cowed by a lot of cheap sentiments! I won't be beaten by ragtime moralists! Peddlers in secondhand ideals! Cowards—that what they are! They are afraid to face the world as it is. They run away from it every Sunday. But they won't run away from me! Wait till their spiritual band stops playing. And when I run in, you close the doors! Don't fail!" He clutched me by the collar.

"You will be arrested!" I stammered.

"So much the better! Then the whole world will know."

He loosened his hold, and I thrust my hands into my coat pockets as I waited for the organ to stop playing. Suddenly I discovered a letter in one of my pockets. I pulled it out and looked at it.

"What are you reading?" growled Scott.

"It's the letter the hobo wrote to his 'missus.'"

We both read:—

DEAR TILLY:—

By the time you get this I will be ate by a hungry lion. Go and get 500 bucks from the boys in the Blue Mouse hotel. Love to Maggie.

Yours all eaten up,
BILLY

It was hard to believe, but there it was. And to make sure that my eyes did not fool me I read it again, this time aloud. I wanted to laugh, but I did not dare. At length, after a long and painful silence, we left the church. Suddenly Scott stopped the car and pointed to an old house opposite.

"There is where Henry Adams lived," he said, and took off his hat. "He knew it was useless. He knew it was hopeless. He knew that it was all wrong. He was a man. He was a thorn in the side of society. He was a democratic aristocrat. He showed them what they were—narrow, tight, two-by-four, cheap peddlers in worn-out ideals! Sentimental bigots! But what use was it? Here we are—and it's Sunday!"

THEN CHRISTS FOUGHT HARD ¹

By MILUTIN KRUNICH

(From *The Atlantic Monthly*)

I

UP to about four o'clock in the afternoon the people of the three towns—which clustered close together on the shores of the bay—enjoyed the fire hugely. It was Sunday, so of course everybody, young and old, came to view the novel and wondrous sight.

One of the seven immense storage tanks of the oil farm was on fire. It was a grand and at the same time an awe-inspiring spectacle. Monster black billow after billow, in quick succession, rose majestically high into the air, thrown with a tremendous yet silent force out of the gaping mouth of the giant tank. And every once in a while, between the billows, terrific tongues of flame would leap into the smoke, which glowed strangely in spite of the bright sunshine of a perfect day.

The cause of the fire was unique too. We live in the part of the world where "it never thunders." Still, the oil in the tank was ignited by lightning! There were people who said they had not seen lightning or heard thunder for the past ten years or more. However that may be, the fact is that at ten in the morning clouds gathered over our towns; there was a thunder storm for a few minutes, then a crash—and the tank was on fire. A few drops of rain fell. By noon the sky was as clear as ever. To the people this freak of nature was very intriguing. It was a novelty, and everybody was excited and eager: thousands came out to see the freak another freak had created.

Besides, the oil farm had a very advantageous position; there

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was ample room for the thousands to view the fire from every angle. The farm was situated between the old and the new towns. It was very large, and fenced in with a high fence painted green, the tanks themselves being painted in the same color. Right across its lower end was the Presidio, with its vast, bare, gently sloping hill, a veritable amphitheater for the eager spectators; across its other end, and to its left, the new town began. Bordering the fence was the road which connected the two towns; where it ended by the upper Presidio gate the very broad street of the new town began. To the right of the farm was the government depot—a long wooden structure, filled with baled hay, grain, and so forth. From the road the farm sloped gently toward the bay. Just at the edge of it ran the railroad track. Below it stood the fine, solid, long pier of the oil company, to which, every so often, great tankers came, to take away the crude oil to its destination. To the left of the pier, and at no great distance, the row of canneries extended as far as our own town, which is practically one with the new town.

Between the main street of the new town and the canneries, and to the left of the farm, was the workmen's quarter—long, narrow, unpaved streets, bordered with sorry wooden shacks and cottages, crowded together. This quarter was separated from the farm by a street and a few vacant lots—there was only one cannery which stood in close proximity to the farm. The houses nearest to the farm were those which stood beside the Presidio gate.

Still, to one viewing the monstrous column of black smoke, easily a mile high, everything might have seemed dangerously near. However, up to four in the afternoon I doubt if anybody even thought about it. The holiday crowd was out for great and carefree enjoyment.

And it enjoyed itself. Neighbor talked to neighbor excitedly, remembering his or her experiences in different fires. There was not a suspicion of a panic. Even the people of the two or three nearest houses were not apprehensive. But they certainly were very busy talking to the crowds below their porches. On the large porch of one of them—the second from the Presidio gate, standing almost opposite the burning tank—the master, in shirt sleeves, his Sunday paper still scattered about him, sat in a com-

fortable chair, explaining things to the intensely interested hundreds below him. The good mistress, still in a white morning-apron, her fat arms still white from the flour of the Sunday pie, told to every newcomer the hundred-times-repeated (she certainly had a bit of practice!) story of how it all happened. How she'd seen a huge ball of flame descend upon the roof of the tank and break right over it—"like a egg, my dear; and that's how started yonder fire."

So people forgot their lunches and watched.

The fire departments of the three towns and the Presidio were very busy indeed. All the fire hose available was used. The road, the street, the space between the tanks, were completely covered with the long, snakelike hose. Firemen and soldiers clustered on the other tanks, wielding the heavy nozzles. They looked like small insects trying to do a thing that they did not understand in the least. There was much running and shouting everywhere. Children in numerous flocks jumped over the hose and climbed the fence, yelling in their great glee and exultation—everybody was excited and glad to be there.

But *there was no wind*. Most unusual for this part of the country—almost another freak of nature! Had there been even the slightest breeze I am sure the conflagration would have appeared in a different light to the gaping thousands. But there was not even a puff! After the electric storm the sky was absolutely clear, the air absolutely calm. The column of smoke rose very high in the air, then swerved gently toward the bay, crossed its many miles, and spread over the mountains on the opposite shore. It looked there as if half of the world were in blackness.

Yet about four in the afternoon the first breath of uneasiness swept over the multitude. By then the steel sides of the tank had caved in, reducing its height to half. The heat became intense; the crowd gave way a little. Mothers and fathers began to gather their children about them. There were no longer firemen or soldiers on the roofs of the near-by tanks, but they still crowded around, directing the water against the sides of the other tanks nearest to the fire to keep them cool.

Then the explosion. Suddenly, and utterly unexpectedly to everybody, the burning, boiling oil rose out of the tank and in dreadful, flaming waves splashed in all directions. It splashed

over the road and the street. In a second, it seemed, the two nearest houses were in flames. The oil ran into the bay and burned there, spreading over the water. The pier was in flames; so was the government depot. Another tank blew off its roof and belched forth the black monster billows.

Then the panic. Instantly the thousands realized what the calamity really meant. The multitudes swayed and ran. Hundreds lost their reason for the moment. Here and there women fainted. Here and there women ran frantically through the surging crowds, shrieking and calling their children. Horrible rumors spread like lightning. Fifty men were burned alive between the tanks; then sixty; then eighty. Some stammered in almost inhuman fright that the three towns were surely doomed.

By evening there was not a soul who did not think about wind. Wind was the danger. Men, women, and children were on their knees, praying most fervently for the blessed calm to endure.

Everywhere in the new town a most feverish activity reigned: people were making all haste to save their belongings. Every imaginable kind of vehicle was used. The working-quarter was a bedlam, a many-tongued bedlam—foreigners lived there.

At ten at night the second tank silently boiled over. One could not believe it, but it was true that the thick column of flame rose up more than a mile. The towns were immersed in an appallingly red light like that of day. It looked as if the flame simply had to fall down and swallow the many thousands of houses.

At eleven the gasoline drums began to explode. Real explosions these, dull and powerful, each one with its bright, intense, blinding lightning. The drums, some hundreds of them, were stored in a shed on the farm. The corrugated-iron shed had gone by eleven.

Still more deadly rumor spread among the black figures that roamed the streets in that red glare. It was said that there was on the farm a fifty-thousand-gallon tank of gasoline. If that exploded! True, it was surrounded by a high, thick, concrete wall; true, between the wall and the steel of the tank were five feet of water. But what of that? The fire would come from above!

A beastly panic was at hand.

It was then that the Christs began their singular struggle.

II

Their champions were two women.

Of one I know nothing; of the other I know a great deal. In fact, she and her husband were my best friends. Were, I said; for, though the great fire took place rather recently, both of them have died since.

Mr. and Mrs. Meriweather lived in a most charming little house perched atop of a hill in the town next to the new one. It stood amid hollyhocks, nasturtiums, and geraniums, with a very trim hedge around it. There was a cosy little porch in front, half screened with ivy, and commanding a magnificent view of the bay. In a corner of the garden stood a quaint dove-cote on a high pole, with several pairs of snow-white pigeons fluttering about. The place was peaceful, idyllic.

Mr. Meriweather had been a government employee for a great many years. After he had retired from the service, he chose this spot to build himself a home to live in, with his good wife, the remainder of his years. He was a very handy man, and it was with great love that he built that little home. Everything about it, or in it, had to be just so. He was immensely proud of it. How many times had he pointed out to me its marvelous and unique appointments, features, and comforts! Once or twice he even opened the closets, and made me pass my hand over the shelves to notice how smooth the board was! It was a modern home—electricity ruled there. Everything was done to save labor as much as possible, for the little housewife simply had to be spared. Yes, Mr. Meriweather loved his little home, but not more than his good wife loved it.

Mrs. Meriweather was a tiny little woman of seventy. Her hair was white and surprisingly abundant, and she dressed it in a most becoming way. Her small face was ivory-colored and covered with wrinkles. Yet it was a singularly beautiful face, with its large black eyes—sparkling, kindly, intelligent, almost mischievous eyes—indeed as youthful as a girl's. She was always dressed in white, from her fancy little lace cap to her shoes. She was a gay little body, all day long. Hers was a superhuman courage, hers was an indomitable character, for she had been an

invalid for over thirty years; her heart was weak, very weak indeed.

Mr. Meriweather, on the other hand, was a tall, thin, gaunt, stooping six-footer. He was a little older than his wife; still his fine, silky hair was just turning gray. His face was long and bony, with a long nose and large, thick-lipped mouth, high cheekbones, and long, deep wrinkles. It might have appeared a stern face but for the very merry twinkle in the gray eyes. He was kindness itself; and his love for Mrs. Meriweather was quite the most ideal thing I have ever seen. He was an excellent cook and knew all the intricacies of household duties quite well. He was an irreproachable nurse, which was very fortunate, for Mrs. Meriweather was forced at times to spend several weeks in bed.

They were ideally happy. Still there was a great sadness in their happiness—they never had any children.

Then, some years back, I came into their lives. They accepted me as their friend and child. This is not the place to say how much this meant to me. Suffice it only to mention that the eight or ten weeks which I spent with them every year were by far the happiest days of my life—a lonely life otherwise, since I was left an orphan very early in my boyhood.

I was, and still am, a student of biology. In this little town there was, and still is, a marine station with modern laboratories for extensive research work in science. When I came to the station for the first time, some friends recommended me to the Meriweather home for board and lodging. That is how I became acquainted with these wonderful people. And when I was away from the little town we kept in close touch with each other through letters. I want to state here that by far the finest letters I have ever read, in print or otherwise, were those written by Mrs. Meriweather. They were indeed literary gems.

III

That famous (for these three towns, at least) Sunday, we three were still in bed when the electric storm came. By mutual agreement the previous evening, since we had played "500" quite late, we had decided to take life in a most leisurely manner the next day.

I must confess that I was wakened only by the thunderclap which had ignited the oil tank. At the same time I heard Mr. Meriweather's deep basso floating from his room across the hall:—

"Bingo! It never thunders in this land! Sure, now, here's the exception to the rule. Only I would rather have the rule than the exception."

This needed a commentary, and I supplied it; mine deserved another, and Mr. Meriweather promptly gave it out. So we kept it up merrily, till I happened to look through the window. It was my turn to proclaim a sensation, and I did right heartily.

"The world's on fire!" was my tremendous revelation.

We all dressed hastily and went out on the porch. We too were quite eager; we too, I am afraid, enjoyed the novel spectacle. After a hasty breakfast I sallied forth to view the fire from a nearer point of vantage.

At dinner time (two in the afternoon on Sundays) I came back and reported to the Meriweathers what was happening. After dinner Mr. Meriweather and I went to the fire. When the first tank exploded we were on the Presidio hill, near enough to be caught in the clutches of the panic.

At supper we spoke very little about it. For we did not want to excite or frighten Mrs. Meriweather too much—though I must say that at that time she felt better than at any other period since I had known her.

However, after supper, when the darkness came, Mrs. Meriweather became uneasy. We were sitting on the porch. The sky—all of it—was now covered with the smoke, which looked a horrible phantasmagoria of billowy shapes and figures, lighted by the fitful red glare, which at times attained the intensity of lightning. The air, too, was close, still, unreal. And those awful rumors reached even our peaceful abode. Several machines and trucks of the fugitives passed our little street.

Suddenly, shortly after nine o'clock, Mrs. Meriweather got up and declared calmly:—

"I want to go down; I want to be closer; I want to see."

Needless to say, I was greatly alarmed, but Mr. Meriweather asked gently in his deep voice:—

"Do you think you can make it, Mary?"

"Why, of course I can, Abe! Like this," she said, taking my right arm and Mr. Meriweather's left.

We went. The distance from our house to the oil farm was a little over two miles. The old family doctor had practically forbidden walking to Mrs. Meriweather, and I, knowing this, was worrying. I feared that she could not stand the exertion—a fear that later proved only too correct. But I said nothing. There was something in her manner that forbade me to speak. Mr. Meriweather understood his wife perfectly. With tender care he led her on and on, talking calmly the while about the great disaster.

Mrs. Meriweather went on slowly, steadily; she was silent, serious; she was listening and watching. Everywhere we passed groups of people, standing on the sidewalk or in the middle of the street, talking in hushed voices. One felt that a mysterious, potent, and evil fear was gripping at their souls.

The explosion of the second tank found us toward the middle of the main street in the new town. Its unspeakable dreadfulness rooted us to the spot. I confess I was frightened; nothing in my many war experiences (and I have witnessed the explosion of a huge, stone-built powder magazine at a time when thousands happened to be around) could have been compared with the silent soaring of the flames upward. This burning oil-tank explosion on a dark night was too ghastly, too horribly weird for mere human senses. Its peer, I am sure, will not spring into existence during our generation; even for our dangerously complicated modern times that would be too much.

I felt that Mrs. Meriweather trembled. But she emitted no sound. She watched, for a great many long seconds, the fiery-red tongue of flame mount higher and higher, shooting straight through the clouds of dense smoke. We stood there staring, aghast, blinded. Two minutes passed—and the monstrous mass of fire did not fall on the three towns. It was lost in the boundless spaces! Two more tanks were on fire. That was all.

But, *there was no wind*. Not even the slightest puff!

I thought that we were to return now. But no—Mrs. Meriweather moved slowly forward when our eyes got accustomed once more to the glare. Even the cries and shrieks of the small

and large black phantoms that moved and ran about us did not daunt her.

Still I said nothing. But I did all I could to assist and support her, which, truth to tell, was superficial: she was quite vigorous, and I am sure she could have walked without any assistance whatever.

Soon we turned to the left, and two blocks farther down we turned to the right, entering one of those unpaved, dusty, dirty streets of the workmen's quarter which ran parallel with the main street.

I tell you, the horrors of fear and fright and sheer panic that we saw and heard there were simply inhuman. One felt, more than ever, that man's greatest enemy is fire, his best friend. This is true in life: that our best friends hurt us the most at times.

Finally we came to a point beyond which we could not go any farther—there was a cordon of soldiers barring the way. The spot was the crossroads of two streets, quite spacious, for on only two corners were there houses; the other two were lots, pastures for the poor people's goats. It was about six blocks away from the oil farm. The heat was oppressive and rather stifling, but not intense. It was very light there—at times one could have seen a small button in the dust.

A crowd had gathered, composed of men, women, and children of the quarter. Strange faces, in that utterly unnatural light—mostly Italian and Portuguese; here and there, Japanese and Chinese. It was a curiously quiet crowd, behaving in a most peculiar manner. Some of its members were crossing themselves; some were kneeling; and some were craning their necks to see better what was going on in front. For something was happening there—just behind the soldiers, who stood mute and motionless. A high-pitched, loud, angry voice was heard coming in gusts from behind them. Fear, that gripping, growing fear of the unknown and unexplainable, was in the air and in the hearts of the crowd.

We felt it, we three, as soon as we came near. What was happening there in front? Mrs. Meriweather wanted to see, so we pushed on. The people were kneeling. A tall, large woman stood before them. She had her face turned toward the horrid conflagration, and she held aloft, with both hands, a silver crucifix,

which shone like fresh blood in the sun. And we heard her awful voice:—

“Repent, ye sinners. Repent while there is time. For the end is nigh. The last judgment is come. Ye sinners, Christ has sent the fire to destroy this wicked world! Christ is come with the flame! On your knees, ye sinners, and pray, and repent! Oh, repent, sinners, ere the time is up! For time runneth short.”

One felt the unyielding force of her powerful personality; one was conquered by her sincerity; so eloquently expressed in her voice—the voice of a true fanatic. No wonder that the poor souls behind her writhed in fear, murmuring fervent prayers to the awful deity of vengeance.

Suddenly the woman turned toward the trembling crowd and, waving her shining cross, exclaimed dramatically:

“Aye, for time runneth short! The storm and wind will strike the earth now to scatter yonder flames. I hear the wind in the air; it bloweth shrilly. Verily it is the trumpets of the last judgment. I hear them! The wind cometh! Repent, oh, repent!”

The crowd swayed, horror-stricken. Several women wailed loudly. Yes, the motley crowd understood her—how well! The wind! That was the crux—*that* was all.

In front of them four huge tanks belched forth living flames; and above them the clouds of smoke, all red and monstrous, mocked at them with their unearthly fantasies of whirling and dancing.

Yes, here *was* a beastly panic and agony.

Mrs. Meriweather, the while, was silent, gazing at the woman. She held my arm firmly; and once or twice I felt her shake violently.

“Oh, poor lambs! This is inhuman!” I heard her whisper, after the last outcry of the woman.

Then, without a warning as to what she was about to do, she let go of my arm and, stepping carefully around the kneeling figures, went to the woman and stood beside her, looking intently into her face. Then she smiled. I saw the smile; it will remain in my memory till my dying moment. It was a smile of boundless sympathy and pity—as a loving mother would smile forgiveness to a wayward daughter. Then she faced the crowd, and in her sweet, high voice said:—

"Christ is our best friend, people. He would rather be crucified again than see His friends suffer. Why, my dears, He cries when the little finger of a little child is hurt! He loves every one of you, and He will protect you. He will, never fear. And I tell you now that the wind will not come. He will not permit it. I know, my good people.

"The wind will not come!" she said, and the crowd understood. It surged toward her. It was almost jubilant! Hope was born then and there. Mrs. Meriweather gave it birth.

And the woman with the crucifix? She stood her ground like the very fanatics of old. She was surprised when Mrs. Meriweather came to her side and spoke comfort to the people, but in an instant she accepted the challenge. With exultant eagerness, too. The cross waved more fiercely than before, and the woman exclaimed, as soon as Mrs. Meriweather stopped speaking:—

"Do not be deceived, ye sinners. You know you are filled with sin. You know what the Bible—God's own words—says about the last judgment. Beware, I say unto you! This fire is the sign of God. He Himself sent the thunder that started yonder fire. Who dares deny that?"

"I." Immediately Mrs. Meriweather lifted her voice. "God is goodness and mercy. He has nothing to do with directing thunder. Thunder and lightning are Nature's, my children. Lightning strikes where it is most convenient for it to strike. And man can protect himself from it quite easily. God does not object to that. On the contrary, He wants him to; He gave him brains for it. This fire was started by man's stupidity and carelessness. That is all. Do not fear, people. Do not fear wind. It will not come. Christ will not permit it. I know."

"Do not be deceived! I warn ye, people!" thundered the woman. "Christ will send the wind and storm. The words of the Bible will be fulfilled to-night."

"But it's calm; where's the wind?" Mrs. Meriweather asked, just the least bit mockingly.

"I heard it! It's coming! I hear it!" the woman exulted.

"I don't. Do you, people? Of course not—not the slightest breeze even!" was the prompt thrust.

And so the battle began.

IV

It raged for hours, this fierce battle of the two Christs.

Mrs. Meriweather, so tiny, so frail, appeared to us during those hours like a spiritual giant; the people in the crowd felt that she was one with the spirits of goodness of the boundless spaces. Hope, without which no being could live a moment, was simply pouring out of her little person, in such torrents that even the iciest heart was warmed by it. For her courage, her faith, her hope, were perfect, infinite.

She stood erect, her hands at her sides; she never moved. But the voice! That sweet, wonder-working voice was her weapon. Even the soldiers, themselves badly frightened by the fanatic woman, began to warm up and move about, and finally they clustered around Mrs. Meriweather.

When my first daze—and I most certainly was dazed by her unexpected action—was spent, I anxiously touched Mr. Meriweather's arm.

"This will kill her," I whispered.

He did not hear me. With his hands folded before him, the tall man stood like a statue, gazing intently at his wife. I looked closer, and saw large tears slowly sliding down his bony cheeks. I too had to swallow something that stuck in my throat many a time and in quick succession before I was able to repeat my words.

He then turned towards me, stooped a little, and smiled.

"Kill her? No. She loves a good fight!" was the shrewd statement of this wise old Yankee.

Still, a minute or two later I heard him whisper to himself, "No; not now."

"But we'd better help her," he added hastily, and we moved cautiously to her side.

She looked first at her husband—so proudly! Then she lifted her wondrous eyes to me, took my hand, and whispered:—

"My good boy! Now we must win!"

And winning she was. But victory came slowly. For so many things—the real, tangible, horrible, and dreadful things of that gruesome night—were against her. The fight had to be fought till dawn. For the other woman was a tower of strength. Her sincerity was amazing; one felt that she believed absolutely every

word that she uttered. And the horrors of the night—all of them—were in her favor. And she never missed one of them—she used them most skillfully and convincingly.

First came the explosions of the gasoline drums; then, at two in the morning, with an interval of only ten minutes, the third and the fourth tanks exploded. These were the most staggering blows to Mrs. Meriweather's Christ—the other Christ almost carried the field. Then, a little later, at the change of the tide, the burning oil spread over the bay, moving slowly toward the canneries. Then, shortly after three, there *was* a suspicion of wind! What agonizing moments we lived through during that fateful hour before the dawn! At that time all of the seven tanks were afire. Only, one could see that the first three were just smoking, the first one quite languidly; and the suspicion of wind died down.

So the fight went on. And the souls in the crowd swayed to and fro, now toward despair, now toward hope.

And Mrs. Meriweather stood it all. More than that: during all those hours she never showed even the faintest sign of exhaustion. At moments she was positively exultant.

"I could sing, son!" she would whisper to me now and then.

Yet the victory came with such appalling ease! Aside from the fact that the wind did not come, the monstrous billows of smoke never even swerved. They mounted straight, like so many gigantic columns, big enough to support the whole of the universe! Mrs. Meriweather triumphed easily at the end because the woman made a fatal mistake. Just before dawn she declared that the day would never come. (Poor woman; even I could have believed it. That night—a summer night, too—was the longest in my whole existence.)

But the day did come! Oh, it was a ghastly enough morning, but it was morning just the same. And Mrs. Meriweather, like the marvelous captain she was, made the most of it—in fact, used the woman's declaration for the decisive blow. When the sun, a weird, huge red ball, shone through the smoke, she lifted her sweet voice for the last time.

"There's the good old sun, my good people. It is going to be such a beautiful day! And you see for yourselves there is no wind. Don't fear or worry any more. For the wind won't come

even to-day. Now go home and rest. But remember, your best friend is and always will be your good Christ! Go home, my dears."

And the crowd began to disperse quietly. Many, many, however, came to kiss that tiny white hand, reverently, so reverently! And the little woman let them do it.

And the other woman? I don't know what happened to her. Just after the victory two or three ugly shouts were heard, but they were speedily hushed up. I did not notice when she moved away from the crowd.

When all was over, Mrs. Meriweather suddenly sagged on our hands.

V

The little house on the hill was peaceful that morning. Outside, birds sang merrily and the pigeons cooed sweetly. Inside, in Mrs. Meriweather's room, a soft twilight still lingered. She was in her bed. She was still, her eyes closed. The little face was as pale as that of a dead person, yet there was a faint smile on it. Mr. Meriweather sat at the foot of the bed, watching, hardly breathing. I stood by the window, thinking—but those thoughts could not be expressed by mere words on a piece of paper.

At length she opened her eyes and looked at us, smiling as no mother ever smiled on her beloved ones. Then she turned her head toward the window and watched the hollyhocks. But they were absolutely still in their colored glory. After a while she said, with boundless sweetness:—

"Didn't He fight nobly! And He's still fighting!"

She never got up from that bed.

The damage of the conflagration ran into millions. But what of that? It is forgotten now, completely. The little woman, I am positive, will live for many a day to come in the hearts of those to whom she gave hope at the moment when hope was dead. Yes, she will live there—and her Christ will live there, too.

TRAVELOGUE ¹

By RING W. LARDNER

(From *The Cosmopolitan*)

THEY met for the first time at luncheon in the diner of the west-bound limited that had left Chicago the night before. The girls, it turned out, were Hazel Gignan and her friend Mildred Orr. The man was Dan Chapman.

He it was who broke the ice by asking if they minded riding backwards. It was Hazel who answered. She was a seasoned traveler and knew how to talk to strangers. Mildred had been hardly anywhere and had little to say, even when she knew people.

"Not at all," was Hazel's reply to his polite query. "I'm so used to trains that I believe I could ride on top of them and not be uncomfortable."

"Imagine," put in Mildred, "riding on top of a train!"

"Many's the time I've done it!" said their new acquaintance. "Freight-trains, though; not passenger-trains. And it was when I was a kid."

"I don't see how you dared," said Mildred.

"I guess I was a kind of a reckless, wild kid," he said. "It's a wonder I didn't get killed, the chances I took. Some kids takes lots of chances; that is, boys."

"Girls do, too," said Hazel quickly. "Girls take just as many chances as boys."

"Oh, no, Hazel!" remonstrated her friend, and received an approving look from the male.

"Where are you headed for?" he asked.

"Frisco first and then Los Angeles," Hazel replied.

"Listen—let me give you a tip. Don't say 'Frisco' in front of them native sons. They don't like that nickname."

"I should worry what they like and don't like!" said Hazel, rather snootily, Mildred thought.

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"This your first trip out there?" Chapman inquired.

"No," Hazel answered to Mildred's surprise, for the purpose of the journey, she had been led to believe, was to give Hazel a glimpse of one of the few parts of America that she had never visited.

"How long since you was out there last?" asked Chapman.

"Let's see," said Hazel. "It's been—" She was embarrassed by Mildred's wondering look. "I don't know exactly. I've forgotten."

"This is about my fiftieth trip," said Chapman. "If you haven't been—"

"I like Florida better," interrupted Hazel. "I generally go there in the winter."

"'Generally!'" thought Mildred, who had reliable information that the previous winter had been her friend's first in the South.

"I used to go to Palm Beach every year," said Chapman, "but that was before it got common. It seems to be that the people that goes to Florida now, well, they're just riffraff."

"The people that go to Tampa aren't riffraff," said Hazel. "I met some lovely people there last winter, especially one couple, the Babcocks. From Racine. They were perfectly lovely to me. We played Mah Jongg nearly every evening. They wanted me to come up and visit them in Racine this last summer, but something happened. Oh, yes; Sis's nurse got married. She was a Swedish girl. Just perfect! And Sis had absolute confidence in her.

"I always say that when a Swede is good, they're *good*! Now she's got a young girl about nineteen that's wild about movie actors and so absent-minded that Sis is scared to death she'll give Junior coffee and drink his milk herself. Just crazy! Jennie, her name is. So I didn't get up to Racine."

"Ever been out to Yellowstone?"

"Oh, isn't it wonderful!" responded Hazel. "Isn't 'Old Faithful' just fascinating! You see," she explained to Mildred, "it's one of the geysers and they call it 'Old Faithful' because it spouts every hour and ten minutes or something, just as regular as clock-work. Wonderful! And the different falls and canyons! Wonderful! And what a wonderful view from Inspiration Point!"

"Ever been to the Thousand Islands?" asked Chapman.

"Wonderful! And I was going up there again last summer with a girl friend of mine, Bess Eldridge. She was engaged to a man named Harley Bateman. A wonderful fellow when he wasn't drinking, but when he'd had a few drinks, he was just terrible. So Bess and I were in Chicago and we went to a show; Eddie Cantor. It was the first time I ever saw him when he wasn't blacked up. Well, we were walking out of the theater that night and who should we run into but Harley Bateman, terribly boiled, and a girl from Elkhart, Joan Killian. So Bess broke off her engagement and last fall she married a man named Wannop who's interested in flour-mills or something up in Minneapolis. So I didn't get to the Thousand Islands after all. That is, a second time.

"But I always think that if a person hasn't taken that trip, they haven't seen anything. And Bess would have certainly enjoyed it. She used to bite her finger-nails till she didn't have any left. But she married this man from Minneapolis."

After luncheon the three moved to the observation-car and made a brave effort to be interested in what passes for scenery in Nebraska.

For no possible reason, it reminded Chapman of Northern Michigan.

"Have you ever been up in Northern Michigan?"

"Yes, indeed," said Hazel. "I visited a week once in Petoskey. Some friends of mine named Gilbert. They had their own launch. Ina Gilbert—that's Mrs. Gilbert—her hair used to be the loveliest thing in the world and she had typhoid or something and lost nearly all of it. So we played Mah Jongg every afternoon and evening."

"I mean 'way up," said Chapman. "Mackinac Island and the Upper Peninsula, the Copper Country."

"Oh, wonderful!" said Hazel. "Calumet and Houghton and Hancock! Wonderful! And the boat trip is wonderful! Though I guess I was about the only one that thought so. Everybody else was sick. The captain said it was the roughest trip he'd ever been on, and he had lived on the Great Lakes for forty years. And another time I went across from Chicago to St. Joseph. But that wasn't so rough. We visited the House of David in Benton

Harbor. They wear long beards. We were almost in hysterics, Marjorie Trumbull and I. But the time I went to Petoskey, I went alone."

"You see a lot of Finns up in that Northern Peninsula," remarked Chapman.

"Yes, and Sis had a Finnish maid once. She couldn't hardly understand a word of English. She was a Finn. Sis finally had to let her go. Now she has an Irish girl for a maid and Jennie takes care of the kiddies. Poor little Dickie, my nephew, he's nearly seven and of course he's lost all his front teeth. He looks terrible! Teeth do make such a difference! My friends always say they envy me my teeth."

"Talking about teeth," said Chapman, "you see this?" He opened his mouth and pointed to a large, dark vacancy where once had dwelt a molar. "I had that one pulled in Milwaukee the day before yesterday. The fella said I better take gas, but I said no. So he said, 'Well, you must be pretty game.' I said I faced German shell-fire for sixteen months and I guess I ain't going to be a-scared of a little forceps. Well, he said afterwards that it was one of the toughest teeth he ever pulled. The roots were the size of your little finger. And the tooth itself was full of—"

"I only had one tooth pulled in my life," said Hazel. "I'd been suffering from rheumatism and somebody suggested that it might be from a tooth, but I couldn't believe it at first because my teeth are so perfect. But I hadn't slept in months on account of these pains in my arms and limbs. So finally, just to make sure, I went to a dentist, old Doctor Platt, and he pulled this tooth"—she showed him where it had been—"and my rheumatism disappeared just like that. It was terrible not to be able to sleep because I generally sleep like a log. And I do now, since I got my tooth pulled."

"I don't sleep very good on trains," said Chapman.

"Oh, I do. Probably on account of being so used to it. I slept just beautifully last night. Mildred here insisted on taking the upper. She said if she was where she could look out the window, she never would go to sleep. Personally, I'd just as lief have the upper. I don't mind it a bit. I like it really better. But this is Mildred's first long trip and I thought she ought to have her choice. We tried to get a compartment or drawing-room, but

they were all gone. Sis and I had a compartment the time we went to New Orleans. I slept in the upper."

Mildred wished she had gone places so she could take part in the conversation. Mr. Chapman must think she was terribly dumb.

She had nothing to talk about that people would care to hear, and it was kind of hard to keep awake when you weren't talking yourself, even with such interesting, traveled people to listen to as Mr. Chapman and Hazel. Mr. Chapman was a dandy-looking man and it was terrible to have to appear dumb in front of him.

But after all, she *was* dumb and Hazel's erudition made her seem all the dumber. No wonder their new acquaintance had scarcely looked at her since luncheon.

"Have you ever been to San Antone?" Chapman asked his companions.

"Isn't it wonderful!" Hazel exclaimed. "The Alamo! Wonderful! And those dirty Mexicans! And Salt Lake City is wonderful, too! That temple! And swimming in the lake itself is one of the most fascinating experiences! You know, Mildred, the water is so salt that you can't sink in it. You just lay right on top of it like it was a floor. You can't sink. And another wonderful place is Lake Placid. I was going back there last summer with Bess Eldridge, but she was engaged at the time to Harley Bateman, an awfully nice boy when he wasn't drinking, but perfectly terrible when he'd had a few drinks. He went to college with my brother, to Michigan. Harley tried for the football nine, but the coach hated him. His father was a druggist and owned the first automobile in Berrien County. So we didn't go to Placid last summer, but I'm going next summer sure. And it's wonderful in winter, too!"

"It feels funny, where that tooth was," said Chapman.

"Outside of one experience," said Hazel, "I've never had any trouble with my teeth. I'd been suffering from rheumatism and somebody suggested it might be a bad tooth, but I couldn't believe it because my teeth are perfect—"

"This was all shot to pieces," said Chapman.

"But my friends always say they envy me my teeth; my teeth and my complexion. I try to keep my mouth clean and my face

clean, and I guess that's the answer. But it's hard to keep clean on a train."

"Where are you going? Out to the coast?"

"Yes. Frisco and then Los Angeles."

"Don't call it Frisco in front of them Californians. They don't like their city to be called Frisco. Is this your first trip out there?"

"No. I was there a good many years ago."

She turned to Mildred.

"You didn't know that, did you, Mildred?" she said. But Mildred was asleep. "Poor Mildred! She's worn out. She isn't used to traveling. She's quite a pretty girl, don't you think so?"

"Very pretty!"

"Maybe not exactly pretty," said her friend, "but kind of sweet-looking, like a baby. You'd think all the men would be crazy about her, but they aren't. Lots of people don't even think she's pretty and I suppose you can't be really pretty unless you have more expression in your face than she's got. Poor Mildred hasn't had many advantages."

"At this time of year, I'd rather be in Atlantic City than San Francisco."

"Oh, isn't Atlantic City wonderful! There's only one Atlantic City! And I really like it better in winter. Nobody but nice people go there in the winter. In the summer-time it's different. I'm no snob, but I don't mind saying that I hate to mix up with some people a person has to meet at these resort places. Terrible! Two years ago I went to Atlantic City with Bess Eldridge. Like a fool I left it to her to make the reservations and she wired the Traymore, she says, but they didn't have anything for us. We tried the Ritz and the Ambassador and everywhere else, but we couldn't get in anywhere, that is, anywhere a person would want to stay. Bess was engaged to Harley Bateman at the time. Now she's married a man named Wannop from Minneapolis. But this time I speak of, we went to Philadelphia and stayed all night with my aunt and we had scrapple and liver and bacon for breakfast. Harley was a dandy boy when he wasn't drinking. But give me Atlantic City any time of the year!"

"I've got to send a telegram at Grand Island."

"Oh, if I sent one from there, when would it get to Elkhart?"

"To-night or to-morrow morning."

"I want to wire my sister."

"Well, wire her from Grand Island."

"I think I'll wait and wire her from Frisco."

"But we won't be in San Francisco for over two days yet."

"But we change time before then, don't we?"

"Yes, we change at North Platte."

"Then I think I'll wire her from Grand Island."

"Your sister, you say?"

"Yes. My sister Lucy. She married Jack Kingston, the Kingston tire people."

"It certainly feels empty, where that tooth was," said Chapman.

As the train pulled out of North Platte, later in the afternoon, Chapman rejoined the two girls in the observation-car.

"Now, girls," he said, "you can set your watches back an hour. We change time here. We were Central time and now we're Mountain time."

"Mountain time," repeated Mildred. "I suppose that's where the expression started, 'it's high time.'"

Hazel and Chapman looked blank and Mildred blushed. She felt she had made a mistake saying anything at all. She opened her book, "Carlyle on Cromwell and Others," which Rev. N. L. Veach had given her for Christmas.

"Have you ever been to Washington?" Chapman asked Hazel.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful! 'The City of Magnificent Distances.' Wonderful! I was there two years ago with Bess Eldridge. We were going to meet the President, but something happened. Oh, yes; Bess got a wire from Harley Bateman that he was going to get in that afternoon. And he never came at all. He was awfully nice when he wasn't drinking, and just terrible when he drank. Bess finally broke off her engagement to him and married a man named Wannop, who owned some flour-mills in Minneapolis. She was a dandy girl, but bit her finger-nails just terribly. So we didn't get to see the President, but we sat through two or three sessions of the Senate and House. Do you see how they ever get anything done? And we went to Rock Creek Park and Mount Vernon and Arlington Cemetery and Keith's.

"Moran and Mack were there; you know, the black-face come-

dians. Moran, or maybe it's Mack, whichever is the little one, he says to the other one—I've forgotten just how it went, but they were simply screaming and I thought Bess and I would be put out. We just howled. And the last night we were there we saw Thomas Meighan in 'Old Home Week.' Wonderful! Harley Bateman knows Thomas Meighan personally. He's got a beautiful home out on Long Island. He invited Harley out there to dinner one night, but something happened. Oh, yes; Harley lost a front tooth once and he had a false one put in and this day he ate some caramels and the tooth came out—"

"Look here," said Chapman, opening his mouth and pointing into it. "I got that one pulled in Milwaukee—"

"Harley was a perfect peach when he was sober, but terrible when—"

It occurred to Mildred that her presence might be embarrassing. Here were evidently kindred spirits, two people who had been everywhere and seen everything. But of course they couldn't talk anything but geography and dentistry before her.

"I think I'll go to our car and take a little nap," she said.

"Oh, don't—" began Chapman surprisingly, but stopped there. She was gone and the kindred spirits were alone.

"I suppose," said Chapman, "you've been to Lake Louise."

"Wonderful!" Hazel responded. "Did you ever see anything as pretty in your life? They talk about the lakes of Ireland and Scotland and Switzerland, but I don't believe they can compare with Lake Louise. I was there with Bess Eldridge just before she got engaged to Harley Bateman. He was—"

"Your friend's a mighty pretty girl."

"I suppose some people would think her pretty. It's a matter of individual taste."

"Very quiet, isn't she?"

"Poor Mildred hasn't much to say. You see, she's never had any advantages and there's really nothing she can talk about. But what was I saying? Oh, yes; about Harley Bateman—"

"I think that's a good idea, taking a little nap. I believe I'll try it, too."

Hazel and Chapman lunched alone next day.

"I'm afraid Mildred is a little train sick," said Hazel. "She

says she is all right but just isn't hungry. I guess the trip has been a little too much for her. You see, this is the first time she's ever been anywhere at all."

The fact was that Mildred did not like to be stared at and Chapman had stared at her all through dinner the night before, stared at her, she thought, as if she were a curiosity, as if he doubted that one so dumb could be real. She liked him, too, and it would have been so nice if she had been more like Hazel, never at a loss for something to say and able to interest him in her conversation.

"We'll be in Ogden in half an hour," said Chapman. "We stay there twenty-five minutes. That ought to give your friend a chance to get over whatever ails her. She should get out and walk around and get some air."

"You seem quite interested in Mildred," Hazel said.

"She's a mighty attractive girl," he replied. "And besides, I feel sorry for anybody that—"

"Men don't usually find her attractive. She's pretty in a way, but it's a kind of a babyish face."

"I don't think so at all—"

"We change time here again, don't we?"

"Yes. Another hour back. We've been on Mountain time and now we go to Pacific time. Some people say it's bad for a watch to turn it backwards, but it never seemed to hurt mine any. This watch—"

"I bought this watch of mine in New York," said Hazel. "It was about two years ago, the last time Bess Eldridge and I went East. Let's see; was that before or after she broke her engagement to Harley Bateman? It was before. But Harley said he knew the manager of the Belmont and he would wire him and get us a good room. Well, of course he forgot to wire, so we finally got into the Pennsylvania, Room 1012. No, Room 1014. It was some people from Pittsburgh, a Mr. and Mrs. Bradbury, in 1012. He was lame. Bess wanted to see Jeanne Eagels in 'Rain' and we tried to get tickets at the news-stand, but they said fifteenth row. We finally went to the Palace that night. Ina Claire was on the bill. So the next morning we came down to breakfast and who should we run into but Dave Homan! We'd

met him at French Lick in the spring. Isn't French Lick wonderful!

"Well, Dave insisted on 'showing' us New York, like we didn't know it backwards. But we did have a dandy time. Dave kept us in hysterics. I remember he took us to the Aquarium and of course a lot of other people were in there and Dave gave one of the attendants a quarter to page Mr. Fish. I thought they'd put us out, we screamed so! Dave asked me to marry him once, just joking, and I told him I wouldn't think of it because I had heard it made people fat to laugh and if I lived with him I would soon have to buy my clothes from a tent-maker. Dave said we would make a great pair as we both have such a keen sense of humor. Honestly, I wouldn't give up my sense of humor for all the money in the world. I don't see how people can live without a sense of humor. Mildred, for instance; she never sees the funny side of things unless you make her a diagram and even then she looks at you like she thought you were deranged.

"But I was telling you about Dave Homan. We were talking along about one thing and another and I happened to mention Harley Bateman and Dave said, 'Harley Bateman! Do you know Harley Bateman?' and Bess and I smiled at each other and I said I guessed we did. Well, it seems that Dave and Harley had been at Atlantic City together at a Lion's convention or something and they had some drinks and Dave had a terrible time keeping a policeman from locking Harley up. He's just as different when he's drinking as day and night. Dave got him out of it all right and they met again later on, in Chicago. Or was it Duluth? So the next day was Wednesday and Dave asked Bess and I to go to the matinée of 'Rain,' but Bess had an engagement with a dentist—"

"Do you see this?" interrupted Chapman, opening his mouth wide.

"So Dave took me alone and he said he had been hoping for that chance right along. He said three was a crowd. I believe if I had given him any encouragement— But the man I marry must be something more than clever and witty. I like men that have been around and seen things and studied human nature and have a background. Of course they must see the funny side, too. That's the trouble with Dave Homan—he can't be serious.

Harley Bateman is twice as much of a man if he wouldn't drink. It's like two different people when he drinks. He's terrible! Bess Eldridge was engaged to him, but she broke it off after we happened to see him in Chicago one time with Joan Killian, from Elkhart. Bess is married now, to a man named Wannop, a flour man from Minneapolis. So after the *matinée* we met Bess. She'd been to the dentist—"

"Three days ago, in Milwaukee—" began Chapman.

"So the next afternoon we were taking the boat for Boston. I'd been to Boston before, of course, but never by boat. Harley Bateman told us it was a dandy trip, so we decided to try it. Well, we left New York at five o'clock and Bess and I were up on deck when somebody came up behind us and put their hands over my eyes and said, 'Guess who it is?' Well, I couldn't have guessed in a hundred years. It was Clint Poole from South Bend. Imagine! Harley Bateman's brother-in-law!"

"Here's Ogden," said Chapman as the train slowed down.

"Oh, and I've got to send Sis a telegram! My sister, Lucy Kingston."

"I think I'll get out and get some air," said Chapman, but he went first to the car where Mildred sat reading.

"Miss Mildred," he said, "suppose you have breakfast with me early to-morrow morning. I'd like to show you the snow-sheds."

"That would be wonderful!" said Mildred. "I'll tell Hazel."

"No," said Chapman. "Please don't tell Hazel. I'd like to show them to you alone."

Well, even if Mildred had been used to trains, that remark would have interfered seriously with her night's sleep.

Mildred found Chapman awaiting her in the diner next morning, an hour west of Truckee.

"Are those the snow-sheds you spoke of?"

"Yes," he replied, "but we'll talk about them later. First I want to ask you a few questions."

"Ask *me* questions!" said Mildred. "Well, they'll have to be simple ones or I won't be able to answer them."

"They're simple enough," said Chapman. "The first one is, do you know Harley Bateman?"

"I know *of* him, but I don't know him."

"Do you know Bess Eldridge?"

"Just to speak to; that's all."

"What other trips have you taken besides this?"

"None at all. This is really the first time I've ever been anywhere."

"Has your friend ever been engaged?"

"Yes, twice. It was broken off both times."

"I bet I know why. There was no place to take her on a honeymoon."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing. Say, did I tell you about getting my tooth pulled in Milwaukee?"

"I don't believe so," said Mildred.

"Well, I had a terrible toothache. It was four days ago. And I thought there was no use fooling with it, so I went to a dentist and told him to pull it. He said I'd better take gas, but I wouldn't. So he pulled it and it pretty near killed me, but I never batted an eye. He said it was one of the toughest teeth he'd ever seen; roots as big as your little finger. And the tooth itself full of poison."

"How terrible! You must be awfully brave!"

"Look here, at the hole," said Chapman, opening his mouth.

"Why, Mr. Chapman, it must have hurt horribly!"

"Call me Dan."

"Oh, I couldn't."

"Well, listen—are you going to be with Miss Hazel all the time you're in San Francisco?"

"Why, no," said Mildred. "Hazel is going to visit her aunt in Berkeley part of the time. And I'm going to stop at the Fairmont."

"When is she going to Berkeley?"

"Next Tuesday, I think."

"Can I phone you next Wednesday?"

"But Hazel will be gone then."

"Yes, I know," said Chapman, "but if you don't mind, I'll phone you just the same. Now about these snow-sheds—"

THE FIRST STONE ¹

By GRACE SARTWELL MASON

(From *Harper's Magazine*)

TWO men sat talking on the observation platform of a trans-continental train. They had met for the first time that morning at breakfast, but there was between them a certain conviction of congeniality, though they were quite unlike. Marlton, the younger of the two, was a dark-eyed, sensitive, finely tuned sort of man, and Bettinger, middle-aged and growing stout, was of a cheerful, purely objective type, saved by a capacity for friendly sympathy.

It was late in the evening. The train had been standing on a siding for a long time, on account of some accident to a wheel. The other passengers had left the observation car and gone to bed. The two men were alone, enfolded in the vast, velvety darkness of a Kansas prairie. The quiet around them was thick and soft. Far away, up ahead, a light was moving, and the voices of trainmen came back to them faintly. But the world they looked into from the platform was utterly dark and void.

There had been until a few minutes before one tiny light in the darkness to their left, in the window of a solitary farmhouse. When they had stopped on the siding it was still twilight, and two boys had hastened across the field from this house. They had stood on the other side of a wire fence, knee deep in a wind-row of tumbleweed, staring at the long train. The eyes of the smaller boy were filled with a shining solemnity.

The sight of these two boys had prompted Bettinger, the middle-aged man, to speak of his childhood, when the two men were alone. "You know, sometimes I think it's the bunk, this talk about childhood being the happiest part of a man's life," he said, in his slow,

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pleasant voice. "It seems to me I remember going through some things when I was a kid that I wouldn't like to wrestle with now—you know, frights and doubts and disillusionment. The older I get the more I seem to remember them. Of course, there was plenty of fun, but—it's queer—what really sticks in my mind are the other things, the things I couldn't understand."

The other man, Marlton, turned his head to look quickly at his companion. A light flashed up in his dark eyes. "Exactly. I know. Queer things happen to children." He glanced behind him to make sure they were alone. "Look here," he said, "I daresay this will sound odd to you—it sounds odd to me, for I'm not a religious man—but did it ever occur to you that God lives in some children for a little while?"

His voice sounded eager, as if there had been something opened up he wanted to talk about, perhaps had wanted to talk about for a long time. But at the same time he was embarrassed by having to mention divinity. He avoided looking at Bettinger. Bettinger took off his cap and rubbed his head. They were both glad of the darkness.

"I don't know much about God," said Bettinger finally, "I'm not a religious man either. But kids, well, they're funny. It may be—"

Marlton in the dark gripped the arms of his chair. "I *know* it may be," he declared. "I believe there's a time, when a child has stopped being a little eating-and-sleeping animal and hasn't yet become a human being—a time between babyhood and school-days, say—when the world is—enchanted. When *something*—may as well call it God—lives in that child for a little while, a year, or a week, or a day."

"What makes you think so?"

"Something I remember. Or rather, something I can't forget! Did you notice the eyes of the younger of the two boys who came across from that farmhouse?"

Bettinger did remember that the boy's eyes had shone and that they had appeared, at the same time, not to see what he was looking at.

"Yes, that's what I mean," said Marlton. "That's because he's living in a world of his own, which has its own special meaning. And everything in that world is different from the real world—"

out of focus, so to speak; brighter, more shining—and more terrible, too. I know, because when I was that boy's age and living in a country town I saw, really, two towns. One was made up of ordinary things which I took for granted, the orchard, games, my parents, and the house I called home. But the other—ah, that was quite different. A sort of invisible town, seen between the objects and persons of the real town, as on a foggy day gray wraiths may be seen between trees in an orchard. You see, this invisible village was created and peopled by my imagination. But—and this is the point—my imagination created this invisible world out of the material supplied by my elders, by the careless words, the hints, the glances, that grown-up persons always believe a child doesn't notice. For instance, take the matter of my brother, Frankie. It's a bit out of that queer, twisted world I'm talking about."

Marlton went on to explain that his brother Frankie had died before he was born, but there was a photograph of him in boots and a jacket with brass buttons. It was the buttons that made Frankie a real person to his brother. It was impossible for him to believe that Frankie did not live, though it had been explained that he had died and gone to heaven. He wanted to know where was heaven? Up there. Was "up there" as high as the church steeple? And some elder, weary of questions, replied, "Yes."

"This church steeple had green shutters high up in the belfry," said Marlton, "and instantly Frankie lived for me behind those shutters. Sundays when I was going to church I seemed to catch the glint of brass buttons behind the shutters, and always I was aware of Frankie looking down watchfully. It gave me a thrill and a shudder, and yet it was a cherished sensation. You see, this invisible world of mine was strange and beautiful and always a little askew. I have a theory that during the brief time a child lives in this world of his own creation queer things of importance happen to him, things both good and evil, which stay with him more or less vividly all his life."

"Hold on," Bettinger interrupted. "How about your theory that God lives in a child at this age? How can God and evil?—"

"Oh, I know there's no logic in all this. I suppose what I believe is that God sometimes rests from judgment, forgets evil; that he lives in the soul of a child through sheer love of walking

abroad on the good earth. Especially in the spring-time. Anyhow, I know He lived in me, because"— he hesitated, started to glance at his companion, and then looked off into the enormous blackness at his right—"because I know the hour, the very minute when He left me."

Bettinger did not move, he scarcely breathed. It was the most extraordinary statement he had ever heard. And yet—perhaps it was the breathing of the dark prairie around them, or something in the other man's tone—he did not say to himself as usual, "Screw loose in this fellow's bean!" Instead, after a moment he prompted, "What had you done to—to make God leave you?"

"I had thrown a stone."

"A stone? But all kids throw stones."

Marlton gave a short laugh. "This was an unusual occasion."

He paused again, and Bettinger took the opportunity to light a cigar. In the brief flare of the match he glanced sidewise at the other man's profile. It had in it a lifelong question, a melancholy and ironic question. When he began to tell the story of the stone, he seemed to talk more to himself than to Bettinger.

"I can remember," he said, "almost every detail of that occasion. And that's odd, for there are whole chunks of time out of my childhood that are like old photographs which have faded, only the dimmest suggestion of features remaining. But that June—I was between five and six—remains clear and bright in my memory as if fixed by some special acid. I can remember the very shade of weather-beaten yellow a certain house was painted. It stood on a little street that climbed up a hillside. It was the last house, and the green hill seemed to run right down into the kitchen when the door was opened. It was always open that June—for me.

"Of course I didn't know it was kept open for me, not until I grew up and straightened my perspective on the woman in the yellow house. I knew then that she left the door open when she saw me playing on the hillside above, as an invitation. She never asked me in, nor urged me to come back again—she knew her code. She probably knew that my mother would have fainted with horror had she known how often I ran down the hill and in at that open door. And so the woman in the yellow house did nothing, merely set the door open, and was herself. That is what

puzzles me to this day: what was she, that she could draw me so naturally to that open door of hers?

"Of course, I know what she was called. My mother told me in two words, the Bad Woman. 'Don't you ever go into that woman's house or yard,' my mother exclaimed, when I told her that the woman in the yellow house had given me a cookie. I had stopped at her kitchen door—it was the first time—for a drink of water on my way home from playing on the hill. 'But why?' I wanted to know. 'Because she's a Bad Woman,' my mother replied.

"Then she turned to the neighbor who had come in to borrow a cup of something, and over my head a look passed between them, a significant, smiling curl of the lip.

"You know, people wonder—" Marlton digressed, "where children get their knowledge of evil. Well, I could tell them. They get it from the looks that pass over their heads between grown-up people. Not any straight, useful, unbiased knowledge, but twisted, inflammatory stuff."

Up to that time his outer world had been made up of clear, comprehensive things, Marlton went on: the freshness of mornings, the enormous height of the hills, the delightful fur of dogs and kittens, spring water flowing over rocks, arbutus under cold wet leaves, the pines on the hillside under which he dreamed day dreams in autumn when a blue haze drifted through the streets from bonfires of leaves. A happy enchantment, this world, made solely for his use.

But now, with those glances exchanged between his mother and the neighbor woman, Marlton declared that a secret wonder possessed him, and from it was projected into his invisible world a new shape, the Bad Woman. All about her was a fog, murky and mysterious. When his mother said "the Bad Woman," he thought at once of a witch. But what confused him, the contradiction that made the fog about her was the fact that the woman in the yellow cottage did not look like a witch.

He knew about witches from the fairy-tale books, and it was puzzling that this woman should look of a morning very much as his mother did. When he stopped at her door the first time she had been wearing a gingham dress of some clean faded tint; it reminded him of the pale spring flowers at the edge of the woods.

An apron of blue-and-white check, exactly like his mother's, had been tied about her waist. Through the open door he could see the floor of the kitchen, scrubbed white, the shining stove, and on the window sill three little flower-pots with "slips" in them. They were being coaxed to grow up into plants by means of jelly glasses turned upside down over them. The sun caused a film of moisture to gather on the inside of the glasses, so that they were like tiny hot-houses. "Heliotrope and fuchsia, one for looks and the other for smell," the woman explained to him.

That was the first thing he liked about her—she made jokes but they were not baby-jokes, and she did not call him Sonny or Bub. She had a wide, impersonal smile and she said "Hello!" like another boy. He liked her white sugar cookies with a raisin pressed down in the exact center of each. She kept them in a putty-colored jar with a brown-glazed lining and a clean tea towel over the top, exactly as his mother did. It was puzzling, trying to reconcile her witchlike qualities with her appearance and her kitchen.

After he had heard her called the Bad Woman he sat on the hillside safely above the yellow house and gazed fixedly at it, half hoping he might see her riding on a broomstick above the lettuce bed. In half of his mind he knew this was nonsense, but in the other half there was a curious excitement, a sort of irritation which kept his thoughts a great deal upon the yellow house.

And then, the first thing he knew, one dull morning—he was alone a good deal, his playmates being in school—he found himself swinging a leg over the low wall and sliding down toward the kitchen door of the yellow cottage. He felt guilty and half afraid, but there seemed to be something he wanted—something that would protect him from the oppression which crept over him as he sat there aloof on the hillside, with the noises of the village coming up to him, faint but clear. He often had those moods in the very midst of the brightest ecstasy. Strangely enough, they were like a kind of homesickness.

"I've never been able to understand it," said Marlton, "for I had a good home. I had a good mother. She gave me the best of care. But, I don't know, perhaps she was not really the maternal type. Maybe most of her love had been expended on my brother who died. There was—not coldness, exactly, so much as

a lack of warmth, about my mother. I think there can be a lack of fundamental harmony between a mother and her child, and I guess that's the way it was with us, though we cared a great deal for each other. I've always thought that had something to do with those queer homesick spells I had.

"But that doesn't explain why I was pulled toward the woman in the yellow cottage. There were other houses I had gone in and out of all my six years, good homes that had no particular attraction for me. Why, I've forgotten," cried Marlton, "what my mother's kitchen looked like, and I can see that other woman's as clearly—"

And yet he found, when he tried to describe it to Bettinger that only one or two actual details stuck in his memory: a rocking-chair with a turkey-red cushion, a white apron sprigged with little bouquets that hung behind the door, a shelf edged with paper lace. Something less tangible and more vivid remained in his memory. Strangely enough it was a sense of deep peace.

"Now how can you account for that," asked Marlton, "considering the sort of woman she was? It wasn't as if I didn't recognize her as a bad woman. I did, not alone because my mother had called her that, but through some sixth sense of my own, developed over night. I knew there was something—sinister? No, that's not quite the word. I knew there was something *dark* which set apart the woman and the yellow house from my mother's world. But once I was in that kitchen, it did not seem to make any difference. The kitchen itself was the happiest place I had ever known. It seemed in some way to be a part of my own world, it seemed to be the very heart of that imaginary world where I roamed dreaming, free—"

Marlton broke off to light a cigarette, and to exhale the first puff of smoke with a long sigh. "Oh, Lord! I wish I could adequately describe that world of mine in that one short June. The sheer shimmer and gleam of it, the cobwebs like tents in the meadows of a morning, the enormous dome of the blue sky, the pine trees on the hillside, with bright bits of the sky caught in their branches as I lay under them—it's no use, you can't put into words an ecstasy like that. If there ever was a man named Adam he must have felt that way when he was young and the garden was still cool and new to him. Before he got knowl-

edge, and lost wisdom. Well, that was I, when I had stopped being a baby and was not yet a so-called citizen of the world."

He was silent then so long that finally Bettinger asked how a woman of that kind came to be in a little town where each family knew every other, and immorality must have been too conspicuous to be comfortable? Was she a native of the place?

"No, I don't think so," replied Marlton. "But I'm inclined to think she may have been a country girl. Perhaps she became homesick and drifted from the city to a temporary anchorage in the yellow house. She was the only one of her kind in the place. Perhaps she was making a half-hearted effort at reformation. I don't know, I only know that I could not keep away from her house.

"I would be playing on the hill, on a little level plateau where there were four tall pines and a spring, and all at once I would want to get away from there. I would have that sense of homesickness. Perhaps it was just loneliness, I don't know. Anyhow, pretty soon I'd be looking in at the kitchen door. And she would look up with her indescribable smile, impersonal, warm, alive. Then she would go on with whatever she was doing. Whether she was baking cookies or scrubbing the floor or just sitting rocking in the little chair by the window there was something about her that was like the pine trees on the hill, something effortless and kind, as if she had all the time in the world. I often felt underfoot in my mother's kitchen, for she was an intense housekeeper, easily flurried. In that other kitchen I always felt wanted, and yet as free as the wind. She never looked at my muddy feet, she never petted me, she scarcely seemed to notice me, and she asked only sensible questions—was the wintergreen plentiful that year, would I advise her to paint the back steps green, and did I know where she could get a maltese kitten?

"But it was something deeper than all this, deeper even than her kindness which flowed out to me like spring-water. Sometimes I've thought we were like two travelers who had known each other well somewhere else. We had met again and words were superfluous. The walls of that kitchen received us after our wanderings, they shut out whatever had been, whatever was, and encompassed us in a deep friendliness. We were at home with each other.

"Only once was this harmony disturbed. One morning when the woman was making sugar cookies and I was decorating each with a raisin, there came a cautious rapping at a distant door. I looked up inquiringly; it was the first time I had heard a rap at her door. And I saw the expression of peace that had been in her face shattered. She seemed to draw over the broken bits of it a mask with strange harsh lines in it.

"She dusted her hands on her apron and went toward the inner door to the part of the cottage I had never been in. 'You must go now,' she said to me. But I was busy sticking raisins in the cookies and I didn't want to go. She came over to me and, putting her hands on my shoulders—it was the first time she had ever touched me—she put me outside the kitchen door. So gentle, so soft had been her hands upon my shoulders that I was surprised to find myself staring up at the closed door. I went home feeling again that odd homesick aloneness."

Marlton went on to say that he never knew the succession of events that led up to the woman's final day in the yellow cottage, but he remembered vividly a certain night. It was a warm June evening and, unnoticed by his mother, he had gone to sleep after supper in the hammock on the porch. He was awakened suddenly by a loud, thrilling whisper.

"I lifted my head," he said, "and there was Mrs. Lennox, our neighbor, whispering excitedly to my mother. What had awakened me so suddenly was the stealthy zest in her voice. She was urging my mother to come along and see something that was going to happen up at the yellow cottage. She said that Mag Doverley was on a rampage, on account of her husband and 'that creature,' and she had got her friends together. They were now marching up Main Street, gathering adherents as they went.

"Mag Doverley was six feet tall, a coarse-mouthed bully of a woman, who boarded the mill-girls in order to support a worthless husband. My mother did not want to be dragged into any row of Mag's picking, and she hung back. I was glad to think of that, afterward. Mrs. Lennox I hated the rest of my life in that town, though I didn't understand why. 'Come on,' she urged my mother, 'it'll be a circus. No one needs to see us. We can go up the back way, through Taylor's Lane, and see the whole thing from the hill.'

"My mother was finally persuaded, and the two of them hastened through the back garden. I was tingling with curiosity. I wanted to know what it was that could make them whisper so thrillingly. I was still a little befuddled with sleep, but I stumbled along through the darkness after them. They struck upward into Taylor's Lane, which was only a sort of cow-path leading to the pastures on the hillside. I was so near to them that I could hear their repressed laughter when they stumbled in the dark lane. I could sense their half-shamed excitement. And my own excitement grew."

When the lane rounded the shoulder of the hill it came out only a narrow field's width from the back of the yellow cottage. Here the two women halted and stood staring down, leaning their arms upon the top rail of the fence. Marlton said that he, too, came to a stop and kept very still for fear his mother would discover him and send him back home. By now he was wide awake, for, looking down the street on which the yellow house was the last dwelling, he could see, moving in and out of the lights from windows, a dark procession, massed well together. It climbed upward solidly. In the yellow cottage a steady light in one window burned, unaware.

Then suddenly, as the dark procession reached the yellow cottage and flowed into its yard, over the fence like a wave, the quiet night was shivered by a brutal noise—cat-calls, hoots, shrieks, banging of tin pans, of sticks upon the palings of the fence, and the hideous blatancy of horse-fiddles and tin horns.

"God, I'll never forget it!" exclaimed Marlton. "It raised goose-flesh all over my body. I had never heard anything like it before. I was terrified and yet somehow horribly stimulated. I clung to that fence, staring down through two rails. And I saw the light in the window go out, as if the frightful noise had been a breath that blew it out. There was a cow sleeping in a bed of fern just near my side of the fence. She lurched to her feet and went woof! through her astonished nostrils. I thought it was the devil, which shows the state of nerves I was in."

Then his mother and Mrs. Lennox climbed over the fence and began to creep down through the intervening field to get a better view of proceedings, since the charivari was beginning to concentrate at the front of the cottage away from them. And he

crept through the fence and followed. Before he knew it he had reached the low wall back of the cottage, he had climbed it and had run past the familiar kitchen door, now tightly closed, around to the front of the house. He had springs in his legs and he felt gay and light-footed, as he did on circus day when the calliope first began to tootle. He was not thinking about anything except that here was something exciting happening and he wanted to be in it.

There was the darkness, too. That lent a strangeness to everything. Back of the cottage was the great dark huddle of the hill; there were the unseen flowers in the yard, giving up their fragrance as they were trampled upon; and there was the yellow cottage, huddled, mute, trying to hide in the darkness from the blows of the cruel serenade. But stranger than anything else were the gleaming eyes of the grown-up persons.

"You see, I couldn't understand," said Marlton, "that gleam. There I was capering with other boys on the edge of the crowd, stimulated and excited—and wondering. All the pores of my being, so to speak, wide open. Up to this moment I had inhabited a world that was cool and clear. Now the braying voice of that mob broke through into my world, shattering it, leaving me exposed to—"

He paused, searching for a word. "Raw poison, that's what it was! It poured out from that crowd. I don't suppose, in the history of our town, it ever had a moment quite so ignoble. There were a few good people in that mob of course. But they too had been overcome by the poisonous hysteria. They were shamefaced to be there, but they would have been afraid to leap up in front of that silent house and speak of Christian charity. So they hung in the background; the women tittered and hoped no one would recognize them and the men looked at one another out of the corners of their eyes. But pretty soon that gleam had come into their eyes, too, the same expression that was in the faces of the mill-girls and the half-grown hoodlums from the poolroom. No wonder I looked up at them and felt bewildered and horribly stimulated! I wanted a horse-fiddle or a tin horn, too. I wanted to make a noise. So I put my fingers in my mouth to make my whistle more shrill like the rest of the boys, and I wormed my way in and out between knees, until I got to the front and there

was Mag Doverley ranting and shrieking at the house, 'Come out o' there! We've got something to say to you, we have. You—'

"The insistent rhythm of the charivari went on beating up against the closed eyelids of the yellow cottage. The door remained mutely shut. Mag Doverley made a rush up the steps, calling back, 'Come on, girls, we'll get her out of here if we have to smash down the door.' A group of mill-girls, shrieking with laughter, five or six older women, members of a purity league, with stern, red faces crowded up behind her. And behind them the crowd pushed and craned, trampling the flower bed along the walk and guffawing. The half-grown youths twirled their horse-fiddles, beat upon tin pans, and yelled encouragement to Mag Doverley.

"I forgot I had ever known the woman who was hiding behind the closed door," sighed Marlton. "It shows how completely she had been a part of my secret world. For now that I had stepped out of that world into the grown-up world, and was drunk with its excitements, it was as if I had awakened from a dream. I forgot her. I was a hunter, surrounded by other hunters, primitive and cruel. I was hunting down a witch, a Bad Woman.

"So when Mag Doverley yelled at us, 'Hey, you boys go round to the back door and see that she don't get out that way!' I scampered willingly around the house with the other boys. We were led by one Torrey Knowlton, a half-grown bully, who put great zest into his assignment. He grabbed up a clod from the little stony garden patch. 'Everybody get him a chunk o' dirt,' he commanded us, 'and if she tries to get away, paste her one.'

"I obeyed," said Marlton, "with a nervous alacrity. I fastened my eyes as bidden upon the familiar kitchen door, now so oddly unfamiliar. Growing beside it there was a great bush of bridal wreath in full bloom. The woman was very proud of this shrub, though it was only a rented possession, and every day she emptied the dish-water about its roots. In the darkness it was like a proud ghost waiting there beside the kitchen door. The hill at our backs stood up against the little stars.

"Our figures must have melted into this dark background, for it was plain the woman did not see us when a moment later she opened the door. She crept out so quickly and quietly that even the vigilant Torrey was a moment in recovering himself. Then

he shouted at her to go back into the house. "They want you at the front door, chippy!" he roared manfully.

"Taken by surprise she was not able at once to recover herself and retreat. Fury, perhaps panic, seized our leader and poured out through him to us. He raised his arm, he let fly his clod. The others automatically did likewise. The clods and stones spattered about her, they hit the steps, they muddled the branches of bridal wreath. And the woman made a sound more dreadful than any scream—a small squeak, like a rabbit caught in a trap."

Marlton fetched a long breath. "Those clods may really not have touched her—afterwards the boys declared they had not thrown to hit her, only to scare her back into the house. I don't know. I only know that in that instant I was certain only one had hit her—mine. My hand was empty.

"I can't recall taking any further part in the proceedings. It is in my memory vaguely that the woman was escorted from the yellow cottage to the railroad station and put upon the midnight train.

"But what I do remember," said Marlton, "is a strange and terrible moment. I stood alone in the dark. The woman had stumbled back into the house, the boys had run whooping around the house to boast. And there I stood, aware of my empty hand. Dreadfully aware of it. There was dirt in the palm of it where the muddy stone had been. I wiped it quickly off upon my jacket. All at once nausea seized me. And something more—a sense of unbearable loss, a sort of terrible desolation. I could not stand it. I climbed over the wall into the hillside field. I ran across it toward home. As I crawled through the broken fence rail into the lane a great sob wrenched me, tore me open. I was empty as a house for rent. God had gone out of me with that stone. I had become a human being."

GRIMALDI ¹

By SUSAN MERIWETHER

(From *The Junior League Bulletin*)

ALPHONSE DURAND bowed as his patient passed into the outer room. He closed the door noiselessly, and paused a moment with his hand upon the knob before he turned again into his office. When finally he approached the desk his feet dragged woodenly, his shoulders sagged, light was gone from his eyes: it was as if a sudden blight seared the vigor of his personality.

His assistant stared at him. "You are ill, Monsieur le Docteur!"

Dr. Durand made a vague gesture. "Tired," he said, "let me be alone for a few minutes."

The younger man withdrew.

A nurse entered on noiseless feet. She regarded the doctor irresolutely. "Is there anything I can do? I've never seen you tired before." A twitch in the doctor's eyelids fascinated her; she watched the gray in his face deepen. "Shall I send the other patients away?" she asked.

The doctor was standing with tentative helplessness beside his desk.

"Shall I send the other patients away?" she repeated.

He nodded.

When the nurse returned, the doctor was lying down; the girl stood looking at him; his mouth was taut, the twitch in his eyelids continued, his figure had taken on a huddled look.

"It's nothing," he said in answer to the alarm in her eyes. "Nothing,—an unusually hard day."

The girl spread a light rug over him; his hand as she brushed it felt damp and cool.

The doctor closed his eyes. Unaccustomed sensibilities seemed to be centered in his thumbs; they throbbed convulsively; they

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seemed to enlarge, to expand . . . and suddenly they diminished. Noises roared in his ears; the twitching in his lids annoyed him, exasperated him. It continued even when his eyes were closed.

He was barely able to control a desire to scream when the telephone rang.

"It's Mademoiselle Durand," the nurse transmitted. "She wants to know if she may stop for you. She's in the neighborhood."

The doctor opened his eyes, and the roar in his ears diminished. "Tell her, yes," he directed. After a moment he rose, stumbling a little as he crossed the room; he was almost unequal to the task of getting into his coat.

At the curb he found his daughter waiting for him; she laughed happily as he seated himself beside her. "Mon cher!" she said, giving his arm a little pat. And then she laughed again. The doctor looked at her: daffidols brimmed the hat she wore, but they were not more gay than the eyes below them.

"You've been to a concert, Nanette! You've discovered some new genius!" But even as he spoke, the doctor realized music had never affected Nanette in this way.

The girl smiled at him. "No," she said mysteriously, and laughed, "I haven't been to a concert." And then, "How nice you're finished so early. It was the merest chance I thought to call for you."

The doctor looked at her without answering. His lids were twitching.

"I believe you're tired!" Nanette exclaimed suddenly. Her hand crept into his. "Will you let me prescribe for you, cure you?" she asked.

Her father closed his eyes. Weariness, like a wave, rolled over him. His thumbs were playing him tricks again, noises roared in his ears.

Nanette regarded her father for some moments in questioning indecision, genuinely worried at the grayness of his face, the pain. "I shan't chatter to him just now," she decided, and they rode in silence through the evening streets.

When they came into the library of the doctor's home, Nanette drew him to the couch. "You are to lie here," she directed, "and shut your eyes, and relax your muscles, and make your mind a

vacuum, and let the music I shall play wash over you like water. Don't think about it, don't wonder what I'm playing, just let it soothe you, rest you."

Twilight was in the room, and deep shadows; the cushions his daughter piled about him were soft and relaxing; for a few moments she ran her fingers across his forehead; then she moved to the piano and began to play. Evening deepened in the room; the logs flared into embers that glowed redly; occasional lights from passing vehicles flashed themselves across the wall.

Nanette's music dripped from her fingers like water; it rippled; it curved; it spiraled; it was like spring and joy. The doctor thought of gods, and Greece, and laughter.

Presently a servant entered; he placed a small table by the fire, lighted candles, uncovered a steaming tureen.

Nanette lingered unduly on a last chord; her voice seemed part of the music when she spoke. "Dinner is here by the fire for us, father," she said.

The doctor opened his eyes. "Dinner?" he questioned vaguely.

Nanette drew his hand through her arm. "Here," she repeated, "by the fire."

Her father regarded her warmly. "I believe you know as much about . . . nerves as I do."

Nanette's finger flew to her lips. "Don't mention the hateful things," she rebuked smiling.

Dinner progressed simply to fruit. Nanette was quiet, the doctor said nothing. When they both had lighted cigarettes, and the logs were replenished, and the curtains drawn, the girl scrutinized her father. "What was I playing?" she asked. "What did it say to you?"

"I don't know that it said anything to me. I thought of gods . . . and laughter."

Nanette smiled with sudden brilliance. "But yes! I've laughed all afternoon, with the clown, Grimaldi. All Paris is laughing with Grimaldi."

"Grimaldi?" the doctor questioned. He was staring at the pulses in Nanette's throat; he decided they were like captive birds, soft and fluttery.

Nanette rose; she came very close to her father. "I've bought

tickets for to-night. If you can laugh with Grimaldi, I think my cure will be complete."

Dr. Dunard stared at his daughter. "I couldn't laugh at a clown to-night."

"You can laugh at Grimaldi," she urged. "He's all the wit and all the humor, he's all the laughter of all the world! You will forget fatigue . . . nerves, when Grimaldi makes you laugh."

The laughter in her eyes so close to him dazzled the doctor, confused him; he hadn't the strength to refuse. "All you are saying is nonsense, of course," he protested weakly. "However, if you prescribe Grimaldi, I shall take the dose."

From behind the tall coffee pot, Nanette surveyed her father appraisingly the next morning. "You liked my medicine?" she teased.

Dr. Durand regarded her with a scrutinizing eye; the breakfast gown she wore fell away from her arms in wide sweeping sleeves; over the gayly colored china, her hands fluttered like white butterflies above a bed of flowers; her father thought that she was very beautiful as she sat opposite him in the light from a wide window; a bowl of lilies bloomed behind her—the shell-pink of her negligée warmed even their waxy whiteness; little curls seemed tangled in the lace of her cap. "How amazingly poetic to make young girls as lovely as flowers," he thought, and wondered who would marry Nanette, how many children she would have.

"You liked my medicine?" Nanette repeated.

The doctor's scrutiny of his daughter was interrupted while he speared a curl of unsalted butter. "I think you have the possibilities of a great neurologist," he said finally. "You saved me probably, some thing approximating a breakdown."

With a little sharp clatter, Nanette set her flowered cup into its flowered saucer. It was her turn for scrutiny. But her father's steady gaze assured her. She smiled. "Nonsense," she replied. "Grimaldi saved you!"

They both laughed.

II

Henri Le Febre quivered imperceptibly in his canopied bed as Marceau opened the door and slid noiselessly into the room. His

eyelids remained closed as the servant approached, and stood regarding him with a gaze of furtive scrutiny. To Le Febre, this recurrent morning duel had become an agony; to-day its torture was particularly acute. Presently the servant would say, "Good-morning, Monsieur." Le Febre felt he could not again endure the words, the voice of his servant. Perhaps if he lay entirely motionless, Marceau would go away. The man in the bed was stiller than death . . . stiller than death, he thought, lying straight and stark between the perfumed sheets. And then, overwhelming agony consumed him because the stillness was not death; death which is so straight and still. Tears welled into his eyes, causing him to open them.

"Good-morning, Monsieur!" the man said, ignoring his master's tears.

The man in bed regarded Marceau in outward calm; inwardly he was in a tumult greater than if he kicked and screamed. The servant moved from the bedside.

Le Febre knew he intended to open the curtains, to admit the sunshine; he shut his eyes. Sunshine! If Marceau only knew how sunshine affected him. He thought he would scream when Marceau reached the window; the curtain-rings scraped maddeningly against the pole, and bright sunshine streamed in. Le Febre's teeth ground together; his tongue suddenly was too large for his mouth; a choking sensation assailed him. When the incoherence of his rage had passed, he found that Marceau was arranging a breakfast tray beside him. The odor of coffee permeated the room; it sickened him, he wanted to dash the tray upon the floor, but the effort of lifting his arm appalled him.

. . . Perhaps if he stopped breathing? . . .

He was watching Marceau now, as a trapped beast watches its captor. The man lifted the coffee pot, poised it above the cup; he half-filled the cup with coffee; he replaced the coffee-pot and took up a pitcher of hot milk; its pungent aroma assailed Le Febre's nostrils; the odor of hot milk, he decided, was more nauseous than coffee. His stomach retched feebly, an inaudible groan tore through his brain.

Marceau bent above him with the steaming cup. "If Monsieur will sit up," he said.

Le Febre raised reluctant eyes to Marceau's. There was no

weakening in Marceau's eyes. After an instant, Le Febre lifted his head, and managed a sip of the coffee. It was more nauseous than it smelt. His lips contracted spasmodically; he dropped back into the darkness of his pillows; but the sunshine shone through his closed eyelids; it was impossible to lose the sense of light and noise and smell and taste.

Marceau opened a newspaper; its crackle racked Le Febre with exquisite pain. Before he could recover, the servant's voice was in his ears.

"If Monsieur cares to see *Le Matin*?"

Le Febre raised his lids. From the sheet that Marceau held before him, a clown grinned into his eyes; there were streaks across the clown's cheeks, and a fan of wrinkles on his brow. Le Febre closed his eyes. Laughter, sweet laughter, raucous laughter, kind laughter, cruel laughter, laughter . . . surged about Le Febre, it pommeled him, it flayed him. Laughter! He would have stopped his ears with pillows, but the effort was beyond him . . . laughter still tore at him, but it was abating now, subsiding, like waters after a storm. Le Febre felt himself spent, worn out, as if the echoing laughter had wrenched away his grasp on life. From beneath his closed eyelids, the sun was darker; no noises smote upon his ears; perhaps death had come to deliver him at last to still quiet darkness.

And then more raucous than file on steel, the hiss of water from a faucet mangled his momentary repose. It was time for his bath. Bath! Hot water, cold water, soap, towels, powder, razors, massage, clothes, shoes; and then the noises of the streets; the crowds of people, and always somewhere, laughter.

Marceau touched him on the shoulder. "Your bath, Monsieur!"

Le Febre tottered to his feet; he clutched Marceau as he crossed the room. Steam was rising from the bathtub. It made his head swim to watch it; it spiraled vaguely and vanished futilely, like laughter.

Marceau was removing his bathrobe. As he stepped into the tub, he slipped and sat down amid a great splash. The noise set his teeth on edge, his fingernails bit into the soap. A sudden hatred of Marceau flared like blood into his brain; he would kill him if—if it were worth the effort. He stared at his valet mur-

derously. "I shall send him away," he decided, "but not until the bath and shave are finished—there are so many things to do."

Presently Marceau opened the bathroom door for his master to emerge. Le Febre passed into the other room. "I shall dress myself, Marceau," he heard himself saying, and was conscious of blank surprise in Marceau's eyes. His clothes were laid out on the couch; the silk of his hose rasped against his hand as he drew them on. Nausea welled in him. He struggled desperately with one garter; under his fingers it pretended to be fastened, and immediately he busied himself with something else, it flew open, it seemed to be laughing at him. He looked about him furtively, laughter sounded in his ears. The garter still defied his fingers; vast weariness consumed him; it seemed to him he had been struggling for hours with the garter. He began suddenly to cry . . . and Marceau was beside him, fastening the garter, lacing his boots, getting him into his clothes.

When he was quite finished, Marceau handed him his cigarette-case. Le Febre slipped the bauble into a pocket, and immediately regretted it. It might soothe him to smoke. He sat down abruptly, wondering whether a cigarette would be worth the effort of withdrawing the case, extracting the cigarette, lighting it, puffing it. He was lost for some time contemplating the possibilities of expending so much energy. In the end, the cigarette-case remained in his pocket.

He became conscious suddenly of the ticking of a clock. He closed his eyes against the sound, which seemed to grow louder and louder, to thunder upward in a fierce crescendo. Its tumult deafened him, dazed him, exhausted him. And suddenly it died away.

Marceau approached him. "Monsieur's appointment is for twelve o'clock." He held a hat and coat in his hands.

Le Febre looked at his servant. "I can't go to-day, Marceau."

The valet's eyes were unflinching. "Monsieur's appointment is for twelve o'clock," he repeated, and helped Le Febre to rise.

As they descended, a small child in the lift stared at Le Febre with wide unblinking eyes; she nudged her mother, and whispered to her, but when they reached the street floor, the child darted out of the lift as if she were afraid, and scampered away.

At Marceau's signal, a fiacre drew up. Le Febre allowed him-

self to be assisted into the vehicle; the valet murmured an address to the driver; they moved out into the traffic.

Across the Rue de Rivoli, spring sunshine glittered on a thousand dancing leaves in the Tuileries Gardens; children played along the graveled paths; old men sat huddled on the benches; beneath a budding lilac-tree, a young girl raised ecstatic eyes to the man who bent above her; out of the sky a bird winged earthward in great spirals.

The swaying motion of his cab relaxed Le Febre. Although the sunshine was back before his eyes, and noises racked him, the crowded streets somehow were not so acute a torture as his room. When the cab stopped, Le Febre opened his eyes. A doorman helped him to alight, and presently he found himself in a splendid room where people sat waiting. A young woman approached him; she bent above him; questioned him, he thought, as if he were a child. When she had written down his name and age, she straightened up.

"The doctor will see you in a very few minutes," she murmured soothingly.

Le Febre stared after her. A crescendo of laughter roared in his ears.

III

Alphonse Durand rose as Henri Le Febre came into his office. Vigor, like a lighted lamp, shone through him. An echo of last night's laughter curved his voice as he spoke.

"Good-morning, Monsieur!" he said.

The man whom he addressed regarded him without speaking. A bare inclination of his head sufficed for greeting; his fingers were limp against the other's palm.

"Will you be seated, Monsieur."

Henri Le Febre sank into the chair drawn up beside the doctor's table.

"You wished to consult me, Monsieur?"

Henri Le Febre's lips jerked spasmodically.

The doctor squared an already precise pile of cards upon his desk; he re-adjusted a paperweight; opened and closed a drawer; consulted a notebook.

Henri Le Febre followed the doctor's maneuvers with abject eyes; he was not insensible of gratitude.

"You wished to consult me?" Dr. Durand said again, and laying aside the notebook, turned to Le Febre.

Le Febre was unable to control the jerking of his lips. "Yes," he answered finally. "I—something is wrong—"

The doctor swung back in his chair, he half-shut his eyes that he might concentrate on what his patient would tell him. How many years had he listened thus, with half-shut eyes, while men and women described their strange ills, their tortured nerves! They came to him from all parts of the world, abject and groveling, products of a monstrosity called civilization. And yesterday his nerves had played him tricks. "Sooner or later," the doctor thought grimly, "it is a question of 'physician, heal thyself' ". . . and irrelevantly, the face of the clown, Grimaldi, was before him, laughter was in his ears. With an effort he refocused his attention.

Henri Le Febre was floundering helplessly. "Things won't get done. I can't fasten my garters. My tongue seems too big—it's crowded in my mouth. I have been trying for three weeks to finish a letter. Strange noises roar up in my ears, and diminish. . . . There is always somewhere the sound of laughter."

In Henri Le Febre's gaze was overwhelming supplication; as he stared at the doctor, he was more abject than if he had cast himself upon his knees.

Dr. Durand opened his half-shut eyes; he tilted forward into an upright position, regarding the man before him with a long keen look. He noted Le Febre's tongue was scalloped with the imprint of his teeth. Suddenly revulsions swept him, Le Febre's under lids were twitching: it recalled the twitch in his own lids last night. Disgust inundated him: would they never cease, these nervous wrecks, with twitching lids and morbid perceptions and supplicating eyes? The air about him seemed filled with supplicating eyes; all the thousands he had helped or tried to help closed in on him. He put his hand before him to shut out the crowding eyes, he would have risen with a terrific outraged gesture, but suddenly the fatigue of yesterday engulfed him.

His eyes became as smolderingly dull as Le Febre's, as supplicating.

Remote laughter mocked him.

"What can you do for me?" Le Febre was asking. Even as he spoke he recoiled in momentary bewilderment at the incredible change that came into Durand's face; for an instant he dismissed as a prank of his imagination the blight that seared the man before him. And then the perceptions of sensibilities acute as his, raw to the quick, tore his incredulity to tatters. For an instant the realization of Durand's collapse, like appalling calamity, steadied him.

"What can you do for me?" he repeated mechanically, remembering that for months he had put off this visit to the great neurologist; for months, against extremity, he had hoarded the belief that Durand could help him.

If the doctor realized to the ultimate the implication of the thing that had befallen him, Le Febre realized only that the man to whom he had come for help was hardly less desperate than himself.

They were staring at each other with the elemental hatred of rats caught in the same trap.

Terror clutched Le Febre, rage.

With a gigantic effort, Durand began to speak, his voice was rough-edged with control. "I can do little for you, except prescribe rest. You must not worry."

Le Febre got to his feet. Laughter in a wild crescendo rose about him. He reached the door.

Durand detained him with a vague gesture. "There is a clown, Grimaldi, who is convulsing Paris."—The doctor seemed to be shouting. "Go to see him . . . he'll help you . . . make you laugh."

Le Febre paused on the threshold. About him, the crashing laughter diminished and died. The silence frightened him. "I am Grimaldi," he said.

A TALE FROM THE GRAVE

By IRA V. MORRIS, Jr.

(From *The Calendar of Modern Letters*)

IN an insignificant gray house in one of the many insignificant gray suburbs of London there breathes and stirs a man who for many years has ceased to live. He eats, sleeps, talks, and works, and not one of the few acquaintances who greet him casually in the street suspects for a moment that he is addressing a dead man; if they knew, they would be filled with horror; so maybe it is far better for me, the dead man, to pretend that I am still alive.

I want to tell about myself, it will be a relief; and you will be interested to hear: it is a good story.

Let me first describe my house: I have often longed to poke fun at this ridiculous house. In appearance it differs very little from any one of the hundred thousand or so suburban houses about London; but its likeness to the thirteen other houses on my block is yet more striking. The fact is, it is one of a group of houses that resemble each other brick for brick, such as can be seen in any one of the suburbs of London or Manchester or Philadelphia or Berlin.

Speaking exactly, my house, like each of the fourteen houses of the block, is only half a house: that is to say, it can only be considered as a complete structure when taken together with my neighbor's house, which comprises the left part of the building as a whole. I share with my neighbor half the smokestack, half the garden and half the doorstep of this building, and one can thus see that he and I are a little more than neighbors, and less than room-mates: I might incidentally remark that in our ten years' acquaintance we have never spoken more than six words to each other at the same time. The next house of the block on the other

side is likewise joined to mine like Siamese twins; but it is a relief that it has no part in my doorstep or smokestack. I am rather proud of this.

The plan of my house is that of a model suburban "villa." There are two rooms of importance: one known alternatively as parlor, sitting-room, smoking or drawing-room, and lounge; the second the master bedroom, where my wife and I sleep. This last room is directly above the other, and resembles it precisely in size, shape, and fixtures: I have measured both rooms and I know. There is a large bay window facing the street, with blue cretonne curtains, green shades, and shutters that work with considerable and increasing difficulty (I am speaking of both rooms now). The wall paper is a floral design, three pink roses with long stems, and so on *ad perpetuum*. This likewise is identical in both rooms. The carpets have a design of small squares, enclosed in circles, in turn enclosed by larger squares: they are similar except that that in the parlor is green, in the bedroom brown. From the geometrical middle point of the parlor's yellow ceiling hangs a large electric lamp with a green shade, fairly dark green on the outside and very pale on the inner edge, where the light has faded it: this lamp hangs at just the proper height for the bright unglazed bulbs to hurt one's eyes when one is trying to read. In one corner of the sitting-room stands an upright bookcase of polished mahogany, with four shelves of books and glass doors locked by a key, a type of bookcase which may be found advertised in the magazines for so many shillings and an odd number of pence. The door to this bookcase creaks loudly when one opens it, as does every other door in the house with the exception of that into the kitchen, which had become so bad that I was forced to oil it. A piano, always in need of tuning, stands awkwardly at the end of the room, and in the way of the bookcase. The furniture of this refined drawing-room is of blue plush, a set of which my wife is duly proud: she has already mentioned it in her will. There is an open fireplace with logs, but this is make-belief; it is possible only to have a gas fire. The fenders of the fireplace, as well as the firing instruments, and for that matter everything else in the room, are remarkably uninteresting. The following pictures adorn the walls: three second-rate oil paintings of the nineteenth century

French nature school, respectively depicting maidens bathing in a lake, maidens dancing in a wood, and maidens playing ball upon a lawn; another oil painting by a man named Wilson of a waterfall; a copy of a water color by Maxfield Parrish; and finally a badly-executed woodcut of a person I take to be Mr. Pickwick.

I trust I have not tired the reader with this possibly too lengthy description of my parlor. Please remember that I have spent a considerable portion of my life in this very room, so it is understandable that I have formed a definite opinion of all its contents, and one can sympathize with my desire to communicate these opinions: they are not entirely without moment. Let me describe one more room, my bedroom, and leave the four others, my daughter's room, the dining-room, and so forth, to your imagination.

It is a large room, as I have already stated, the exact duplicate of the sitting-room. The enormous double bed in which my wife and I sleep occupies one corner; it is placed in such a position that the light from the window strikes your eyes in the morning, so that when you wake up they are sore and your head aches. I attribute largely to this the fact that I now wear glasses and that my eyesight is growing gradually worse. I have slept in this double bed not quite every night since my second marriage seventeen and a half years ago. I am an old man, I am resigned to my fate, yet even now it seems to me hard that towards the close of my life I am not allowed my own room, or at least my own bed. I have often proposed moving into the spare bedroom; but at the very suggestion my wife becomes so upset that I am forced to give up the idea.

Besides the bed, which may be termed the *pièce de resistance*, there are in the room a dresser for my wife's and my clothes, six chairs, of which only two are ever used, and in the corner my secretary, where I keep letters and papers, and which I use as a working desk. Fortunately the bureau is large, for it has to hold not only the clothes we regularly wear, but likewise twenty-one extra suits of mine which I had made in case I should some time become too poor to order new clothes. I am an old man of sixty-four, and I have probably not more than twenty-one years to live at the most; allowing for one fresh suit a year, they will last me. In my bedroom there hang four pictures: a small copy of the

same Maxfield Parish picture that hangs below, two hunting scenes, and an imitation print entitled "Men Catching Salmon."

Outside the door of the garret, in the hallway at the head of the stairs, hangs a large oil painting, the only valuable article in the house. It is the portrait of my great-great-grandfather, the first Earl of Hume, a beautiful piece of work. Each feature of the stern old face stands out as if hewn in granite; the fine blue eyes gaze down at you, penetrating and understanding.

No one of my family dare mention the picture, for they know I will fly into a fury at once; it is the only thing I possess that reminds me of the time when I was still alive.

When a man dies he ought not, like the Egyptians, drag his cherished memories to the grave. . . .

My day begins at seven o'clock with my wife shaking me by the shoulder and asking me how long I expect to lie in bed. As I never get to sleep till three or four I am tired and feel like resting a while, but after listening to her grinding voice for a moment I become fully awake; moreover, the bright sunshine shines full in my eyes, so I get up, dress quickly, and go downstairs. I sit down and begin reading a book, but before long my wife comes into the room, still doing up her hair and begins talking to me; when I continue to read she heaves a deep sigh, exclaiming in an injured tone:

"Ramsay, will you never listen to me? Do you think I'm talking to the air? Yes, you are going to listen to me now for once."

My early morning is already spoiled, so I put down the book without a word, and as she proceeds to tell me that our daughter simply must be sent off to boarding-school, and asks me several times what work I intend to do this day, I answer as briefly as possible, and, with a sort of self-torture, scrutinize her thin, unattractive features.

Seventeen years ago I married an intelligent, beautiful and, as I then thought, a spiritual woman. She was twenty, with all the freshness and sincerity of youth, her eyes were clear, and her complexion was refreshing to look at. Where is that woman now? The person I see before me is indefinite and uninspiring. She is stout where she should not be, and thin where she should not be; she has let herself go; her clothes hang from her as if they

were not hers but she had borrowed them for the occasion. Her hands are large and bony and hard; her shoes seem too big, and when she walks she does not lift up her feet: and her face is no longer beautiful but looks pinched, her nose is far too aquiline, and when she opens her mouth it appears to be full of teeth. She is a middle-aged, middle-class woman.

My daughter Alice comes down the stairs, and hardly greeting us, goes to the piano and begins to play. Though she is only sixteen, she despises her mother and me, feels herself oppressed, and I can see that she is longing to get away; she thinks herself a member of the enlightened generation, and the atmosphere of our house weighs on her like lead. This, for some reason, fills me with anger. I know that it would be far the best thing for her to be sent off to school, as her mother is continually urging, but I invent excuses, declare that we can't afford it, and that she is too young; this though I know that she sees through me like glass, and that she will despise me more than ever.

I do not love my daughter. Her presence only awakens in me the remembrance that she is not my daughter at all, that this life is not mine either, but that far away, over the Atlantic Ocean, are my true daughters, my true life. What has this awkwardness, this harsh voice, this black hair, to do with me? My two real daughters in America are different. They have their mother's grace, her voice, which is like the note of a viola, her honey-brown hair—the only hair for a woman. They are mine, they are women—this is a stranger.

The breakfast topics are three in number: my daughter's education, the conduct of the new servant, and a third topic selected at random from the morning paper.

While we are eating our oranges my wife asks:

"Well, Alice, I hope you have done all your home work."

"No."

"What do you mean, you haven't? What do you think we are sending you to an expensive school for? You'll get kicked out next thing, that's what."

"Oh, stop your nagging, Mother, for goodness' sake. You know I can get along, and that's all you care about."

"Don't you dare to speak to your mother like that," I growl furiously, though I know she is quite right, and that, despite her

doing no work whatsoever, she is usually the best in her class. In this at least she takes after me, and not her mother.

During the egg course my wife is sure to speak about the new servant. There is always a new servant, for none can stand my wife for more than a few weeks. I do not assert that I am not difficult as well, but I know for a fact that while they fear my temper, they invariably like and respect me, while they all detest and heartily despise my wife: more than one has told me this in so many words.

"Well, Hilda will never do, that's certain," moans my wife in her grinding, injured tone. "Remember how badly she served last night, and now did you see her hands this morning—why, they are black. It's disgraceful. You can't get a good servant nowadays. And the wages we pay!"

I note that people slovenly in their personal appearance are apt to be unduly critical of others; now while my wife spoke, it was evident that she had not yet washed her bony hands, and her finger-nails were none too clean; one could not imagine being caressed by those hands.

By the time coffee has come, these two entrancing topics have been exhausted, and there is need of an artificial stimulus to the conversation; almost unconsciously I pick up the *Times* (I should have been scolded had I attempted to look at it before), open to the political page, and make some wholly unnecessary statement, such as:

"I see that Mussolini has arrested the editor of a Milan paper."

"You don't say so," cries my wife, waving her hands about in horror as if it were she who had been placed under arrest. "These wretched Fascisti! Soon there won't be any liberty left anywhere. How can those Italians allow it!"

A little later I read:

"Bolsheviks arrest two Britishers."

"Devils," cries my wife furiously, "how dare they? Those radicals ought to be squashed out; before we know it they'll be running this country too. Why don't we do something about it. Well, what do you think about it, Alice?"

My wife's ambition is to bring up Alice as a "lady," in which design she encourages her to form opinions on current matters, and had even suggested her taking extra lessons in elocution.

"I think it's no use discussing it, and that we don't know much about it," says my daughter drily, getting up and putting down her napkin. How that girl despises her mother and me too!

About nine, after having read the paper sheet by sheet, I start off for my office. My wife stands in the doorway, examining the lock, which does not hold properly, and calling after me:

"You are sure you won't need me in the office to-day, Ramsay? Maybe I'd better come after all. What do you think? Just call me up if I'm needed. I'll be here all morning—I can't go out to do things anyway because of the new maid. I have to teach her everything—she doesn't know how to do a thing. When will you be home? You're sure you don't need me?"

Ever since I was forced to discharge my stenographer to save money, my wife has been doing much of my typing for me. She is not at all stupid at many things, and is skillful on the machine; but I much prefer doing this extra work myself than to hear her grinding, unpleasant voice for these added hours.

At present I am part owner of a newspaper clipping business which I bought from what I was able to save from my last business, which was rubber import. Since my divorce, twenty-four years back, I have owned and been interested in exactly thirteen businesses, not including the present one, of which seven have gone bankrupt, and from the rest of which I have for various reasons retired; and this despite my intelligence, integrity, and business ability. What is the cause?

Mr. Bell, my partner, is already there when I arrive in my office; likewise, a pasty, uninterested chap whom we employ to run errands. I sit down to work, and work on till lunch time, rapidly but without enthusiasm. Formerly when one business failed, I would take up a new with increased zeal, settling out to master its intricacies, and would experience a keen enjoyment as I learned to understand my subject. But now I am worn down by failures, and the old enthusiasm is lacking; I know I cannot succeed, that life is against me. Why then try?

Mr. Bell has led a life of failures too. He is a gentleman and I enjoy his company; but I do not respect him. He is not dishonest, but on the other hand he is not quite honest either; in the same way, he is not exactly clever, but he is very far from dull. I had him to dinner the other day, and I remarked that

when he spilled something he hastily covered it up with his glass. It is difficult to respect a man like that; he is a half-way house.

At one we go out for a quick lunch, return, and work till a quarter to five. It is not easy work. On the floor lie piles of newspapers and reviews of several nationalities; it is our task to scan each one of these publications for articles and news items related no matter how remotely with any of our clients. It is not like ordinary newspaper clipping service, but far more specialized. For instance, one of our clients has us collect all articles bearing on Siamese trade; another asks us to look for mention of a certain half-forgotten German author. It is impossible for the three of us to do the work thoroughly; yet when we miss something it is apt to cost us a client. Already our trade has slightly fallen off.

I carry home work under my arm to complete before dinner. As usual, I ride thirty-eight minutes in the stuffy Underground and walk home the crowded, unpleasant way by High Street, in order to save a few moments. But on unlocking my front door I am surprised to hear voices. Visitors! How dare my wife invite guests to my house without consulting me? And who could they be? No decent person would care to come to this house to talk to that rattling, wheezy old vixen. Furiously I sweep into the room. Two middle-class women and a terrified looking little man are sipping tea, while my wife is seated in regal splendor behind the tea kettle.

"Oh," I declare apologetically, turning to go. "Pardon me. I did not know you were seeing any tradespeople to-day, my dear."

"Ramsay!" she cries desperately, getting up quickly. "Ramsay, I should like to introduce you—I—"

Her pale face has become blood red.

"You must really excuse me," I beg her, turning at the door. "I am quite sure you can manage it very well yourself. Call me when dinner is ready."

I go upstairs and set to work. I can hear the guests putting on their cloaks and leaving, and later my wife's sobbing. I work on for a while, but when I can stand it no longer I go down; by this time I am heartily ashamed of my childish outburst, and sorry for my wife.

"For God's sake pardon me, Harriet," I say, going up to her.

"I am only a miserable, selfish old man. Forgive me." And add in a low voice, "You have much to forgive me for."

She looks up at me, and her face, wrinkled with weeping, looks old and gray and tired.

"Yes, I forgive you, Ramsay. Please go now, I want to be alone."

I sneak upstairs and sit down by the bay window. I remember the girl I married seventeen years ago. I thought then that I would form her, that I would mold her character into something worth while. She loved me; I would learn to love her—and to forget. And what has happened? What has become of her—and of her love? And after seventeen years had I learned to forget? I am seized with despair. I sink my gray head in my hand, and rock back and forth moaning.

"It is no use," I think. "My God! What is the use? What is the use? . . ."

Sometimes when I am unduly depressed, I tell myself that there is no brightness left in my life; but this is not so. No matter how burdened with misery the human mind may be, it never needs more than a trifle to bring a momentary forgetfulness; soldiers under shellfire can enjoy their cigarettes, and in the same way there is more than one pleasure left me. I enjoy good food, intelligent conversation, and the theater, though these are all rare enough nowadays. I can still look forward to my long evenings with my books: and there is another enjoyment greater than these.

Ever since my divorce I have received a letter each month from my eldest daughter Margaret in New York. She has been living with her mother and sister, and the beginning of each month I send them a sum of money, as large as I can afford at the time. My fortunes have varied, and theirs have fluctuated correspondingly. During one time, at the beginning of my second marriage, I was doing fairly well as part owner of a large glass blowing industry, and my first family lived in style in an expensive New York apartment. My house outside London I had rented only temporarily, and I planned to give it up and buy a larger one when the lease expired; before that, however, I quarreled with my partners, retired from the business, and used up my earnings to buy an interest in a folding chair factory, for which

I predicted great things, but which soon failed owing to the dishonesty of my friend and partner. Then my two families were forced to live more simply, but a little later I made money again, this time in insurance, and would have made more had it not been for the war. And so on. My business life, like my private one, is without order or reason. I have grown to hate good luck as much as bad, for if fate lets me off now, I know it will only give me a harder blow later: and I no longer care a great deal.

At present I can give my first family little, and though I agreed with my second wife when we married always to send them as much as we used ourselves, she looks at me as if I were robbing her when I go to the post office at the beginning of the month. Now they have taken a little house in one of the cheaper suburbs of New York. They apparently live on nothing, but even so, both my daughters have been forced to take work, the elder as private secretary, the younger as accountant in a large concern. This hurts me, and I feel that they must despise me for not having earned enough to support my own daughters in my old age.

Margaret, my favorite, I have not seen for almost ten years, since my last visit to the States; now she is a grown woman of thirty-two, much like her mother according to the snapshot she sent me, but she is not yet married. Lucia, the younger, visited me four years ago when she was, I believe, twenty-three or twenty-four. We quarreled, and as a result of this quarrel I have neither written nor heard from her since that time. Though I still maintain that the cause of the quarrel was entirely her fault, though I declare I will never see her again, I should really give a great deal for some pretext for a reconciliation. And she knows this. I often ask myself how a warm young girl can so harden her heart against a lonely old man that she refuses to swallow her pride and beg his forgiveness.

I am continually writing Margaret to come and stay with me for a while. The guest-room stands empty, there is a servant doing nothing—why, then, should my own daughter sit in a stuffy office typing for eight hours a day? Why should my false daughter enjoy my house alone? And one day at last I am delighted to receive a letter saying that she has given up her job and that,

provided I still want her, she will come to London to visit me. If I still want her! I hasten to the post office to cable her the necessary money at once; it is the first time in years that I have had something to look forward to.

I am at the station to meet her when she arrives. She looks pale and tired from the journey, and at once I am overcome with tenderness. I want to take her in my arms, to tell her that I love her, that I am glad to see her; but I do none of these things. I can only look at her, my lips trembling, and think:

"How like her mother she is! My God, how like her!"

We go to claim her baggage; she is carrying a wretched little brown suitcase which I do not even attempt to take from her. She finds one piece at once, a large cheap carry-all, much the worse for wear, torn at one edge.

"Well, that's fine," she says.

"But we must find the rest."

"There isn't any rest, Father."

"Oh, I see," I say vacantly.

In the taxi I keep looking at her face hungrily till she turns away in confusion; in the light of the feeble arc lamps I try to read into this face the features, the expression of that other dear face I shall never see again.

"You left your mother well—and happy?"

"Yes, Father."

"She said nothing—she sent no message?" I ask guiltily, and then, without giving her time to answer, "No, no, no, no—of course. Well, I hope you will be happy with us here," but in a moment I cannot keep myself from asking again:

"Did your mother say anything when you left—have you any message from her?"

My wife is downstairs when we arrive. Of course, she has never liked either of my elder daughters, but knowing that I love Margaret, she is bitterest towards her.

"You oughtn't to take taxis, Ramsay," she grinds out as we enter, "you know very well that we can't afford it," then in the same tone, "Oh, hello, Margaret—it's a long time since we met." My daughter shrinks as she is kissed hastily on the mouth; but then my wife begins, as usual, tinkering with the damaged door lock.

I show my daughter to her room, but instead of leaving her, walk up and down excitedly, casting glances at her face; when she turns away reddening, I still try to catch glimpses of it in the mirror.

She begins unpacking, and among other objects places a small framed photograph of her mother on the mantel. Assuming a casual manner, I stroll over and look at it.

"She's grown older," I say, trying to detach my voice from my body, "but she's still beautiful. It's a long time—she was younger then. Yes." I know that it embarrasses my daughter, but I can talk about nothing else; it is so long since I was able to speak.

Despite my wife, dinner seems almost gay to-night. Instead of discussing the new building that is going up in the vicinity, the foggy condition of the weather, my daughter's classes, the conversation is very nearly general; my daughter tells us all about the crossing, and appears delighted at the difference in English and American trains and taxicabs; I even warm up sufficiently to tell one of my old jokes, which I know that my wife and Alice have already heard a dozen times or more.

During dessert I declare jovially to my wife:

"We will have to take Margaret about and get her some new clothes, won't we, dear?"

"Goodness," cries my wife, turning her cold eyes on me, "has some one left you an inheritance?" Such an answer somehow dampens one's zest.

While sipping coffee after dinner, the cat slinks into the room. I have not yet spoken about this cat; it has a history of its own. It was a fine Angora when my wife bought it for me, and incidentally for herself, at Christmas some years ago. Then it was a sleek and contented animal, with a disposition so happy that it won it the name of "Jolly"; but with the years its sleekness and joy have fallen away; it has become emaciated, mangy, and melancholy. Nowadays Jolly wanders furtively about as if each of its seven cat lives were in momentary danger, its tail droops, and it has worms. The atmosphere of the house has affected the animal, as it seems to have the pots of faded geraniums in the window, and even the crinkled tomatoes that grow in the backyard. One of Poe's characters is obsessed with hatred of a

cat, and I imagine it is very much the same feeling that I experience: I hate it as a fellow sufferer.

But when this cat sees my daughter Margaret, it bounds towards her, purring with delight, and jumps on her lap; it has not shown so much spirit in years. However, my wife soon puts an end to its unaccustomed outburst by confining it to the cellar; and in the same way my own high spirits soon peter out and, without even desiring to read as usual, I follow my wife to bed.

But that does not necessarily mean sleep. If my daughter in the guest-room next door were awake, she might hear my wife's grinding, injured voice going on and on and on without a halt. Why, she would like to know, do I stare at that girl as I do? Is she as beautiful as all that? Maybe I have fallen in love with her? Well, she realizes she is only my wife, and maybe I think she hasn't the right to ask such questions? I needn't believe that she fancies I still love her—how could she even expect such a thing of me—but why do I keep throwing the fact in her very face? What is that girl doing here anyway? Do I think she doesn't realize why I want her here? Why shouldn't she stay in America where she belongs? What has she to do with our home? Perhaps I have so much money I had to find some one to spend it on? Maybe I felt that my family was living too luxuriously? And maybe I supposed that cynical woman would be a good influence for my own innocent little daughter? She could tell things about her, even if I couldn't—have I ever known her to be mistaken in sizing up a face? I've already succeeded in ruining her life—am I planning to ruin her daughter's next? She was a sweet young girl herself once before she met me—don't I suppose she is in a position to tell an evil influence when she sees one?

Towards one she falls into an exhausted sleep. When I hear the regular snores, I crawl noiselessly out of bed, tiptoe over to the door, profiting from past experience, make my way down the stairs without creaking a board. Downstairs I turn on the light, and, taking out a volume of Proust, begin to read. I read on till dawn, trying to forget my life in the printed words.

My wife's reactions to her step-daughter's presence are worthy the attentions of a psycho-analyst. At first her attitude is re-

served, dignified, matronish; she wishes to impress the fact that she is a family woman, a person of weight in the social community, a breeder of England's next generation. She contrasts herself to my daughter: the unmarried woman, the useless mouth, the unwanted. Her tone bespeaks the mother; she is condescending, gives orders, uses neither powder nor perfume. One would never guess there is only a few years' difference between the two women.

A little later there is a sudden change. Instead of trying to appear elderly, she attempts to take off a few years, begins to powder to excess, for some reason has her hair bobbed. She is jealous of my daughter, and vexed when she finds her in my company, and she tries rather absurdly to flirt with me, in order, I suppose, to gain back my attentions.

While I am reading she comes and sits down heavily on my lap, taking away my book.

"Good heavens," I cry in mock dismay, "consider my age. I'm sixty-four. What do you think I'm made of? Do you want to kill me?"

"Ramsay, dear, why aren't you ever nice and sweet to me any more? Have I grown so ugly?"

"Are you being pathetic, my dear? I am afraid this is hardly a suitable place to exercise your talents for the theater. Excuse me."

"Ramsay, darling!"

"Come, come, my dear, I can hardly satisfy you any more. You must look for some one else—choose a younger man."

"I know what it is," she snaps with sudden spitefulness, her face hardening, "you're in love with that girl. That's what."

In love—in love. Yes, I have always been in love, desperately, hopelessly in love. And now, twenty-four years since I laid eyes on my loved one, I am deeper in love than I have ever been before. My love is undying—it will never end.

I seek excuses to enter my daughter's room that I may see the picture of my beloved. As she is reading, I let my hand steal carelessly over the girl's honey-brown hair, but she knows that it is not she I am caressing.

At the motion pictures one night one of the actresses is strangely

like my beloved—her gestures, her eyes, her hands; I am seized with such a trembling that the whole bench shakes and the people look about at me; I cannot control myself, and am forced to leave the theater, mumbling some feeble excuse to my wife, and walk up and down the pavement outside till the show is over.

In love, always in love—

For some time I have known that my wife has been intercepting Margaret's letters from her mother, and my daughter has several times complained to me about it. I assume an air of wounded dignity, of ruffled pride, and assure her that it is an unheard-of event, that she can rest assured it will never happen again. But in my heart I know I will never have the courage to mention the matter; I have far too much regard for my poor night's rest. Long ago I learned better than to voluntarily bring up the subject for an all-night harangue.

And this is not the only insult to which my daughter is subject. My wife does not fail to remind her of the social harmfulness of the idle, or to suggest that everybody should seek work of some kind in order to take the burden off the few. Almost nightly the dinner table witnesses a fresh attack.

"Just fancy," cries my wife happily, "I was looking down the street this evening and I saw some one striding along, taking up the whole pavement; straight as a stick, mind you, and with her head back as if she were looking for aeroplanes. Goodness, who can that fine lady be, I thought; and when she got closer—well, who do you suppose it was?"

My wife ogles us about the table, her long white teeth protruding from all corners of her smiling mouth.

"Why, no other than our own little Margie," she cries, laughing shrilly and patting my daughter's arm with her clammy, gray hand. "What were you looking for, Margie—won't you tell us?"

And I sit there, smiling like an imbecile, and afraid to open my mouth, though I know the poor girl winces under these continual petty insults. Later I hear Alice weeping in my daughter Margaret's room and the voice of the older girl trying to console her, and I know it is out of shame for her mother and for me that she weeps. That is not pleasant for a father.

One night, shortly before midnight, I sit reading as usual when I hear cautious footsteps on the stairs. My daughter Mar-

garet comes into the sitting-room; she is dressed in a traveling costume and in her hand she holds her little brown bag. My heart gives a sudden squeeze: I feel this is the end.

She puts down her bag noiselessly and tiptoes up to the blue plush armchair.

"Well, Father, I'm going," she says in a low voice. "You will have to say good-by to your wife for me—I couldn't do it. Send my black bag on when you get a chance—I'll write you my address."

I can only stare at her dully, without even putting down my book, and think, "How like her mother—my God, how like her."

"You're going?" I finally manage to say.

"Yes, I'm going. I don't know where—I shall get a job somehow. Later I'll be going home."

Silence again.

"I'm an old man, Margaret. I shall be gone soon; you won't blame me any more then."

"I don't blame you any more," she replies coldly, "none of us blame you any more—not for anything. We've gotten over that."

I feel my old temper rising in me again.

"How dare you stand there and speak to me like that, girl?" I cry. "How dare you throw your mother's blame back in my face? How dare you?"

"Speak lower or your wife will wake up," she interrupts disdainfully.

"Let me speak," I shout furiously. "So you don't blame me any more for anything? How dare you say that? Let your mother first accuse me of a single act of disloyalty, and then we will talk of blaming. Let her say that I ceased loving her for a single moment, and I will let you speak of blaming or of not blaming. Give me one sensible reason why she left me, and I will be the first to censure myself!"

"Why such a scene at this late date?" asks my daughter calmly. "And why should I now begin to explain what your whole wasted life has failed to teach you? Do you ask your daughter to tell you that you are a weak, selfish, foolish old man, whom it is impossible for any one to live with? If you could for once learn to bow your neck!"

But my anger has soon burned itself out; it is unseemly for a

dead man to be aroused. And I cast furtive glances up the stairs, hoping that my wife has not been awakened. My daughter goes to the door and takes up her little brown bag.

"You will need money?" I suggest.

"No, thanks. I have a few pounds."

"But I will get your passage home—let me send it to your address."

"No, thank you—I shall manage."

There is nothing more to say: she is about to leave.

"Well, let me help you part of the way with your bag at least. You will let me do that for you," I say desperately.

"Oh, it's so light—don't trouble. Thank you."

She is gone. And as I close the door on her dear figure, my own gray life seems to come flooding in the room like a mist. I go back to my chair by the bay window, and gaze out on the arc-lit street down which she has disappeared. The grandfather clock in the hallway slowly ticks the hours. I try to analyze my thoughts, but now, try as I will, I can think of nothing significant: it only strikes me that the corner of the carpet is worn away, that the lamp-shade has faded from green to gray. The psycho-analysts say that only the desires are important. But what do I desire? My wishes are as trivial as my thoughts. I desire that for my few remaining years I shall be allowed my own bedroom, at least not forced to share my room with one who is uncongenial to me. And another desire: I should like to see the woman I love once more before I die. That is all: it is modest enough. And my thoughts return once more to the worn carpet, to the faded silk shade. The clock ticks, the hours pass; lonely as the grave.

In this houseful of people, in this city full of people, I am all alone: my days are peopled with specters, and a specter myself, it is my lot to move amongst them clinging to the sole reality of my memories. The last clod of earth has been flung upon my grave.

"EXTRA! EXTRA!"¹

By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

(From *Scribner's Magazine*)

FROM the street below came that most terrifying of sounds, the full-chested roar of two men shouting, "Extra! Extra!" through the rainy night.

"Extra! Extra!"

Mr. Whidden, reading his evening paper (it was the home edition, published at noon, containing no news whatsoever), wondered what the trouble was. He could gather nothing from the ominous shouts that assailed his ears. The two men might have been lusty-lunged Russians for all of him. But there was an ominous note in their voices—the warning of dark calamity—the grim suggestion of wars, plagues, holocausts.

"Where do they get those men with voices like that, and what do they do between extras?" he thought.

Mrs. Whidden emerged from the kitchen, whither she had retired to bathe the supper-dishes.

"There's an extra out, Roy," she announced.

"So I hear," said her husband, who was not above an occasional facetious sally.

She walked over to the window, opened it, and thrust her head out into the rain. In the street, five stories below, she could see the two news-venders.

"Extra! Extra!"

Mrs. Whidden turned from the window.

"Something must have happened."

There was an overtone of complaint in her remark that Mr. Whidden recognized only too well. It was a tone that always suggested unwelcome activity on Mr. Whidden's part. He wished that she would come right out and say, "Go down-stairs and get

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the paper," but she never did. She always prefaced her commands with a series of whining insinuations.

"I wonder what it was?" she asked, as though expecting her husband to know.

"Oh, nothing, I guess. Those extras never amount to anything."

Mrs. Whidden turned again to the window.

"Something awful must have happened," she observed, and the counterpoint of complaint was even more pronounced.

Mr. Whidden shifted uneasily in his chair—the one comfortable chair in the flat—the chair which he himself had bought for his own occupancy and about which there had been so much argument. He knew what was coming; he didn't want to move, and walk down and up four flights of stairs for the sake of some information that would not affect his life in the remotest degree.

"Don't you intend to find *out*?" asked Mrs. Whidden, and it was evident that she had reached the snappy stage. Her husband knew that, if he didn't go down and buy that damned paper, he would provide fuel for an irritation that would burn well into the night. Nevertheless, that chair was so comfortable, and the weather was so disagreeable, and the stairs were such a climb! . . .

"I guess I won't go down, Emmy. Those extras are always fakes, anyway, and, besides, if it is anything important, we'll find out about it in the morning paper."

The roars of the men shouting "Extra! Extra!" reverberated through the street, beating with determined violence against the sheer walls of the walk-up apartment-houses, shuddering through the open window of the Whiddens' living-room, jarring the fringed shade of the reading-lamp, the souvenirs on the book-shelves, the tasseled portières that led into the little hall.

"You're just lazy, Roy Whidden," said Mrs. Whidden. "You sit there reading your paper—night after night—night after night." She turned as though to an invisible jury, to whom she was addressing a fervent plea for recognition of her prolonged martyrdom. Then, with all the dramatic suddenness of an experienced prosecutor, she snapped at the defendant: "What *do* you read, anyway? Answer me that! What *do* you read?"

Mr. Whidden knew that the question was purely rhetorical. No answer was expected.

"You don't read a *thing*. You just sit there and stare at that fool paper—probably the death-notices. When anything important happens, you don't even care enough to step out into the street and see what it is."

"How do *you* know it's important?" Mr. Whidden inquired, being inclined, albeit unwisely, to display a little spirit.

"How do you know it *isn't*?" Mrs. Whidden back-fired. "How will you ever know *anything* unless you take the trouble to find out?"

Mr. Whidden uncrossed his legs and then crossed them again.

"I suppose you expect *me* to go down and get that paper," cried Mrs. Whidden, whose voice was now rivaling the news-venders'. "With all I've got to do—the dishes, and the baby's ten-o'clock feeding, and . . . all right! I'll go! I'll walk down the four flights of stairs and *get* the paper, so that your majesty won't have to trouble yourself." There was a fine sarcasm in her tone now.

Mr. Whidden knew that it was the end. For seven years this exact scene had been repeating itself over and over again. If there had only been some slight variation in his wife's technic . . . but there never had. At first, he had tried to be frightfully sporting about it, assuming the blame at the first hint of trouble and doing whatever was demanded of him with all possible grace; but that pose, and it had not been long before he admitted that it *was* a pose, was worn away by a process of erosion, a process that had kept up for seven years—seven years of writing things in ledgers in an airless office on Dey Street; seven years of listening to those endless scoldings and complaints at home. Whatever of gallantry had existed in Mr. Whidden's soul had crumbled before the persistent and ever-increasing waves of temper. He knew that now, if he gave in, he did so because of cowardice and not because of any worthily chivalrous motives.

He threw his paper down, stood up, and walked into the bedroom to get his coat. Little Conrad was asleep in there, lying on his stomach, his face pressed against the bars of the crib.

Over the crib hung a colored photograph of the Taj Mahal, a

lovely, white building that Mr. Whidden had always wanted to see. He also wanted to see Singapore, and the Straits Settlements, and the west coast of Africa, places that he had read about in books.

He was thinking about these places, and wondering whether little Conrad would ever see them, when his wife's voice rasped at him from the next room.

"Are you going or will I have to go?"

"I'm going, dear," he assured her, in the manner of one who is tired.

"Well, hurry! Those men are a block away by now."

Mr. Whidden put on his coat, looked at little Conrad and at the Taj Mahal, and then started down the stairs.

There were four flights of them, and it was raining hard outside.

Twelve years later Mrs. Whidden (now Mrs. Burchall) sat sewing on the front porch of a pleasant house in a respectable suburb. It was a brilliantly sunny day, and the hydrangeas were just starting to burst out into profuse bloom on the bushes at either side of the steps.

"And do you mean to tell me you never *heard* from him?" asked Mrs. Lent, who was also sewing.

"Not a word," replied Mrs. Burchall, without rancor. "Not one word in twelve years. He used to send money sometimes to the bank, but they'd never tell me where it came from."

"I guess you ain't sorry he went. Fred Burchall's a good man."

"You'd think he was a good man all right if you could've seen what I had before. My *goodness*! When I think of the seven years I wasted being Roy Whidden's wife!"

Mrs. Burchall heaved a profound sigh.

"Ain't you ever sort of afraid he might show up?" asked Mrs. Lent.

"Not him. And if he did, what of it? Fred could kick him out with one hand tied behind his back. Fred Burchall's a real *man*."

She sewed in silence for a while.

"Of course, I *am* a little worried about Conrad. He thinks his father's dead. You see, we wanted to spare him from know-

ing about the divorce and all that. We couldn't have the boy starting out in life with his father's disgrace on his shoulders."

Shortly thereafter Mrs. Lent went on her way and Mrs. Burchall stepped into the house to see whether the maid was doing anything constructive. She found her son Conrad curled up in a chair, reading some book.

"You sitting in the house reading on a fine day like this! Go on out into the fresh air and shake your limbs."

"But, mother—"

"Go on out, I tell you. Can't you try to be a *real* boy for a change?"

"But this book's exciting."

"I'll bet. Anything in print is better than fresh air and outdoor exercise, I suppose. You're just like your—can't you ever stop reading for one *instant*? I declare! One of these days you'll turn into a book. . . . Now you set that book down and go out of this house this instant."

Conrad went out to the front yard and started, with no enthusiasm, to bounce an old golf-ball up and down upon the concrete walk that led from the front porch to the gate. He was thus engaged when a strange man appeared in the street, stopping before the gate to look for the number which wasn't there.

"Hey, sonny, is this Mrs. Burchall's house?"

"Yes," said the boy, "it is. Want to see her?"

The man was short, slight, and none too formidable-looking; although he was obviously a representative of the lower classes—possibly a tramp—Conrad was not in the least afraid of him. He had a rather friendly expression, a peaceful expression, as though he bore ill-will to no one.

"What's your name?" the man inquired.

"My name's Conrad—Conrad Whidden."

Conrad wondered why the man stared at him so.

"I used to know your mother," the man explained, "before I went to sea."

"Oh, you're a sailor!" Conrad was obviously impressed. "Where've you been?"

"Oh, all over. I just came from Marseilles."

"Gosh," said Conrad. "I'd like to go there. I've been reading about it in a book—it's a book called 'The Arrow of Gold.'"

The man smiled.

"You were named after the man who wrote that book," said the sailor.

"I never knew that."

"No, I guess not. Your mother didn't know, either."

Just then Mrs. Burchall appeared on the front steps, attracted perhaps by the suspicious cessation of the sharp pops that the golf-ball had been making on the concrete walk.

When she saw her former husband leaning on the gate, her first thought was this: "Well, of all things! And here I was talking about him to Adele Lent not ten minutes ago." Then she realized, with sudden horror, that her son was actually in conversation with his father. She wondered whether that fool Roy had said anything. . . .

"Conrad, you come here this instant!"

Conrad ambled up the concrete walk.

"How many times do I have to tell you not to talk to every strange man that comes around?"

"He's a sailor, mother."

"Oh, a sailor, is he!" Somehow or other that annoyed Mrs. Burchall. "Well, you just chase yourself around to the back and don't let me catch you talking to any tramps—or sailors, either."

Conrad cast one glance toward the man who had come from Marseilles, and then disappeared from view behind the house.

Mrs. Burchall walked elegantly down to the front gate and confronted Roy Whidden.

"So you're a sailor, are you?" she said, and surveyed him with deliberate satisfaction. "You look to me like a common bum. I always knew you'd never get anywhere."

"I guess you were right."

He smiled as he said this. Mrs. Burchall was irritated by the easy good humor of his tone, by the calm confidence in his eyes.

"Why did you do it?" she asked.

"I don't know. It was a rainy night, and I heard a fog-horn out in the river."

"So you left me for a fog-horn!"

"Yes—I knew you'd be all right. Your people had money, and I sent some."

"A lot you sent."

"I guess it wasn't much—but it was all I could scrape together."

"Well, what are you bumming around here for now? What do you want? More money? Well, you won't get it. Not one nickel. I told Fred Burchall if you ever showed up he was to kick you right out. And he'd do it, too! I advise you to make yourself scarce before *he* gets home."

"Don't worry, I'm going. My ship sails at six."

"Oh, your *ship* sails, does it! I'll bet it's a *fine* ship." She laughed harshly at the mental picture of any ship on which Roy Whidden could obtain employment. "How did you ever find out where I live?"

"Oh, I kept track of you through the bank. I knew when you got the divorce and got married again."

"Well, then, why didn't you leave me alone? What did you come snoopin' around here for?"

"Just curiosity. I wanted to see what the boy looks like."

"Well—you've seen him."

"Yes, I've seen him. That's all I wanted."

He straightened up and started to move away. "Well—good-by, Em."

"Good-by, and I hope you enjoy yourself on that *ship* of yours."

He was walking away down the street when suddenly she called to him: "*Roy!*" He stopped abruptly in response to that well-remembered summons.

"There was something I meant to ask you," she said with an unusual hesitancy. "What—what was that extra about?"

He rubbed his none-too-smooth chin and thought for an instant.

"Let's see," he said. "It was something about . . . no, that was later. I guess I've forgotten."

"Was it about the world series?" she asked, as though trying desperately hard to prompt him. "The morning papers were full of it. Was it about that?"

He smiled with relief. "Of course—that was it! The Red Sox won."

OUT OF THE WIND¹

By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

(From *The Pictorial Review*)

MOLLY was hardly a year old when her sister Ray was born; they might almost as well have been twins. As they grew the one was light, the other dark. Molly's eyes, under the golden drift of her hair, were the gray eyes of fathers watching the ocean's rim for whales that came; Ray's eyes had in their darkness the bedeviled vigilance of mothers watching the ocean's rim for ships that never came.

These two were sunshine and shadow hand in hand. Like the whiteness of sheep on the dark mat of the island moor that was their playground, like the slowly tumbling arabesque of little cloud-shapes drifting across the sand-cliffs on a Summer wind, neither was anything without the other. It was the other that was pretty as a picture. It was the other that made play fun, that brought dolls to life, sweetened the breath of the arbutus in Springtime and reddened the huckleberry-brakes in the Fall. It was the other, when their swift quarrels were dissolved, that had been the harmed.

They lived out of town, to the southward, on Candle Hill. All they could see of the village from Candle Hill was the tower of Center Church and the masts of vessels lying at the up-shore wharves. Their father's house was plain, square, and high to the eaves, in the fair proportions of the days when boys had killed their whales off Chile, danced with the maidens of the Marquesas, and seen the mountain of Africa, before ever they had set foot on the continent of America, visible on a clear day across the Sound.

Behind the house and on either side of it were locust-trees and poplars, and a wistaria-vine, as big around at the base as a

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man's thigh, climbed to the chamber windows at the front. In leaf time all this arborescence kept up a rustle like another and airier surf even in the stillest night; in the Winter, when the winds rushed in from the dark Atlantic, trunk and bough and twig, the trees made harps, and the harps made a giant and wild and mournful music that came through the clapboards to the girls hidden in the walnut bed in the southeast chamber, their hearts thrilled, their arms about each other, safe.

This room of theirs was big and square, like the house, and plain and uncrowded. Paper with figures of little flowers on it covered a portion of the walls, but the greater part was done in paneling, expanses ivory-white and serenely subdivided in low relief, solid-looking, and, were an ember left to redden on the hearth, warm-looking, so that though the sound of the gale came in to the sisters nothing else of it could come; nothing from the outside could get them once the shutters and the doors were closed and the four strong walls complete around them, the comfort pulled up dark over their heads and their secrets told.

Here they were secure not only from the world of the wind out-of-doors, but also from the world of their father and mother (or when their father had died, of their mother alone), who sat down-stairs. And this is no little thing.

Ray was seventeen, Molly was eighteen, Eddie Franklin was twenty. Eddie's grandfather, starting around the globe as third mate in a nor'westman at seventeen, had returned at Eddie's age her master in broadcloth and buttons and beaver hat, with a roll of money, a chest of hyson, a set of Canton, and a wooden leg. Eddie, gone as far south as the Delaware Breakwater in a mackerel-netter, was home with a roll of money, a hair-line serge, a derby, and a crocheted four-in-hand.

Times and styles may change, but never the light of stars and never the heart of youth. The same stars that had shone on the broad shoulders of one sea-conqueror shone on the shoulders of another now, as Eddie leaned on the post of the steps at the house on Candle Hill, content in the eyes of the pretty Coffin girls.

It was Maytime, Maytime. On the clapboard rise of the house the wistaria, looking black in the little light, gave off a perfume of flowers that got into the throat and into the heart. And Ray, when she had sat there for a long time on the top step, her

fingers locked tight in Molly's and her eyes wistfully on the strong, adventurous beauty of the man, decided, and bit her lip, and turned her face.

She turned her face and looked at Molly, the elder, the lovelier, the first, the golden girl whose stillness was like the earth that bore the two of them secure through space. Tears, sudden and burning hot, filled the black eyes under the black lashes. Taking her hand out of Molly's, she got down the steps and walked to the corner of the house, leaving the princess and the prince alone.

"Where you going, Ray?"

"I just remembered, Molly, I didn't shut the chicken-pens to-night."

Once out of sight, she ran, a sob in her throat and salt on her lips. She ran through the shallow grove of locusts and poplars; she ran on out across the open plain.

But then she was astonished; her pulse leaped with dismay. "But, no!" she began to cry to herself. For where there should have been only the whisper of wind-bowed grasses behind her she heard the footfalls of Eddie following. "But, no, no, no!" She should have had the swiftness to fly on a wind he could never follow; bewildered, she had no strength at all. "But, yes, yes, yes!"

When the girls were in bed that night, the lamp out and the fragrance of the vine under the sills of the open windows hanging like a sick oppression in the room, they both lay quiet and straight for a long while. By and by it was Molly that spoke.

"Did he kiss you?"

"Why, Molly! As if—" Ray lay as still as ice. "What a thing!"

It was the first time in their lives that a lie had crept into that bed between them.

Oh, for one thing! Oh, that it weren't Spring; that it were deep in Winter, with a cold gale blowing, and the four walls whole around them to shut it out!

It was more than Ray could bear. One lie wants another lie, and another. "I don't like him very much, Molly. They do say he's a wild kind; you've heard that yourself. I like fellows like George Dunker better. They've got some manners and some sense."

All this time Molly was saying nothing. Presently, still wordless, she slid an arm under Ray's neck and made a pillow of her shoulder for the hot, dark head.

"There, go to sleep."

It was Molly's arm that went to sleep. And the pain in Ray's neck that came from holding her head just so, so long, grew almost intolerable. But neither one, for her life, would have let the other guess.

The next time Eddie Franklin came to Candle Hill, Molly wasn't there, and Ray, waiting and waiting, felt her cheeks growing dark with shameful happiness when it became plain he wasn't even thinking of asking where the absent one kept herself.

Maytime, deeper Maytime than ever under the flowering vine; and a cool little silver shallop of a new moon riding above the fires of sunset beyond the western sea.

Molly was out there, not near the shore, but on the broad emptiness of the commons, where all the trillion new green things pressed up from the earth, where evening birds delighted, two by two, weaving bright circles away overhead in the last red heights of day, and where, flat on the plain to the east, the road from town came past.

When she saw George Dunker come out from behind Ginny Silva's windbreak, sitting bolt up on his bicycle, a tiny figure far off in the dusk, she came to a stop and for a moment laid the palms of her hands over her closed eyes. Then, letting the deep breath out of her breast, taking her hands down, and opening her eyes, she walked at a pace unhurried but unlagging in the direction of the road.

George left his machine beside the ruts and came toward her.

"Good evening, Molly; I'm glad I saw you. I see you're out for a pleasant evening stroll."

He was a good-looking fellow, spare and above the medium height, almost as blond as Molly, and grayer, if smaller, eyed. He had, as Ray said, "some manners and some sense." He never swaggered, and he never laughed out loud. In his early twenties he was already able to look out for himself; already they were saying, "The man that gets the best of old man Dunker's young 'un 'll have to stay up all night." It was technically his father who owned the hardware store and the third interest in the bank,

but the old gentleman was failing; the blood in the business was the son's.

A curious thing happened when, two weeks later, George put his arm around Molly and kissed her on the cheek, saying, "I want you to be my wife." It seemed to change him in her vision. Looking at him in the lamplight thrown out beside the steps from the parlor window, Molly saw him transfigured and magnified.

Eddie Franklin! What was an Eddie Franklin, after all? A thought withered to a ghost, a little wistful in disdain, saying good-by forever to her soul.

Here before her was the man of men. Where in another's sight there might have been a look of hardness about those eyes, she saw only their resolution; in the economy of his word and gesture she discovered a grave reticence; in the line of his thin lips there was nothing so plain as the promise to cherish and protect her indomitably. She perceived all this with the clairvoyance of a love that seemed to have waited only for that caress of his to spring full-grown, and to pass out from her and enwrap him, a garment woven of a woman's tenderness, a girl's inchoate hunger, a child's dependence and loyal faith.

It was a strange thing, after clearing their secrets in the dark under the covers each night of their lives for seventeen years, the enormous secrets of their engagements the sisters told each other only after days and through a third one's ears. And their mother, when she had heard them, and when she had sent them packing up-stairs at last to their oddly unfamiliar room and their shrunken bed, sat for an hour of the night, the lamp behind her, her eyes, clouded with years, fastened on her own shadow on the wall. In her hand she held tight a hand, but it was only her other one. Alone at one stroke, she felt creeping toward her a harm against which she had no longer the power to defend her own.

She knew more than they thought she knew, those girls of hers. She had heard more than they had imagined an old isolated woman would ever hear. But day before yesterday there had been an unpleasantness in town, a fist-fight in a twine-shed between two boyhood enemies, young Franklin, the netter, and young Dunker from the hardware store. What it was all about the little bird had neglected to tell her. Which one had beaten the other she

hadn't learned either, but this was because, unfortunately, neither had won.

Molly and Ray were aware of it, naturally, but neither would have known that the other knew. Its effect was only to draw them together in a nervous, outward closeness; for a few days it was as if they clung to each other's fingers with a grip so fearfully tight that their hands and arms grew frozen, without any feeling any more. But they loved each other so. Molly, brooding over her strange young sister secretly, cried to herself: "Poor Ray, poor Ray! My man has had to give your man a thrashing. I'm so sorry, dear!" And Ray was hiding this from Molly, "Poor Molly, I'm so sorry; Eddie has given George the beating of his life."

Nothing had happened; that was agreed without words. But being women and in love, still without words they set themselves to the desperate task of salvage. It is extraordinary how much can be done without common scheming, when there is a common will. And if George and Eddie were not by any stratagem to be brought together on the same calling-night at Candle Hill—then what if the Coffin sisters, in town of a Summer evening themselves, each with her lover's arm secure in hand, chanced upon each other innocently just before the door of the ice-cream place?

Four sundaes in a row on the marble bar, two pineapple, two chocolate. Rollicking, care-free voices, Molly saying this, Ray that, Ray trilling, Molly laughing in her melodious contralto, bending her neck, soft at the nape with a faint golden down, over her dainty. "Isn't that right, George?" "Now, Eddie, wouldn't *you* say so?"

Eddie wouldn't say anything till the cream was low in the plates. But then, rising from his stool in a large and careless way, a princeling eye on George down the line, "Take it out of that, Harry, my boy!" he cried to the fountain-tender, slapping down on the counter a yellow-backed bill.

"You think you mean the whole of it?" said George. "All four?"

"Gosh, yes! What you think?"

George shook his head, his lips flat on his teeth. "Not on your tintype; not my share you don't pay. Harry," he turned

with a quiet emphasis, "don't you take but two out of that bill; put my two down to profit and loss." And after that, fair Molly a little bewildered on his arm, he stalked out of the shop with his head in the air.

Left behind him, Eddie was red with fury and white with rage. "Harry Foggar, if you don't take the whole of them sundaes out of that there piece of money—"

"Golly, Ed, I dassent, if George Dunker says no. I ain't the boss here, remember. Him and his pa took title to this prop'ty yesterday afternoon."

Turned back to back in the walnut bed that night, with the distant surf and the gossip of nearer leaves mingling in what ought to have been a lullaby, the sisters lay as still as sleep. But on the one pillow the blond head was thinking, "Poor Ray, she must have been mortified to see him making such a big show of himself with his money—trying to set up a man like George." And the dark head, hot and hurt on the other pillow, was thinking, "Poor Molly, if I'd been her I'd have given him a slap, the strait-laced, stingy, old, smart-Aleck stick-in-the-mud!"

Both weddings were in the Fall. Old Mrs. Coffin died soon after Ray's, leaving the house on Candle Hill to the girls.

George Dunker, who didn't need the money, advised his wife to sell it. And Molly thought that that was wise. Eddie Franklin, who did need the money, swore from the bottom of his chest that the property could tumble in on itself before he would see "that slick-haired bloodsucker feel the heft of one red penny of it in his hand!" And Ray adored him more than ever for just that.

One day the girls got together to go out and clean and close the house. It was early December, but the island Autumn still hung on, making a broad world and a high sky. They had been parted for little more than nine weeks, but already, walking each in her rut of the wheel-track, in each there was half a sense of embarrassment. It was almost shame. No, it went deeper than that; in each loyal heart there rankled a hurt.

It didn't come out until they had let themselves in and stood in the hall, at the foot of the stairs leading to the chamber where, waiting through nearly eighteen years for their lives to come and take them, they had slept in each other's arms in peace. And

now, amazingly, it was Molly, the mild, that began it, a frown like George's on her brow.

"But, Ray, Eddie didn't need to do that."

"Do what?"

"Say that—tell that lie of his—that led up to the fight. About it was lucky for the storekeep the sailor didn't ask me first."

"Lie, you say? *Lie?*"

"Oh, Ray!"

"Oh-Ray me all you want to, it's true. What the *lie* was—and you can say it to your husband as coming straight from Edward Franklin's wife—was what George said about its being lucky for you the sailor *didn't*, then, seeing's you'd hardly have been very gay on the living a *mortgaged roustabout was ever apt to make*. So there!"

It was out. It was done. They stood in the light of the pink panes flanking the door, their breasts distended, their fists tightened, staring at each other in loyal fright. In the mind of each sat wonder, sat helplessness. "What's happened? *We* aren't doing this. This isn't *us*." They didn't clean the house. They locked the door, and, leaving it as it was, wilted flowers still in their pickle-jars and an undertaker's helper's white glove on the parlor floor, they returned by separate paths across the plain to their husbands' homes in town.

Ray lived in a house in the lower end, in what used to be called the Marsh. Here they were near the mooring of Eddie's boat, their neighbors other fishermen, and more and more with each decade Portuguese negroes from the Cape Verde. Ray's house had a picket fence around it, however, a crimson Rambler over the front trellis, and geraniums flowering in the window-boxes—at least for the first few years.

Molly lived in the Dunker residence in the Brick Walk, the "little city" where for three generations there had been no room for an outsider to creep in. Cobbles and brasses and tubbed box-trees, wrought-iron railings at the doorsteps, and fanlights over the doors. When Father and Mother Dunker had passed on, Molly made an ideal mistress for this early-Victorian mansion, matching its fine solidity, lighting its shadows with her serene and luminous presence, and making a grace even of saving, as that wise man, her husband, would have her save.

It was a house in a hundred for doing that, saving pennies gracefully. Built in the flush days of whaling, of granite, of never-rusting brick and never-weathering slate, everything sturdy to begin with and lastingly right, it wanted little a year in the way of upkeep and brightening; it wasn't like a jerry-built shingle cottage in the Marsh district, where, between the wind from over the flats and the smoke from the gasworks, paint stayed decent so short a time it grew hardly worth the labor and expense of freshening, and where, between the neighbors' children and one's own, there was no keeping all the pickets always on the fence in front.

"Poor Ray!" thought Molly, when in the press of those fruitful days she ventured to think of her at all.

But Molly was mistaken; Ray was far from poor. Ray was rich in the thing that mattered, the play of life. Not in box-wood to be kept clipped, nor brasses to be shined, nor chandeliers to be dusted, not in painted ancestors to be lived up to, nor in stodgy Daughters of Dorcus to be entertained at tea—but in the simple things her big, wild, gallant husband loved she took her joy.

Better than the clink of silver and the feel of silk it was to see him striding, admired and feared, across his domain, the Marsh; or to behold him, back from a trip with the salt rime on him and the smell of the wind still in his hair, seated on the parlor sofa with his first-born on his knee, the fairy Meg, whose eyes were as blue and curls as fair against his swarthiness as had been her Grandma Coffin's, for whom she was named. And braver than anything in a book it was to hear him, whacking fist on thigh, cry passionately: "If ever once I catch that lily-gutted storekeep not moving out of my way on the sidewalk again! If ever once I haul off and hand him one!"

And gayer than any starched-up social in the Brick Walk it was when, to forget a poor trip or celebrate a big one, a keg of beer was tapped in the kitchen, with men who knew how to tell stories telling them in the parlor and girls who knew how to dance dancing in the shed. But best of all, better than any easy inherited wealth, was the knowledge that, with Eddie's brave heart what it was, and her faith what it was behind him, the day was coming when they would all be saying, "If you please, sir," to her husband, and George Dunker the humblest of them all.

"Poor Molly, with that life to live," mused Ray sometimes with a curling lip, "and that dried-up penny-squeezer of a man, and that flounced-up, ailing child."

The son that was the light of Molly's world wasn't really ailing; he was simply retiring, stamped from the first with the arrogant shyness of the dreamer, the playfellow of passions and of doubts. Of fair-skinned parents, he grew up dark, black-haired, and black-eyed—as Molly would say, like his Grandpa Coffin (for whom he was *not* named; he was named for his father and his father's father, George).

The darkling heir of the blond Dunkers. The blond daughter of the dark Franklins of the Marsh. The two cousins, hardly aware each of the other's existence, waiting at the two poles of childhood for life to throw for them with loaded dice. In the years when they might have played together naturally they were still strangers, Meg in the Western School and George in the Whittier. By the time they reached the common ground of high school they knew enough to know that they were enemies.

It happened like lightning, a crackle out of a cloud long ago almost forgotten down in a corner of the sky.

Dunker, the merchant, was standing in the door of his shop on a slack April afternoon. Franklin, the netter, was coming up the street.

Dunker still stuck to his store these years, weighing nails and counting cod-hooks over the counter early and late, as though his next day's very bread depended on it. The thin green shadow of the leafing elms fell on his head to-day without affecting him with its vernal virus; he was thinking of next Winter's stock, and the head was bald. Franklin's head wasn't bald, but the hair was grizzling over the ears, adding the last touch of romantic weight to his bigness, his open-handed, open-throated exuberance, his devil-may-care.

There was blood under his skin as he came to a stand, fists on hips, in front of Dunker in his door.

"You keep your brat away from my girl!"

There was no blood under Dunker's skin.

"W-h-a-t?"

"You keep your brat away from my daughter!"

"So, eh? Well, you can bet your bottom dollar *I will*."

Thus Canute to the tide.

When a girl "gets in trouble" in a town that size it's not long hidden. It's the kind of news that can fly in the air or swim in the water or burrow underground. "Hear about Ed Franklin's girl?" "Not Meg, don't tell me!" "They do say, yes, Meg."

Franklin was away at the Block Island grounds, sword-fishing, when this came to light. This time it was the mothers that faced each other.

Again it was surprising. It wasn't the injured Ray that went up with her wild black hair and her wilder and blacker heart to call a Brick Wall to the reckoning, as one would have thought to see. It was mild Molly that came down. Standing before Ray's gate, as strange an intruder as ever the Marsh denizens saw (from behind their hen-houses and wash-lines where they listened and watched), she put a question three days old to her sister in the yard.

"Where's my son?"

"Where's my daughter?" But Ray's voice was no lady's voice; it came out tearing. "Where's my girl?"

"Where is my boy, I say?"

"What do I care where your boy is? In the devil's pit, I hope. And another thing I hope is, I hope your brave husband is satisfied, now he's got back at Eddie Franklin the only way he dared, sicking his dirty pup on to smirch a better man's pride, while the better man's away."

For answer to such as this the lady of the Brick Walk only turned her head slowly, to the right, to the left, on her proud white neck. Surveying the blistered shanties and their unkempt, half-bred spawn, the look on her face said: "If anything here can be smirched, I'm surprised. As well try to say that the hand dirties the clod it picks up in the road, when in truth it does no more, honoring the clod, than very slightly to dirty itself."

Turning her face back to her sister, she reopened her lips.

(But even between that and the words a thought ran like queer lightning through the back of her mind: "What are we doing, Ray and I? What are we doing *here*?")

She reopened her lips and said: "I came to you simply to ask for information. Be so good as to tell me, where is my son?"

Ray ran and put her hands on the posts of the gateless gate, her eyes murderous, her voice almost soft.

"You can go to hell and find him for yourself, Mrs. George Skinflint Dunker. And while you're there you might ask him what he's done with my daughter, and when you find out you might send me word by a messenger; don't come yourself. And don't let your husband come; Edward Franklin might be here to wring his neck. Now turn your back and go!"

(And presently and weirdly, to herself, "Molly, you look so strange; you act so queer!")

The reason the children weren't to be found was that they had left the island. They had stopped long enough in Taunton on the mainland to be married, before going on, wherever they were bound. That word coming back was the last one the island of Urkey was ever to hear of them.

George wasn't the only child Molly had; she had a daughter, Beatrice. Besides Meg, Ray had young Eddie, young Ray, Harriet, and Paul, life finding her flesh more usable than her sister's as in the ratio of five to two. But neither the one nor the four that remained filled the torn place in either mother's heart left by the first-born that had deserted her. Wounds, those were, wrapped from sight perhaps, but kept open under their wrappings with a salt compounded of sorrow and anger, of chagrin and jealousy.

The twelve years following were different from the eighteen that had gone before. Little by little as the children grew up and the need of her lessened, each woman was given time and leave to open her eyes.

When Ray opened hers and looked at her husband, a-swagger with his hat on the back of his head and a laugh on his lips, across the dowdy stage of their existence, she saw him not its hero, but its buffoon, its time-licensed windbag. A slovenly worker and a spendthrift, she saw him now not marching up the years, but drifting down them, poorer in spirit and in pocket with every one. But what was worst of all, she saw the fire-breather a braggart, the dare-devil a poltroon, so that sometimes when, with a flashing eye, he would thunder, "If ever I haul off and hit that dog a lick!" she had work to keep from crying, "Why don't you ever do it, then?"

Because of this secret shame she began to feel lonely. Another keg of beer on the kitchen table, then, loud stories in the parlor, dancing in the shed to break the floor, and the illusion of valor and aspiration and youth recaptured for a little while. "Eddie, old fellow, things are beginning to come our way at last."

But for all the brave beer and dancing there was something that wouldn't be downed. "Poor Ray," she seemed to hear Molly whispering with a lifted lip, "I told you so."

Now how she hated Molly, of the clear gray eyes!

Clear, yes. The press of her errand in the world let up, Molly's eyes were quite clear. She looked at the father of her children as he sat through the empty evenings, his head shining under the lamp, his eyes, supported by little pouches, half closed over his newspaper, the wheels in the adding-machine in his cranium still going around as he drowsed; and bitterly, there in the outer shadow with her, she felt the mordant black eyes of another beside hers; she heard Ray saying, "So now you begin to see."

One would never have thought that Molly could hate, but she hated Ray.

She would set herself to think of George's virtues, his success. But then she would have to cry in her brain: "What are your virtues and your success and money, when I'd give them all for one moment in you of human grandeur; yes, gladly, for one whole, generous gesture, were it only of generous rage?"

The Winter her hair turned (dully, as blond heads do) she spoke out at last.

"Why do you, George, let Franklin go around this town saying the things about you he says?"

She couldn't let it alone. Oftener and oftener she reiterated the question, and with deepening venom. But Dunker would never rise to it with anything more than a dry, deprecatory "Well, we'll see."

He wasn't the kind to do violence to any man, least of all to a man like Franklin, broad-shouldered, big-fisted, red-blooded, and full of fight. There's something in the Bible about turning the other cheek. Dunker went along quietly, giving Eddie's vessel credit when gear was needed, and seeing that his more and more frequent little catchpenny notes went through smoothly at the bank.

But once (it was at the dinner-table on a dark noon in March, two months after Beatrice was married to Tom Burgess) he gave a fuller answer to Molly's "Why don't you show folks you've got some spirit? Why don't you close his mouth?"

"I guess," he said, "I've closed it to-day."

He hadn't done it himself, of course; that was the sheriff's affair. Once the court had given the papers, it was the sheriff's business to "plank 'em on."

The schooner, the *Ray II*, ready-painted for going South, her gear overhauled, and a new engine under her afterhouse, lay at her mooring off the Marsh, the pride of any owner's heart. But Eddie Franklin wasn't her owner any longer; she belonged to the bank. And the house he sat in, frowning stupidly, belonged to the hardware store.

It seemed hard for Franklin to understand, and the whisky ebbing in the bottle before him no longer helped. What had happened was a shrewder thing than the attachment of his house and vessel; it was the pricking of the bubble of himself. Now his audacious arms hung down like so much deadwood, his buttocks clove to the sofa, he was an old man.

No! Hell, no! From time to time he made an effort to shake himself clear of this silly seeming. Like a cast stallion he heaved, bowing his back and shoulders; the listening neighbors, friends in the kitchen, and enemies outside the windows, but all bald-necked as vultures to-day, trembled with stage-trembles to hear him swearing: "That's the end, by God! By God, if I don't go and show him a thing for this!"

"When? Now?"

He had almost forgotten Ray, and there she was alone in the room with him; there were her eyes, unescapable. No matter which way he turned they were after him. "When, Ed? Now?"

"D'you think I'm scared?"

"Do you, Ed?"

"D'you think I'll let him put it over me?"

It was Ray's eyes that put it over *him*. He fled them at last. She should see. All those bums around there that he could lick with his little finger, they too should see. Holding his chest out before him and making it rumble, he swung his deadwood legs

up the lane toward town, throwing his empty bottle into the top of a Brava's shanty as he went.

"There he goes, be dogged if he don't!" This was another matter. "Should we get hold of the sheriff?" Consternation!

In the dusk in front of the hardware store Franklin stood rocking from side to side like a man on the deck of a ship in an angry sea. Dunker was alone in his shop, the rat alone in the trap, unconscious of the disaster overhanging that dry, bright head of his, bowed at its calculations under the single gas-jet in the rear.

The whisky played with the boy's brain under the grizzled pate outside. "Thinks he can break me, does he? I'll break *him!*"

It only wanted a rush to carry it off. One rush, once, at last.

Franklin opened the door, entered, and shut it behind him. But already, with the closing of the door, the rush had died. The chest had collapsed. For there was the truth and you couldn't beat it; Eddie was already broken. He was an old man.

Old men have wild flurries of hope, like children, and a little whisky with them does no harm.

"I'll put it up to him. We were kids together, Georgie and Eddie. He'll remember that. He'll call off the bank; he'll hold off on the house another spell."

Dunker had got up to peer. Seeing who it was, he stood back a little toward the corner, folding his arms.

"That windbag," he told himself. "That overgrown, loud-mouthed do-nothing. We'll see."

But it was his flesh—the flabby meat of him blanched by three decades of safe money-hunting, robbed always to pay the head, undervalued, undisciplined—out of Dunker's flesh there came a squeak.

The rat in the trap! So, after all! The sound of that squeak worked magic in the other's heart. This hard, gray-eyed rich man, of whom Franklin had always stood in secret awe—well, here was the truth—here was the cat out of the bag at last—he was so deathly terrified of big Franklin that he squeaked.

"Ah, now we're somebody! Scared, is he? Well, we'll give him something to be scared about. We'll pile it on."

A Portuguese bogman had lately chosen between two mattocks; the one he hadn't taken still lay on the counter, its handle reaching

out to Franklin's hands. It was good in the hands; it had a murderous balance, swung aloft as the feet tramped forward.

Of a sudden the storekeeper fell down on the floor. He lay quiet there in the shadow of his desk, a Z-shaped string of bones, like a patent two-foot rule.

"Dunker's dead!"

Now what was the whisky doing? The front door was open, full of people; the windows were spotted with noses, turning blue. Run for your life, you fool!

Franklin ran for the door beyond the desk, standing open to the dark back room, which in turn would give escape to the alley in the rear.

When they got to Dunker they found him without a mark on him. The heart of his spirit had been willing, but the heart of his flesh was too weak. They found Franklin ten feet below the trapdoor left open in the back room, lying on a pile of pig-iron ballast in the cellar, with a broken neck. Neither man had touched the other, and both were dead.

Molly sat in the big room in the residence in the Brick Walk, dry-eyed. Others about her, listening to the words of the minister over the casket, wept, dabbing their cheeks with their handkerchiefs. The widow alone had no tears. She was too busy with her thoughts.

In haste, as it were to keep ahead of the minister, she reconstructed the man lying hidden in the box. He and she had been happy together; their years had been fruitful; she was proud of him for his continence, his patience, his unobtrusive will. None but she knew really what he had done for the community's ordered maintenance. No man could ask for a better townsman, no child for a better father, no wife for a better husband than George Dunker had been. And now he was gone.

She seemed to realize it for the first time. For the first time the whole of sorrow forced an entrance into her soul, a weight of bereavement, a widow's dismal wonder, a loyal pain. What she didn't know was that it was for the last time as well.

For George Dunker was finished. Of a sudden she heard "George Dunker" as simply a name. On queer impulse she turned her gaze to the dead man's daughter, Beatrice, a few feet to the right of her, seated close to her new husband.

"Beatrice Dunker Burgess." Another name. Not a few feet, but miles on miles away. It came to Molly with a clearness now, she had never known that woman; no, not even in the months when she carried her within herself. "Beatrice," "George," what were they? Ships in truth that had passed Molly Coffin in the night, and the night a dream.

And now her eyes, curiously daunted, stole about the strange, thronged, stately, somber room. "What's it all about? How do I, Molly Coffin, come to be here? Who invited me? Isn't it nearly over? Isn't it—isn't it almost time for me to be going home?"

Among the chairs in the rear, where they dared, one whispered to another: "There, there, poor thing! The tears are coming now."

In the wet wind on the hill Ray listened to the earth falling on the pine boards in the open hole. "Dust to dust." It was more like mud. Little by little on the hollow wood it fell, covering up the human glory that had been; the big, generous, adventurous figure; the man of whom, even in his failure in the commerce of life, one could be fiercely proud, as one is uplifted by the memory of a beloved great soldier dying defeated in exile. Eddie had been good to her, and Eddie was going.

Now the sound was no longer of earth on wood; it was earth on earth; the wood was covered. Eddie was gone.

Ray's eyes were fixed in space beyond the grave. In the space there was a row of willows not far away, the windbreak at Ginny Silva's farm. Beyond, farther and higher toward the sky and blurred by the water in the wind, there was a square house flanked by naked trees. The strangest feeling grew in Ray. She passed a hand across her eyes and looked out over the moor again.

It was like this. It was as if there were a young girl half nodding in a mill, her fingers feeding the moving iron with a mechanical aptness of habit, her ears gone deaf to the clank of rods and the enormous song of wheels. It was as if, between two winks, she started up, confused. "What's happened?" All that has happened is a sudden silence. The rods and the wheels are still. And it was as if a foreman, moved by a passing pity, laid a hand on her shoulder, saying: "It's a day, kid. Listen, there; there's the whistle. Time to go home and play."

Some one was speaking near Ray's ear. "Look at ma, Harriet; she's crying at last."

They were all about her, when Ray turned her head; four of them, all bigger than she; six of them, counting Harriet's husband and young Ed's wife; seven, counting the baby in Harriet's shawl. Seven from far away, hemming her about with their somber curiosity.

She walked down the hill rapidly. They followed her. They followed her all the way to the Marsh; they came behind her into the house. The only time she was free of them was when she was up in her room, taking off the stiff black veil she found about her head. Seeing a bag on the closet floor, she stuffed a night-gown into it, and some other things.

Under their silent compulsion, downstairs again, she fried them meat and potatoes and brought from the pantry a cold pie. She sat down at the table with them; they appeared to expect it.

But presently, despite them, she was gone. They heard her climbing the back stairs. A moment and she was down the other way, a hat on her head, a bag on her arm, the front door open in her hand.

"Where *you* going, Ma, for pity's sake?"

"I'm just going out a little while."

"Well, we all got to be going soon, unless Paul will stay. Yes, Paul will stay."

What a queer place for people to want to live, down here on the cluttered flats! What a funny house!"

The wind had increased with the coming of the night. In the open beyond the Ginny's farm it passed unbroken from ocean to ocean across the black plain; or at least but once broken, far out, by an upthrust of roof and boughs. There, as though the air had been water and the obstruction a reef awash with surf, it was heard before it was seen in the thickness; and, hearing it, Ray shifted the bag that grew heavy to her other hand and quickened her steps for the last time along the ridge between the wheel-ruts full of dead grass.

She wasn't tired. They needn't think she wasn't wiry and able. Life had used her all it wanted to, but it hadn't used her up. There was plenty left.

Becoming visible, the tree-trunks ran about her, and their roar-

ing passed over her head. In the gale piled up against the windward side of the house she hesitated. "Look at me; I've come without a key." But then the queer part was that she couldn't make it seem important. "If I'd needed a key I'd have thought to remember it." Passing around the southeast corner of the building, she brought up in the lee.

There was a light in the hall. Without any more hesitation, without wonder even, she mounted the steps, lifted the latch, and went in.

Molly, half-way up the stairs with the lamp in her hand, turned and peered over the railing.

"That you, Ray? You're awful late."

"I've been hurrying, though."

"Had your supper?"

"I've had a bite. Had enough."

"Don't take your wraps off *there*; it's dank as anything. There's a fire up-stairs." Molly held down a hand. "Come."

It was warm in their room, and blankets drying before the blaze.

"Do you suppose that'll be enough covers, Ray?"

"Oh, yes. And I got some pillowcases in my grip."

"Well, you must get those duds off. Mercy, look at your shoes!"

Molly got down on the floor to help with Ray's shoes, and then Ray's stockings, soaked to the knees. She looked out for Ray because she always had. The younger, darker, more emotional sister was as impractical about earthly details as a princess in a fairy-tale. That's why they were as close as shadow and sunshine; as the shadows of little clouds on the shine of the sand-cliffs before the house when Summer came.

Once they were in bed and the lamp blown out, the glow from the coals in the chimney falling around the walls no longer showed the mildew; it showed the old white paneling warm and whole.

There was one strange thing about to-night. In the dark under the clothes where till now they had always cleared their hearts and told their secrets before they slept, to-night there seemed nothing to clear their hearts of, no secrets to be told. There was nothing behind them; everything was before them.

"We'll put canterbury-bells and foxglove in the oval, won't we, Molly, again this year?"

"And snapdragons too, yes. And we'll put coreopsis and marigolds out the side way, and nasturtiums in the boxes, Ray?"

By and by, the blonde one's arm around the dark one's shoulders, they slept. Out-of-doors, trunk and bough and twig, the trees made harps, and the harps made a giant music of the wind. But nothing of the wind but the music could come in. Nothing could get them in their bed.

THE OTHER ROAD ¹

By EDWARD L. STRATER

(From *Scribner's Magazine*)

I WOULD not have noticed them perhaps, had not the head waiter led them to a table in the dining-room right next to my own. For there was nothing about the couple to attract more than passing attention. Seeing them anywhere else, one would have dismissed them with a glance as being, no doubt, "the right kind of people," but, individually, dull and uninteresting. Perhaps it was because the dining-room was in Sorrento, of all places, that somehow their dullness seemed subtly emphasized. Perhaps it was only because they were very tired.

The woman was quietly dressed. Her features were neither facile nor hard; rather, they were set into the precise mold that is well-bred and formal. The man was apparently a business man and a successful one, who had had some battering to get to the top; taken blows and given them. It showed in the square set of his wide shoulders, the full, heavy cheeks that bore his lips down to a hard, straight line, the alert eyes that darted aggressively from side to side as he came down the room.

Of such couples the dining-room was full. One could but feel sorry for them, vaguely, watching them rush about, slaves to their iron-bound itineraries; and at the same time be extremely annoyed by the discordant notes their presence struck. For Sorrento is a corner of the world designed for a lazy, dreamy existence, absorbing the quiet beauty of the surroundings; but certainly not for restless activity. And the very inadaptability of these people seemed to throw the monstrous futility of their entire stay abroad—nay, of their entire lives—into so much the sharper relief.

They would arrive by boat from Naples; spend the night in Sorrento, sometimes two even. But inevitably one morning there

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would be a carriage in front of the door, fair weather or rain, to hurry them over the Amalfi drive, and so on and on with their itineraries. There was but a handful of us staying heroically on through the long succession of wet days and dreary days, waiting for the clearing of the skies and that first fragile outburst of spring, lovelier there than any place else in the world.

I next noticed them a few minutes later, accidentally enough, for they were consulting together across the table in scarcely more than whispers. I saw at a glance what had happened. Gennaro, our waiter, that sunny old rogue, had tried to sell them a jar of honey. It was his prerogative, for he was the oldest waiter in the dining-room. And I don't doubt he made a nice bit on the side selling his *miel* to hotel guests. But as I looked at them I noticed something in their expressions, in the man's particularly, that showed how uncomfortable and wrought-up they had allowed themselves to become over this trivial little occurrence. It was but a flash as I saw them—two individuals not quite at ease, suspicious of their surroundings and of all foreigners, vainly attempting to translate the situation into the familiar terms of American usage. And it emphasized not so much the occurrence itself as, by implication, the long succession of them they had allowed to spoil so many of their hours abroad.

I could imagine him saying to her, after an irritated expletive toward all foreigners and their endless schemes to levy toll on tourists' pocketbooks: "Devil take the fellow! I'm going to wait until breakfast, and see if the hotel doesn't provide it free." And I could imagine her tired voice trying to soothe him and lighten his annoyance; trying also to change the subject before they might be noticed as unsure of themselves as they momentarily were: "It's all right, William [or Fred or George]. Ten lira, that's only forty-five cents. We would pay more at home. And I'm sure the manager wouldn't let him sell honey if the hotel provided it."

I felt convinced I had seen the man before. However, when one has been knocking about more or less there is nothing unusual about this feeling. After a moment's effort at recollection I would have dismissed the notion without more ado. But the mental association with the man was so decidedly unpleasant it refused to be dismissed. I looked at him again, covertly, for now I was watching him, not just idly staring. And suddenly I remembered.

It had been in Florence, in the Uffizi, and in that very room whose sheer color and loveliness of young faces have drawn me back over and over again—the room of the Botticellis.

That morning, I remembered, I was studying a picture, to me the most interesting one in the room. And, though it hangs on the same wall with the Primavera and the Adoration of the Magi, it was neither of those two, but another, almost microscopic, crudely composed, daubily painted; not a Botticelli, yet what a Botticelli, painted at a moment that pure inspiration must have led him away from the gay colors on his palette that might have become gentle ladies and gallant youths, back through a hundred-odd years of increasing colorization, to that quiet, studious portraiture of every-day citizens one finds among the “primitives.”

Then it was that I had first seen the man. Led into the room by a youngish guide, whose arm-band proclaimed his qualifications (I suppose he had been led similarly to everything he had seen and felt abroad), the two of them planted themselves directly in my line of vision. And I remembered the guide. A moment he allowed for the general effect, and then, standing sidewise toward his client, so that he half-faced the picture, he proceeded to point out the particulars in one-two-three fashion. “Figures to da right,” he droned, “are t’ree winds—” It was the Primavera, of course.

I watched them with extreme annoyance at first; then, I think, with sorrow, not unmixed with contempt; and finally, with amusement. What was the use of it all, the sham and futility, when the man was so palpably bored! I watched his cold appraising eyes, darting with unseeing keenness over that thing of beauty, the slight hardening of the lines about his mouth, feeling himself called on, perhaps, to admire something whose practical worth he could not see. But after all, the incident was in a way perfect. I have seen many men with little or no instinctive recognition of things beautiful who were none the less trying to comprehend. But here there was no effort, nothing but suspicious hostility. And the guide—dark, oily fellow that he was—apparently knew his man. For, after not more than one minute in that room, after showing that one picture of the dozen that lined its walls, he glanced elaborately at his wrist-watch, and led the way into the next room. At the rate they were going they would have covered the

entire gallery in forty-five minutes, as perhaps had been carefully specified beforehand! For just as a man's soul can be saved in a sermon not to exceed twenty minutes, so can his other soul, the sense of the beautiful, be born, nourished, and sated to the ticking of a clock.

And I remembered that I had seen the man once again, in the American Express, arguing with the postal clerk about mail deliveries, prices, exchange, or whatnot. I happened to know the clerk, a gentle soul that had just lost his wife. He was trying to fill the sudden blank in his life with worries about his two young daughters. And I remembered how sorry I had felt for the old clerk who had to endure the endless contrast of the worries of men on their holidays to his own very real ones. And I felt as sorry for the other, for on him I had another flash. I could see his whole trip stretching out into a ceaseless round of baggage and train worries, wrangles with porters and cabbies, interminable trips through churches and museums, with only the occasional gleam, at an expensive hotel, of a semblance of American comforts, and the dull satisfaction that he was "doing it" and "doing it right!"

Having finished my dinner I found a chair in the corner of the lounge, a room cleverly contrived, by the addition of a floor and big glass light, out of what had once been the open cloister. For the hotel had formerly been a monastery, and had, for hundreds of years, quietly among the orange groves, sheltered the lives and faiths of a sober, industrious order of monks. I had been sitting there a few minutes when the couple came in. A moment they stood in the doorway, looking about them—the man was already biting at the end of a cigar—and then, I suppose because there were empty chairs and an ash-stand beside me, and because, in that roomful of strangers, they felt some slight bond with a man who had been their neighbor at dinner, and who was so patently a fellow countryman, they came over to my corner.

The man settled himself comfortably, and, having lighted his cigar, remarking that I was also smoking, he pushed the ash-stand midway between us. I did not welcome his advances particularly, for he was not a type with which I ever found much in common. But I suppose in a way he interested me, or the recollection of that day in Florence would never have remained.

We exchanged a few indifferent formalities such as are exchanged by travelers whose paths for the moment are thrown together, generalities that are to be gotten over with as quickly as possible, before, later, you can begin to gauge the real man beneath the surface. And that is a noticeable feature about contacts among travelers, where the element of touch and go seems to hasten acquaintance. Sometimes one never gets beyond the generalities; but often enough they lead very quickly to deep and illuminating insights into human nature.

I learned that they were just completing their first—a two months'—trip abroad, limited, as had necessarily been dictated by the fact of winter, to a tour of Italy. They evinced no knowledge or particular enthusiasm about the things they had seen. Once or twice, however, with a tired smile, the lady, Mrs. Porter, alluded to a place as having seemed "very nice," and each time her husband turned to me, as if by way of explanation, with some such remark as, "Oh, yes, that's the place where we got a private bathroom," or, "That's the place where I had the row with the baggage fellow!"

"We've seen it all, lock, stock, and barrel," he said finally, with a heavy nod of satisfaction, summing it up in retrospect.

They did brighten up, however, when they declared they were returning home by steamer from Naples ten days hence. "Too bad," I said, "you might miss the first spring around here." Yes, too bad, Mrs. Porter agreed, but then they would get it at home. And Mr. Porter said nothing. As nearly as I could discover, having finished their itinerary in a week less even than they had expected, they had come down to Sorrento for no other reason than to pass the time as best they could until their sailing-date.

"Business will be picking up in the spring," the man said. This going abroad, a little of it, was all right; but he was anxious to be getting back. And later he said: "After the inventories were taken at the end of the year there wasn't much to do, so we thought we would try Europe." And Mrs. Porter added with pride: "He runs his factory just like that. He can walk out at a moment's notice, and it will go on just the same."

Perhaps I was lacking in enthusiasm when the conversation got around to business. Nor could I think of much to say about the elections, the stock-market, or conditions in Europe. So conversa-

tion lagged for a while, and then it started off again with such questions as are asked by one tourist of another: did I think the hotel rates fair? was Vesuvius likely to erupt while they were there? and finally, of course, where was the American Express?

We were all three of us by this time scarcely concealing our yawns, so with mutual apologies we arose to part. Mrs. Porter was preceding us down the corridor. Mr. Porter and I followed, he still keeping in his mouth the burnt-out stump of cigar. As we passed the billiard-room, where several men were playing, he turned to me almost petulantly. "What does one do in this confounded place, anyhow?"

Do! There was nothing to do but dream in the blessed peace and fragile springtime that was coming; dream more beautifully than one could any place else in the world. But how could I have told him that! Instead, I said; "I'm afraid there's not very much to do. But that may prove the charm of the place to you."

"I've never been idle," he almost snapped. "I've been a hustler!"

I couldn't help it! "Idleness is sometimes a good thing, I think, Mr. Porter. It gives a man an opportunity to plumb his own depths, his own resources; discover the things deep down in him."

He looked at me queerly, but he said nothing. He merely shifted his cigar a little as though thinking, and with that we parted for the night. Nevertheless, I had become interested in the man. I discovered it by my failure to get very far into a book I had expected to keep me up half the night. Instead, I would find myself staring blankly at the pages, and musing to myself—"a fellow that's been a hustler all his life—doing, doing, doing!—using activity as a regular safety-valve every time he might have been tempted to think or feel—put him for ten days in a place like this—

"Queer place, queer effect it might have. I wonder what it will do to him?"

And outside the rain beat fitfully against the windows, and occasionally in the dead silences of the night I would hear the heavy sound of a ripe orange thumping the ground.

I awoke the following morning to the slow drip of the night's rain from the orange-trees that crowded up to my very windows.

That is a luxurious feeling, the gradual waking into a world with which one is at complete peace; the slow drifting off again into a doze after Pietro has knocked for the first time leaving the breakfast-tray at the door, secure in the knowledge that he will return to knock again before the chocolate becomes too cold to drink. My room had been formerly the abbots' refectory. It boasted a balcony, on which I had my breakfasts. And never could the old abbots have enjoyed pleasanter ones. There was an orange-tree close at hand that reached an obliging arm over the very railing. And, looking out, one saw dimly into a shadowy green world, hung like a picture by Uccello, with innumerable orange globes.

I had my breakfast and dressed slowly. Outside, the day was a melancholy one, persuasively, peacefully so. There was no sun, but everything was brightly wet; there were no clouds, but a curtain of gray mist hung in mid-air, obscuring the sharp, naked mountains. I stood on the balcony smelling it all, the earth-smells and rain-smells, and hearing occasionally the trilling of a northward-bound bird. No one could have been farther from my thoughts than Mr. Porter, when suddenly, down the walk that led out through the orange-trees to a point on the cliffs overlooking the bay of Naples, I saw him coming, slowly and measuredly, frowning and biting at the end of a burnt-out cigar, as though he had been pacing up and down there for an hour at least.

I don't know why I did, for I certainly did not welcome his intrusion into the picture, but I jumped over the low railing and joined him.

"Good morning, good morning," he said, and I fancied something forced in his tone. For the look of the man certainly belied his effort at heartiness.

"Have a good night?" I asked. And instantly the frown returned to his forehead, and the cigar to his mouth. "Damnable," he growled. "Those confounded oranges always dropping to the ground!" There was nothing personal about the growl. The voice was simply the man, untrained to softness and modulation because the man had no fine shades of meaning to express; accustomed only to the direct question, the positive statement, or terse command. "I've never known nerves before," he continued;

"but two or three more nights like last . . ." He finished with a savage bite on his cigar.

"You're not by any chance sensitive to weather or surroundings?"

"Me!" The entire vigor of the man sprang into his denial of something that in his scale must have seemed a most glaring weakness. "Why?"

"I don't know. I suppose I thought you were more sensitive to extraneous influences than you might have suspected. A place like this would suggest peace, and unless a man could find it . . ."

He cut me short. "A business man can't afford to have any fancy notions like that!"

"I know," I continued. "He's got to take a quantitative view of life; he's got to shut out any sensitiveness and push along good days or bad, alike, and get things done. But here," I went on, "in a place like this, when one gets away from a life of necessity, one can take the qualitative view. For instance, there are certain moods and impressions that come after midnight that never come by daylight. So you stay up until after midnight for them, even though you have to spend the entire next morning in bed making up sleep." I would have expanded the subject further, for it hit pretty close to fundamentals in my opinion; and, where Europe was concerned, it made the difference between rushing around and seeing a lot of things on schedule, none of which a person would remember, and seeing fewer things, but seeing them well, and at a time when one was in a receptive mood. But looking at him, I saw that he was not interested.

"I've never been in bed beyond eight o'clock in my life," he said. And after a moment's silence, "You've got a queer angle on things, Mr. Marshall." But that was his only comment.

I hoped he would begin to talk about his business; not that I wanted to hear about the business itself, but rather, the opportunity of gauging his attitude to see if there were that glamor in his conception of it that would denote in the man the presence of an imaginative strain, which, under the subtle influences of Sorrento, might spring into sudden and compelling life. But he was silent a long time, and I felt that here was a man as completely adrift beyond all compasses and bearings, as far removed

from familiar objects, as though suddenly he had stepped beyond the barrier.

I knew he would not leave his old familiar world of action, with its safeguards of ceaseless activity, without a struggle. And even as though to bear me out completely, he turned toward me suddenly, a drowning man clutching at a straw he seemed, and repeated his question of the night before. "What does one do in this confounded place anyhow!" There it was, a day stretching out to unutterably dull horizons for him because it contained nothing to do.

Do! When you came down to it there was plenty to do. There was Pompeii hardly fifteen miles away, Capri, the Amalfi drive, even Vesuvius. For that matter, there were all the neighboring hillsides to be roamed. I told him all those things. "Yes, I know," he said. "I was talking to that fellow early this morning, the fellow that calls himself the concierge." I could see the whole picture, "the fellow that calls himself the concierge," as though his title were something to be regarded with suspicion, a catch-snare for a high tip; and Mr. Porter up betimes, asking him, asking any one, his question.

We strolled up and down the walk several times, and paused at the outlook over the bay. What a day, with the gray waves rolling up against the rocks, and the gray land ten miles across merging into the clouds! I showed him Vesuvius on one horizon and Ischia on the other, and, returning toward the hotel, something of man's work, an old stone well with a circular stone coping, out of which sprang two fine old iron arms that supported the bucket and curved together at the top to form the cross. There of old, at evening, the monks would have gathered . . . and just beyond was a high wall, hiding whatever might lie beyond. Something to make one dream, a high wall . . .

He was no more attentive than when I told him some day soon the clouds would disappear from around those mountains; one of these days this tree, the almond, would be dotted with pink, and that one, the mimosa, feathered with long yellow sprays.

He turned toward me finally, almost impatiently. Would I mind telling him again how to get to the American Express? I did, and almost regretfully, I thought, he departed. And I under-

stood why. The American Express represented something to do. Once done, the balance of the day loomed emptily ahead.

I met them several times during the next few days as I strolled along the roads of the peninsula. They were always driving; the picture was always the same, the two of them in the victoria, expressionless and complacent, looking neither to the left or right.

Our acquaintance had become a mere matter of bows whenever we met at our adjoining tables, for there was nothing to sustain it, and no reason for effort on either side.

And then one day spring came with a rush. The day before there had been a leaden sea and a leaden sky, cold and damp, with nothing to warn of a change so imminent. And the next the long slender mimosa and the pink almonds were in bloom against an azure sky; and in the magic depths under the orange-trees all sorts of starry wild flowers had sprung into delicate life. And it was more than that . . . the smiles that showed on men's faces, even on those of the humblest servants as they moved about the hotel; and the dreams in their eyes . . .

That day, as I was leaving the highroad for a narrow stony walk that led upward to the hillsides, I saw the Porters as I had seen them every day before. I stopped in the ascent, I remember, and watched them until their noisy horse had borne them around a bend. It seemed so curious to see them driving by, insensately self-contained against that great canopy of spring.

That night, I believe it was, and still four or five days before their sailing-date, Mr. Porter came in to dinner alone. He did not look at all well; he ate almost absent-mindedly and very little. As for her, he said, she had finally succumbed to a cold, for the place was still very damp. The next day he was also alone, and likewise the next. I believe it was that evening, as I was walking down toward the water just before dinner, that I noticed him off through the gathering shadows, a dark silhouette against the fountain.

It was twilight, the time when the shapes and shadows of the past come closest to men's eyes; the hour, as Whistler said, "that a factory becomes a fairy castle." I wanted to find out whether it was accident or design that had brought Mr. Porter to the

fountain just then, for there is a good deal of accident about discovering things at the right time; a good deal of instinct.

But I wanted also to find out something immeasurably more fundamental, toward which all knowledge is at best but an uncertain sign-post. Circumstances made him; circumstances made me; circumstances and countless generations of inheritance from out the ceaseless womb of time. And all those things had combined to make us and place us as far apart as the poles. Yet if he and I, as unlike as two mortals could conceivably be, should prove to have that fountain in common, symbolic of all it stood for, toward what great fellow understanding could one not imagine mankind to be groping its slow way?

I approached him softly, and stood for some time without saying a word, and when I did speak it was to say something very quietly, and I hoped in keeping with the preternatural stillness of the evening. But he seemed to be entirely oblivious of my presence, until at last, reluctantly, he turned toward me. I shall never forget the expression of surprise on his face.

"Oh, hello!" he said. It was better for him to have said just that, showing how complete his abstraction had been, than any answer he could possibly have made to my comment about the fountain. And still surprised, he looked about him. "By George, it's getting late! I'd better go in and change."

"If Mrs. Porter is still ill," I said, "why don't you join me at my table? We won't dress." A mood is too evanescent a thing; I didn't want to let him out of my hands even for the brief time it takes to change.

So instead we walked up and down a little, scarcely saying a word, until the distant gong sounded for dinner. As we started for the dining-room, with its bright lights and confusion of sounds, I began to talk slowly, uncertainly at first, for even then I felt far from sure that I would find any responsiveness on his part. There was little to go on except the occasional flash of an unspoken question in his eyes, an occasional faint movement about his mouth, and, for the rest, that expression of complete abstraction.

At first I talked about the men themselves that had created and designed Italy's past, feeling that it was in the men primarily that he would be interested. And from the men, the painters and

builders, sculptors and martyrs, associated with the places he had visited, I led the way to the things they had created. I had been reading Vasari's "Lives of the Painters," so I did not lack for anecdote.

After dinner we retired to the lounge, and while I talked he punctuated my remarks with an occasional draw at his cigar, or with a brief comment, such as "Odd fellow, that man!" or "I didn't know that!" He was not a talkative type at best, but now, when he was receiving new impressions, he became unusually quiet.

We parted very early, for he wanted to look in on his wife. And as I left him I said the thing I had been leading up to unconsciously, I suppose, all evening. "Do you ever have the sensation, Mr. Porter, that life is slipping by without your doing or feeling the things you want to?" He seemed to be trying to shake the question off; anyhow he didn't answer. We parted, and I went into the writing-room to get a few letters done.

I had been there half an hour perhaps, when some one sat down at the other side of the desk, facing me. I looked up. It was Mrs. Porter. And I suspected she had come into the room, perhaps even having gotten out of her sick-bed to do so, not to write letters, but to talk to me. I spoke to her; said something about having finished my writing. And she came straight to the point.

"Could I talk to you a few minutes," she asked with some embarrassment, in that careful, tired voice of hers, "if you're sure you have quite finished?"

We went over to a sofa. "It's about Mr. Porter?" I said.

She looked at me quickly, but now that the subject was broached she did not attempt to change it. "Yes, it's about Mr. Porter. He did not seem at all well when we first arrived. He almost seemed to have . . ." she hesitated over the word as though betraying something that would have been particularly distasteful to him.

"Nerves?"

She nodded, and went hurriedly on. "It all seems very silly, perhaps. And there is nothing, absolutely nothing, I can put my finger on. But since that first change he seems to have changed again! As for nerves . . ." She left the sentence in mid-air.

"In other words," I said, "you don't think it's anything physi-

cal?" And for an instant she looked at me with little short of terror in her eyes, a terror I could readily understand. For as long as her husband's troubles were physical they were something she could minister to. But it was this other, this double change in a man that must at times have seemed almost a stranger to her, that had impelled her to seek out my assistance.

"Do you think, Mr. Marshall"—I felt there was fear in her voice, though it no longer showed in her eyes—"do you think—it could be the place? He has been so active all his life; sometimes, in a quiet place like this where there is nothing to do . . ."—again she broke off sharply, and continued some moments later in a steadier voice. It was pathetic, the protective woman in her, watching over her man. "I tried to keep his days full, until I was just too sick to go on any longer!"

I told her I was going walking with her husband the next day, and would discover what I could. And the conversation, brief though it was, made me wonder. For up to then my interest in the Porters had been solely in the man, and in the possible awakening in him of a self heretofore even unsuspected. But now there was coming into the picture the woman, and the suggestion she brought with her of duties and obligations in the complex inter-relationships of life that far outweighed the need, or the right even, of any individual for the fullest growth and development within his capabilities.

The next day being a fine one, we started early for our walk. I remember little about that tramp; there is perhaps little to remember. For the change in Mr. Porter was a change in attitude rather than in words, and even there it was so exceedingly subtle, it was barely perceptible. It was scarcely more than that the man seemed to have become more receptive; more buoyant in his step, more alert in his expression. I noticed it in small ways. At times, like a boy, he would go down the road intent on kicking a stone ahead of him; at times he would look about him, shyly at first, then more often, more deliberately. After a while he was turning his head altogether around to look at something we had passed, or stopping entirely.

"Tired?" I asked.

"Oh, no, I just like to look about."

And I noticed some of the places he stopped to peer into: the mysterious, shadowy interior of a house, built dark and deep against the brilliancy of the Neapolitan sunlight; a glimpse now and then of an old garden through a broken bit of stone wall; or a narrow pathway winding up a hill. And his words were the uncertain words of a man that is speaking a foreign tongue. "There, I like that," he would say, or "That's great, isn't it?" But he would not use the word "beautiful."

That afternoon we walked up over the backbone of the peninsula and down the other side, winding in and out around the jutting promontories along the Amalfi road. Far below us was the blue ocean melting off into distant haze. Occasionally it was as somber, in the shadows of the mountains, as were they themselves; occasionally too dazzling to bear looking at. And far above were the jagged peaks, reflecting on their alkali faces the many colors of sunset.

And then twilight came, and an uncanny stillness settled over that age-old land, broken only by the weird cries of the shepherds far up on the hillsides calling to their goats. We stopped at a tavern, and each of us had a little golden glass of Strega, the witch-drink of Italy. And then through a fine light drizzle we returned to the hotel.

"This has been great, Mr. Marshall," he said when we parted. "Great! Couldn't we try it again to-morrow?"

"You bet!" I answered. "To-day we stuck to the highroad; to-morrow we'll try a by-road. I know a path worth climbing!"

That evening Mrs. Porter came again into the writing-room within a few minutes after her husband had gone. She looked more tired than ever, and more worried. And I wondered what I could say to this woman, who had turned so pathetically to me.

Perhaps, after all, it was best to tell her everything—all that I had noticed about her husband and all that I had deduced, the whole fine theory about the change that was taking place. I suppose I became a little intoxicated by my words, a little carried away by the enthusiasm of my ideas; for I remember, when I finished and looked at her, the sudden cold-water shock I felt.

She had listened to me politely enough, but only as one that was waiting patiently to voice her own train of thought. And

then she said, as though startled by its nature: "Why, I'm not at all sure even that he wants to go home!"

"Nor am I!"

She looked at me dubiously, I believe. "I'm not exactly certain I understood all you said about my husband, Mr. Marshall, but don't you see he *must* go home! Everything his whole life has stood for is at stake. Can't you understand! The wealth he has created for the community with his factory, the employment and livelihood he has given hundreds of workmen, the example he has set the young men by his hard work and punctuality. You can't imagine, Mr. Marshall, how they look up to him!"

There it was, the justification of my belief that the man had innate imagination, an imagination that had coped with his drab environment and built up that fine view of his relation to it; an imagination that now, under the spell of other surroundings, was beginning to unfold its wings to carry him off in sudden flight. But what of all that! Fool that I had been with my delicate theories about the change itself, when the only thing of real, compelling significance in this crazy, complex world of ours was the consequence of the change to others . . . another.

For I must confess I would hardly have considered his position in the community, the wealth and employment he was creating, and all that, sufficient reason for his returning should he desire to order his life otherwise. I can't help regarding much of that talk as pure cant. But there was another face in the picture, a woman's, and she was a much more real consideration to my way of thinking than were all those fine notions about Mr. Porter's beneficent effect on the community.

And what of her! Should Mr. Porter start off now in this other direction, by this other road that seemed to be opening up new horizons to him, would she, at her age, have the resiliency and the imagination to follow him? Had she ever had, I wondered. Hers had been the rôle to interpret him to himself, perhaps, and to steady him in his long course through life, but could it ever have been the creative one?

I do not know why I asked the question, for I must have known that it was he, not she, that had supplied the imagination and glamour to their lives. "It was Mr. Porter, of course, not you, that thought of all that—his position in the community as

an employer, a creator of wealth, and an example to the young men?"

She looked at me as though humoring the idle question of a child. "Of course!"

To her the question meant little or nothing; but to me it was the crux of the whole thing, its entire substance and shadow.

I felt strangely depressed at the outset of our walk the following afternoon, and I think Mr. Porter felt much the same, for his steamer was sailing the next day. But who could long have remained depressed with that magic of springtime drawing the gayest and lightest out of one? After a bit we had passed beyond the village and reached the turning-off to the narrow pathways that led up and up to the monastery above Massalubrense. "Guess I've always stuck pretty much to the highroad till now," he said, with a look of adventuring in his eyes.

After about an hour's climb we reached it, the fine old ramble of buildings enclosing the overgrown courtyard. The dilapidation of the place was terrible. Once, I suppose, several generations before, the monastery had housed fifty, and had, no doubt, been beautifully kept. But now there were scarcely six. The lure of the golden streets of America had accounted for the others that might have come there to spend their lives.

We rang at the gate, and presently we could hear the echoing footsteps of some one coming down the still corridors. He bowed to us politely, and led us up to the tower from where is obtainable as fine a view as any at that end of the island. But my recollection of those stony fertile hillsides, patchworked by stone walls into fields of orange and olive and almond, is not so clear as the impression of the man that met us in the refectory on our way down. There he was, in that most dismally bare room, up there on the mountain-top above and beyond all men, standing before us in his poor coarse tunic and worn sandals. I shall never forget his fine, drawn features of priest and celibate, or the way, slowly and with great effort, he raised his eyes from our clothes to our faces, ourselves the men unadorned.

"Americani?" he asked, politely. And who could have told what struggle was going on within the man as he raised his eyes with such effort—what realization of all that might have been!

I think it struck Mr. Porter, too. "That fellow there," he said; "I wish I could speak his language! He might have gone to America and made his fortune when he was a young man, instead of dragging up here to spend his days."

"He might," I answered. "He might indeed! And he probably knows it."

Mr. Porter looked at me queerly, I thought. "He's taught me something, that fellow!"

And I have another impression from that afternoon, equally strong, equally relentless. We had tumbled down the steep path again back to the highroad, and, just before sunset, stopped at a wayside inn with a little pergola terrace perched in front of it, above the road. And there on wooden benches, before a wooden table, we sat down to a rest and a bottle of native wine. And then had come over us that pleasant, drowsy feeling that comes with a bottle half-drunk, a little tiredness in one's legs, and down below the occasional passing of a figure along the highway to draw one's thoughts into a reverie.

Looking at Mr. Porter, I could tell from the intent concentration on his face, and the vacant eye, just what he was doing. He might have been myself, any of the dreamers that ever were or are to be.

It is inexpressibly terrible to me, this wandering of the soul into the unknown. Things lose their shapes, their every-day familiarity, and the soul goes off distantly searching and groping. Often it is but a moment detached, and goes a-wandering, stirring but faintly the dust of ages; hearing the ancient battle-cries, the ancient words of love. Sometimes, it meets the universal purposes of life shining clearly on the faces of all men; sometimes strange desires, strange needs, and stranger doubts. But sometimes it journeys off afar to that distant realm where lie hidden, near men's hearts, the things that might have been.

I remember he turned toward me at last with something approaching a sign, and that old frown of his was again darkening his forehead. "I could cancel my sailing to-morrow, couldn't I?" he said slowly, and as though to himself. "And as for the business, all I've got to do is cable any of half a dozen men I'm willing to sell. . . ."

And I there, that had hoped for and rejoiced in all that had

happened . . . It is not difficult to imagine how I felt! I remember I could not look at him then. I could not turn my eyes from that blood-red sunset that was reaching out toward us across the still waters from the West.

"For God's sake, man!" I said at last, "this . . . all this . . . is nothing . . . mere froth! Go home to your business . . . where you belong!"

And always in the back of my mind was the picture of that tired, tired woman, his wife. But never once did I mention her name. For men know how it is to be reminded of an obligation to a woman.

I was glad I saw him for the last time as I did the following morning. He was standing in front of the hotel, surrounded by valises and half a dozen servants, puzzling over the Italian money he was counting in his outstretched palm. I went down the walk with them through the orange grove to the little dock. From there Garguilio was to row them off to the steamer that would take them across the bay to Naples. They stepped in, he sitting in the stern-sheets and she facing him in the bow. The servants piled the valises in after them and shoved the boat off. A long time I stood there watching them, until Garguilio had rowed them around the promontory. But never once did Mr. Porter look up or back from counting the few coins left in his hand.

And that is all. I have never seen him or heard of him since. But sometimes I can imagine hearing him say in that dull, heavy growl of his: "Those fellows over there in Italy, once you get to know them, are not a bad lot!"

How do I know he says that? Because they are the words of a man that has glimpsed, even though vaguely, down the mysterious, magic windings of the other road. And sometimes I find myself repeating, as though awaking from a strange dream: "Those fellows over there, with their big businesses, once you get to know them . . ."

And sometimes I think of that priest and celibate up there in the mountains, raising his eyes from our clothes to our faces to ask his polite question.

I suppose to every man, some place, some time . . . Thank God, a mood is but an evanescent thing!

THE GIANT'S THUNDER ¹

By VIRGINIA TRACY

(From *The Pictorial Review*)

MAYFORTH put down the manuscript. His eyes were full of tears, and they were tears of pure emotion; of humble, of ineffable thanksgiving. The manuscript was that of a play by a young fellow named Shepard, whom Mayforth felt it would be a privilege to introduce to the world; in his play the star part was one which would confirm and expand Mayforth's brilliant career beyond all guessing. But, for the time being, these things were not first with him. That one moment was given up to gratitude for the perfect thing, at last.

By and by he dipped back through the play again, savoring once more the joy of it and what he did not hesitate to call its greatness. He could not remain forever at the impersonal altitude and he soon began to see himself in the immense situations and to hear himself in the lovely humor, the ringing passion of the lines. But he still felt very gently toward the human race; he would have liked to do something beautiful, something generous, he would have liked to sacrifice something—he did not know what, nor to whom!

He was glad that the knock on his door proved to be his sister's knock. For his present mood Helen was the right person. But when she told him that Grannitch, his manager, was downstairs, he felt sorry. Grannitch usually settled everything at his office, and Mayforth guessed that his coming here meant that he was brimming with benevolence and with triumph in his find. This was natural, even lovable. But Mayforth would have liked, for a little while, to forget Grannitch.

His sister, who always understood him, said, "There's no hurry. Agnes is looking after him."

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"Helen," Mayforth said, "come here a moment. Helen—" He drew her to the late light of the window and put the manuscript into her hands. "It's what I've always wanted—what you've always wanted for me." She looked up, mutely, from a scene he couldn't resist calling her attention to; then, as he left her for his manager, she dropped down by the window, kneeling there with the manuscript close against the light.

Grannitch did not, after all, stay long and, while he did, he made himself wholly charming. What he seemed most to pride himself on was his courage and discernment in accepting a play that practically every manager in America had refused. "Some were very complimentary, Shepard said. Most of them kept it a long time. But in the end they were all afraid of it—the production was too expensive, or they just felt the thing was over the public's head—wouldn't pay. Ah, they hadn't the man for it!"

He was very agreeable to Mrs. Mayforth, too, about the tea she gave him, though he had brought a bottle of his treasured Burgundy to drink the play's success in; when he saw Miss Mayforth coming downstairs with the manuscript in her hand he made a little joke about their being at last in accord, he and she, as to what her brother was to play. He asked if he hadn't got hold, now, of a part that Howard wouldn't be stooping to. And she said, yes, he had. When she said it her look lingered so enfoldingly on Mayforth that it was almost as if she wished to shield him from something. And they all smiled at this. They said she couldn't break herself of the habit of being lugubrious about him; she was so afraid he would keep on making money.

Then, just as he was leaving, Grannitch asked, "Oh, Mayforth—do you know anything about a man named Herron?"

"Herron? Yes—or I did, once. One of those actors who give great promise in road companies or some western stock, but never get on to Broadway. What about him?"

"Nothing, I guess. He's been playing this part on the road, that's all, and Shepard, in a mad moment, gave him to understand he was to have it for New York. You know how authors are! Still, I believe this Herron's in hard luck and I almost thought I'd let him have that second heavy—it'll take a man of experience. But, from all I can hear, he wouldn't do. Drinks, doesn't he?"

"Yes, I believe so. Oh, yes."

Grannitch settled himself more comfortably in his monumental overcoat before facing the cold dusk; he sent a pleasant farewell glance round the soft-colored, lamplit drawing-room, with the delicately stimulating fragrances of tea and wine combining in its gracious warmth.

"Oh, those things never work, anyhow," he said. "You can make it two o'clock, then, at the office?"

"Certainly." Watching the manager patting down his double-breasting buttons, Mayforth felt a senseless tightening round the heart. "He can't make any trouble for us, can he?" he burst out.

"Who? Trouble! How do you mean?"

"Why, I don't know—Herron."

Grannitch stared at him. "Why, no. Trouble! What sort of trouble could he make? He hasn't any money in it!"

Their play was a romantic excursion into Florentine history, centering round the character of Machiavelli, and in about a week Mayforth began to get to work on the part. He wanted a month's study before he sailed for a summer among the scenes in which it was laid. In the name of study he declined all engagements and it was not disagreeable to him that this would be widely commented upon. He was far from averse to its being commonly said that Mayforth was so absorbed in his new play he had entirely withdrawn from society and spent all his time alone in his study, giving himself up to his part.

His study occupied the entire top story of the house and, since he was sensitive about making himself ridiculous, the floor had been made sound-proof. It was beautifully, though very simply, appointed; it got all the sun there was and, on those March days, an open fire was kept glowing in it. Mayforth had his foils and boxing-gloves up there; the little bathroom in one corner had a weighing machine and there was a machine for inhaling oxygen and one for gymnastic exercise. In another corner, near the south window, was Mayforth's beautiful old desk, hallowed by tall candles and surrounded by the autographed likenesses of his peers. From this desk stretched away the shelves of a small but distinguished library of plays, theatrical data, prints and plates

and, generously displayed, all attainable dramatic criticism; these were brought to a pause by the sideboard which made it a privilege for cronies to drop in about five and tell Mayforth how he was missed. Placed so as to get the best light was a full-length, three-sided mirror, in which the student could examine and perfect his every pose; opposite this was a piano, so that Mayforth could strike certain chords for his vocal exercises and on top of the piano stood a smaller mirror for reflecting the position of the muscles of the mouth and throat. Mayforth had always taken himself seriously and this made it the easier when he did, now and then, drop in for a moment at his club, to rise wearily, sighing that he must be off. Some one was pretty sure to say, "Pretty heavy production you're in for, isn't it, Mayforth?" With a little, courageous, tired smile, he would agree.

It was in one of these luxurious moments that somebody asked him if it were true that Shepard had greatly idealized his Machiavelli. Mayforth said, yes, they used the name, but the part wasn't only idealized, it was sublimated; it was, after all, pure, heroic fiction.

And then some fool of a star who had read and refused the script commented, "Do you know whom I seemed to catch glimpses of all through that part? Dan Herron."

It was not merely a tightening of the heart this time, Mayforth turned sick. He had a great desire to speak, to say that he knew Herron and that Herron could never have played the part. But he could not manage it.

The other man, for whom Mayforth now felt a keen dislike, tactlessly mused on that there had always been something immense in Herron—not in stature, of course—and he called up the swarthinness of Herron's lean face, with all its fierceness and pallor, which he could fancy as reminding him of Machiavelli only by a certain tenacity and a power of waiting that it had. Well, he had a wonderful smile, too, Herron, and a wonderful dark eye, like a burning-glass; it burned up anything that happened to be lying around loose in you—and evidently, from his disappearance, it had burned up Herron, too. Just as well, perhaps! He, the speaker, could think of nobody whom he would less like to have waiting for him round the corner in a bad temper. He could easily enough imagine Herron leaning over

the bannisters some night, if you had given him what he might take for occasion, and sticking a knife into you—just to grin as you squealed.

“As a matter of fact”—Mayforth moved his drying lips,—“it’s not only you—Herron has a great notion of himself for the part. He’s been playing it nearly a season on the road.”

There fell a heavy pause. For this was, after all, an actors’ club and all those successful actors, lounging there, at some past time had been unsuccessful. So that there fell upon them, now, a brief embarrassment, a silence full of cruel memories. Till some gently civil soul soothed forth, “Well, an unknown author must have been precious glad to have you take it, Mayforth. They wouldn’t stand for anybody less than you doing it on Broadway.” And a polite murmur of salvation fussed up.

But Mayforth had taken a little fright, and he did not know of what. He was surprised at himself. It would be almost insane to imagine that Herron’s hand—strong though he remembered it, greedy and unscrupulous—could reach from “round the corner,” as that fellow had said, and snatch at anything of Mayforth’s.

No, he was obliged to believe himself foolishly depressed by being reminded of Herron’s ill-luck. That fellow’s talk had evolved a misty, following shadow in the spring afternoon of the brilliant avenue, and out of this shadow Herron’s vivid and worn face seemed to stare at Mayforth along his homeward way with something which Mayforth recognized with horror as perhaps actual hunger—as well as with the silent mockery which was what he himself best remembered about Herron. Mayforth was essentially kind and could not imagine a man to be in want without desiring to help him. For a less fortunate player he wished this help accomplished with every delicacy; he at once decided to find out if Shepard knew Herron’s whereabouts and, if so, to force Grannitch into giving Herron that second heavy part.

The day for Mayforth’s sailing had arrived, and nothing had been heard of Herron. Mayforth’s benevolent impulse had begun to fade. By the time that he and Grannitch stood amid farewells on the deck of the steamer he had almost forgotten that, in the indignation of finding Shepard quite lukewarm, he had had an agent look up Herron and forward a letter containing a discreet offer. Then, at the last moment, amidst the mail which

his secretary brought him, he found himself confronted with that letter of his. Upon the back of this, without address or date, was written in a small and irregular but very bright, clear hand, merely the words, "I'll see you burning in hell fire first. D.K.H."

Mayforth handed it to Helen, for her sympathy. He was greatly taken by the idea of traveling with Grannitch, as in a tour of allied sovereigns. And it was all right for Agnes to be making off on a round of visits. But, on a trip like this, he would have liked Helen with him. Only Grannitch, he felt sure, wouldn't be keen on a family party! Never for one moment, even to himself, would he have admitted the governing conviction hidden in the depths of his being, despite all the praising and petting and spoiling of so many years—the conviction that a manager was the natural master of an actor, that he somehow proudly belonged to Grannitch, as even the most blue-ribboned of dogs may be proud of its collar. But he was not taking Helen.

Their first fortnight in Florence they spent alone, and then Grannitch sent for the foremost scenic artist in America, then for his director, whom they wished to note certain effects in a production of D'Annunzio's. A celebrated R.A. who was a friend of Mayforth's consented, for a fabulous price, to do their costume plates, and when Grannitch heard that their leading woman was in London he sent her over to Paris, to the firm which was executing those plates. For a while they kept the cables busy arranging who was to play De Medici, who was to play the Pope, but by and by they were able to send back their director with a completed cast of which the sum total in salaries seemed enough to weigh him down. And at last, alone again, they were free to give themselves to curiosity shops and ancient palaces, to the handling of old armor and old jewels, of silken fabrics, shimmering and dense.

In these days there became more and more apparent to Mayforth a certain deference, that was almost shyness, in Grannitch toward himself. Devoutly respecting all that Mayforth knew and largely anxious that money should be no consideration, the manager felt that he maintained rather than lessened his own dignity in giving way consistently to Mayforth's preference. If Mayforth was proud of their connection it began to be soothingly evident that Grannitch was proud of it also. To a man of

Mayforth's sensibilities this was very touching and he began saying to the theatrical journals, the fashion magazines and the great weeklies, which were now requiring of him all possible information concerning his big venture, that the successful outcome would be due entirely to the boundless staunchness and support of Mr. Grannitch. He kept on proclaiming this with a swelling, an almost tearful gusto, until it suddenly occurred to him how utterly true it was. And then the glow seemed to vanish from it. When Grannitch, impelled by the heat, fled up to Paris, Mayforth felt that this was as it should be. It was only seemly that his own devotion should be the greater.

He rented himself an old fortified villa in the country, on a sloping spur of the Apennines, whence he could drive into Florence when he must. He spent long, solitary days there and hot, still, splendid nights. He had no companion but his part, his great part, in that old dwelling-crag, built at once for a refuge and a dungeon; surrounded by dazzling vistas and filled with strange, dark, stony things—with staircases made for the feet of murder, ominous gateways, beds, fireplaces, candelabra, of God knew what secrets. His sole companion, now, was the presence of Machiavelli, under that searching sun, in that insane and glorious moonlight. He felt himself expanding, changing. He felt the whole part working in him, almost as if it were preparing to torture him, to tear him apart. Somehow rather frightened, it occurred to him that it would be a generous thing to send for young Shepard to bear him company.

Shepard came, and spent most of his time taking photographs. Mayforth sent some of these on to London where Grannitch then was and whence they returned as features of the illustrated papers, showing those odd corners of Florence through which Mayforth and the young author of his new play were tracking the footsteps of Machiavelli.

Mayforth admired this idea, but it was a little blurred by a queer, idle inconsequence in Shepard, who would sit for hours before the miniature theater which stood on a table in Mayforth's cell-like study and stick the pins that stood for the figures here and there upon its blocked-out stage, only to pull them out again. He would keep on making stage plots different

from those Mayforth and the director had outlined and then destroy them with a baffled gesture.

The boy was interested, of course, though with a sort of intermittent eagerness. He made some very trenchant comments, but he was never obsessed by his own work as Mayforth took some pride in being; he never gave himself up to it with the noble fullness which had even threatened Mayforth's health. And indeed it was a curious fact that he could not be said to give himself up to anything about the producing of his play. The actor would not have admitted that he wanted his author to appear grateful, but certainly the young man might have shown more appreciation. Keeping always his reserve, his little baulked air of restiveness, what did Shepard want, anyhow?

All these phases, however, vanished in the air of the smooth, late August ocean, which Mayforth faced on his homeward voyage with a sense of having had an experience since he last crossed it, of having been played upon by strange emotions and of having almost suffered that terrifying thing, a change. When he thought of all he had been through for the sake of the part and of what the part had come to mean to him, he had again that glow of his first moment with it, that sense of consecration, of the desire to sacrifice—to sacrifice—

But, with the New York streets, his nerves sniffed the scent of battle.

"Yon Cassius," said Miss Huyshop suddenly to Mayforth, as she held up one of Shepard's photographs, "yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look!"

The rehearsals had been under way about three weeks and this afternoon, at the close of one of them, Mayforth was giving tea to Mrs. Huyshop and cocktails to her daughter in his study. It was an enormous honor to entertain the Huyshops, though it fussed him rather, just when he most required not to be fussed. But there are some people whom one simply cannot afford not to please. The Huyshops' splendor was not merely social; they went in violently for being "artistic." But Mayforth did wish they would go.

Mrs. Huyshop was indeed already standing, but her daughter lingered over the portfolio of photographs. Mayforth, leaning

to identify her Cassius, uttered a sharp, stifled sound. "What's this? How did this get here?"

His wife stared at him. Helen Mayforth put out her hand tranquilly for the picture. "It's just an old snap-shot Mr. Shepard has misplaced," she said. "This is our author, Miss Huyshop. See how young he is."

"Who's the other one?" asked Miss Huyshop. "They seem to be having an extremely good time. He looks queer, but he has very bright eyes."

"That's Mr. Herron," said Mayforth's sister. "An actor who played the part of Machiavelli for Mr. Shepard on the road. They're drinking to the play's success."

"Well, I'm drinking to it, too," said the girl, draining her glass as she rose. "I'm sure I wish you every luck in the world, Mr. Mayforth. You've made it all so frighteningly perfect—like tempting the gods. I only hope nothing happens to prevent its coming off."

Mayforth turned appreciably pale.

Whereupon, to Mrs. Huyshop's expostulations, her daughter laughed, "But look, Mr. Mayforth agrees with me! I can see voodoo curses in his face."

Mayforth pulled himself together. "Oh, the suggestion has been made before! An acquaintance of mine once prophesied that I should be nothing less than assassinated on what I suppose he would call 'the very eve of triumph' by our friend there, whose eyes you so much admire."

"Really? Golly, then, Mr. Mayforth, do get him to do it on the opening night! And among those Robert-Edmond-Jones ruins you've had painted! Or at the stage door would be simply swell! Wasn't there an actor murdered at his own stage door by some crank whom he'd discharged or something?"

Helen did not go down with the others. She sat there without stirring, and when she heard Mayforth coming back to her, alone, she pressed her hands together. Her eyes waited on him, dutifully, as he came in.

He went up to the window and stood there, looking out, as if to gather or to prove his self-control. Then he flung himself down in a chair directly facing his sister and asked, "Was that photograph put there intentionally?"

"Howard!" she cried. She had not dreamed of his taking that turn.

"Because, if it's an accident, it's a very strange kind of an accident. It chooses exactly the psychological moment. It fills me with the strangest apprehensions at exactly the time when all that's most dangerous to me. It gives Herron his revenge in the most approved dramatic fashion—and Shepard's a good dramatist!"

"His revenge?" she repeated. "Shepard! Dear, you sound crazy!"

"Then it's only by some wretched accident I can never escape from that fellow Herron? Wherever I go, wherever I turn, something happens to remind me of him. Even in Florence, when I thought I'd forgotten all about him, I came across a fresco with such a look of him—! And, after that, in the shadow of a doorway, I turned up some steps and saw him, as plainly as I see you, just as that fellow at the club described him—'round the corner, hanging over the bannisters, waiting to stick a knife into you and grin.' Then, just the other day, out of a clear sky, Shepard said to me in the most light, heartless manner, 'Do you know, I believe Herron's dead.' I was much shocked. Though lung trouble, of course, he's had for some time. 'Well,' Shepard said, 'the last time I saw him he looked at death's door, and he's not the man to linger very long about stepping through it.' Beyond that he could only say that he believed if Herron were alive he must have heard something from him—something sinister, I'm sure, that he thinks Herron might do."

"What *could* he do?"

"You saw the effect the photograph had on that girl. She felt at once that something was going to happen. It immediately became perfectly credible to her that Herron could injure me in some way on my opening night and stop the performance."

"No, no, dear! She was only joking."

"Well, it's the kind of joking that gets on one's nerves. If I should be ill and give a bad performance—"

With his handsome head lying back against the cushioning of his great chair, as if martyrdom already drained his spirit, he soliloquized, "What I've dreaded all along is that he'd turn up in some cheap noisy way the newspapers would get hold of—"

have hysterics in some dive or pretend to try to kill himself. He might even attack me, somehow. Oh, of course, it's all nerves, the dread of anything happening to mar the first performance!" Musically and with soothing scorn, he laughed. Then suddenly his eyes turned on his sister, paused, and demanded, "Have you been hearing any sensationalism of that sort that you're keeping from me? Helen, you know something!"

She had started violently, colored and gone pale again before she could answer, "Howard, what could I know? There's nothing to know. You're nervous, that's all."

"Now, my dear, when you first spoke about that photograph, I noticed the strain in your voice. Has Grannitch had a threatening letter? Is Herron dead? And has Shepard seen his ghost?" Mayforth's melodious laugh went off the key and lost itself among the artistically hued shadows of that harmonized and flower-scented study. "Come, come, don't treat me like a baby! I must know, before I go on for my first night!"

"Well, then, Howard, listen. The strain in my voice meant nothing like that. Dear, I didn't want you to know. I've always been so proud they didn't dare tell you in time— But if you are going to have such ideas as these— Why, it's only that— There wasn't just a casual understanding between Shepard and Herron. Mr. Shepard gave Herron his word of honor, his sacred, solemn promise, that the play should never be produced on Broadway unless he played the part."

Mayforth sat quiet, looking studiously at the floor. Some little, important, prosperous glaze of his nature seemed to have fallen in. He was a very scrupulous man.

Presently he asked, "Did Shepard tell you this?"

"No, I guessed it. I saw there was something wrong with the boy, with his triumph. Then I asked Grannitch."

"Oh, Shepard had told *him*?"

"Yes, he had told him when Grannitch took the piece—in the desperate fight he made for his friend. Grannitch didn't think enough of the circumstance to conceal it from me."

Mayforth balanced an air of impartial quiet. "Well, it's very sad, my dear, but I really can't see why it should disturb you so much. I'm afraid you're only telling me this to draw the scent from something more definite."

"Oh, no, really, Howard! It was just that all the circumstances got on my nerves. You see, Herron was waiting alone in a manager's office. This manuscript was on the desk. Herron—he isn't backward, I understand!—took it up and began to read. He left that office—ah, you can imagine—with a lamp burning in his breast! He had copied Shepard's address and he hunted him out. He put new hope into him and new faith. He knew people, here and there; he took the play to them—they wouldn't listen. At last he found a little firm, a couple of young fellows just starting. They had a few dollars—no pull, no standing, no booking, nothing. Herron worked for the booking, just as he had worked to make them take the play; he jockeyed people out of billing, he bluffed with costumers—I don't believe he has very fine scruples. He even made a lot of the properties himself; he did all the stage-managing; he used to go out, on one-night stands, recruiting round the streets for supers and drill them all the afternoon, all dinner-time. And he was so ill, you remember, so shabby, such a broken wire of a man—and yet, as your visitor said just now, he had such bright eyes. He must have been very happy!"

"Don't!"

"Why, I mean it. Only—the managers were right, after all. It made no money; it didn't pay. How could it? They played it in houses where the audience was used to 'The Queen of the Rockies' and took 'Ten Nights in a Bar Room' for the last word from the metropolis. Then, after his readers having refused it nearly two years before, Grannitch was attacked with a letter of introduction a friend of Herron's gave Shepard, and Shepard met—his fate. What could he do? It was either to have you play it or not to have it played at all. I don't blame him!"

"No," said Mayforth, bitterly, "you don't blame him. For some perverse, intangible, feminine reason, you blame me!"

"I don't, Howard. I don't blame any one. Not even Grannitch, perhaps."

"Well, what do you expect me to do?"

"Why, nothing. There's nothing you can do. I'm only terribly unhappy, as you are."

"Oh, yes," he said, "you've made me unhappy enough! You have done that!"

She regarded him pitifully, without reminding him how necessary it had been to lay the sharper terrors persistent in his haunting dread of Herron's vagabond and mocking presence. "It's only that I would give anything in the world to have known what I've been telling you before it was too late for you to—" Her voice suddenly failed her. "To—"

"Well," he asked, with a sort of grave and kind contempt. "To—what?"

She spoke almost beneath her breath. "To give it all up."

He sprang to his feet. "At last!" he cried. "It only needed that. I was waiting for that!" With a tremulous and unhappy sneer he added, "It only surprises me you've sense enough to perceive that it is too late."

"After what Grannitch has spent on it! Within a week of the opening! Oh, yes. You can do nothing at all, nothing!"

He had begun to walk up and down and she might have admired, had she been in the mood, the fine proportions of his well-preserved and well-groomed figure; the controlled grace and firmness, even in that distracted hour, of his step. These gave him an effect of superior balance, of moderation, decision, reason; of the perfect ripeness between youth and age, when a man may be exactly in the right. They gave to whatever might be pronounced by the deep soundness of that harmoniously modulated voice a certain authority, a certain weight; without doing more than threaten him from afar off with that other, that bodily weight which is the destruction of gentlemanly, heroic pulchritude in the very crowning instant of solidifying it.

"Understand, once and for all, that it always was too late. That never, at any time, for a single moment, could there have been the least question of such a silly pose—a monstrous, hysterical pose! Oh, my God," he burst out, "you women, I don't understand you! You hang about a man's neck for years, begging him to do something, and then when the chance comes for him to do it you begin sniveling!" If he could not understand he seemed anxious at least to reproach her. "You thought I'd forgotten the dreams we started out with. In the last few years you've ceased to argue with me as you used to do. Do you think I didn't know it was because you'd given me up, because you'd despaired of me? Answer me, Helen."

She said, "It is true that I have despaired."

"Well, I know also that there's been a change in your tone again of late."

Startled, she lifted her eyes to the clouded eyes with which he admonished her.

"Ever since I've gone in for this piece you've been exquisitely tender, ceaselessly gentle again. Yes, because I was pleasing you once more, because I was a good boy! Well, my dear girl, there's one thing to which I have been making up my mind. It's about time that I did something to please myself."

He could see that she was impressed.

"I've spent twenty years in pleasing other people. Good God, what has my life been but giving things up? Oh, I've served a long apprenticeship! I've made friends, I've studied the public—People talk about my success! I don't call it success, I call it devotion! It's been all discipline, all restraint! I've curbed myself. I've submerged myself. I've been so careful! I've never produced a play that could offend any one. I've never asserted my own ideas. I knew I must put all that off. I've been waiting—waiting—"

He paused, aware that his voice was rising. His sister's eyes were full of tears but he could not now spare her the passion into which he had worked himself.

"Did I want to play the trash you hated so? Do you suppose I enjoyed doing the same piece, one season after another? Helen, do you realize that in all the years I was leading man for Gran-nitch I played only four parts? Four parts—think of that! The best ten years of my life!"

Glancing from books to pictures he seemed to take counsel with his surrounding walls and he retuned his tone to their mellowness before he added, "And all the time I've been perfecting myself as a student, as a scholar. Ah, I couldn't have gone half so far without that! That's what our audiences respect one for! It's won me the best following in America, the most cultivated and—and important. My public knows it can rely upon my productions being absolutely perfect; that not a costume's ever incorrect nor a single weapon an anachronism. You know yourself how it's said to be educational to see them."

She nodded.

"That's how I've got people where I want them. I knew that the only way to be independent at the end was to bow down at the start. If I hadn't gone through with all that I should be as powerless, now, to get this piece and to put it on as poor Herron."

He fell into his stride again. "Of course the rage for costume pieces helped me make them take me seriously. If it weren't for that I suppose I should still be dawdling about in drawing room parts. It was having to put me on in Don Cæsar, it was the sensation I made last year in Ruy Blas that led to Machiavelli. Just as he's going to lead to Hamlet—yes, and to Othello and to Lear and all the things I've always meant, at last!"

His feeling sounded a deeper and deeper note. "Grannitch knows I've grown too big for leading strings. 'I expect this production and your performance of this part to put you at the head of your profession.' That's why he's spent a fortune on this piece. That's what he's looking to me for. Yes, I've been a very popular star and then a very distinguished one. And now I'm to be the head of my profession. Oh, it's been weary, yes, it has!"

His sister made a little swallowing noise and, with a kind of somber violence, he insisted, "But if you could only have seen what the part's been to me, what it's taught me—the things I began to understand, all alone with it this summer as I hadn't been with anything for years—my time's come, Helen, and my kingdom, dear! And then you talk to me, you do, you, about giving them up! Am I to have nothing for myself? Am I to have nothing of my *own*?" He looked at her. And she came and put her arms round him and hid her face upon his breast.

They were made aware at the same moment of the maid coming in to remove the tea things by her turning on the lights. But Mayforth was a very gentle soul and he had felt his sister trembling; as soon as they were alone again—all the fugitive, tremulous shadows dispelled by a rational illumination—he kissed her fondly. "Helen," he said, "don't think I'm vexed. All this has done me good. We haven't had our old confidences lately, you and I. My dear, I've had qualms of pity for poor Herron, too. But he doesn't deserve them." He drew a long and deep breath. "My good Helen, it's not Herron that matters and not

I. It's not even that I, merely as the best man, have a right to Machiavelli; it's that Machiavelli has the right to the best man."

She gave him her hand, and he pressed it, softly. Observing a blind which the maid had forgotten, he crossed to lower it. As he raised his arm he paused a moment, intently, staring down into that vast outside world from which the shadows had not been dispelled. "Helen!" he said, with a change of voice, "come here! Look! Across the way there. That—that doesn't look like Herron, does it?"

"I can't see from here. Oh, there? Why, no, dear, nothing like him."

"I wish the first night were over!" he said.

On the evening of the dress rehearsal the supers gave in their numbers to their captain—numbers only too easily negotiable for a night's pay if any outsider had cared to buy one—and passed him more by an assured air of going about their business than because of any precise recognition on his part. Among them was a smallish, dark man who, once safely on the stage, did not cross it and go down to the super's room. He went, instead, with the light, rapid movements for which supers are not generally conspicuous, through a little door behind the boxes and out into the engulfing darkness of the empty auditorium. He mounted the stairs to the balcony and, dropping into a seat in the last row, melted at once into the darkness. Nothing prevented his merging with it. Under his old overcoat he wore, even on that mild October night, a sober-colored muffling sweater, older still, so that not even a gleam of linen betrayed his presence. There was nothing white about him except his face and his bare and empty hands; one of these he now put up to the soft hat with which he still further shadowed his set brows. And hour after hour, while below him and in front of him the world slowly woke to life and brightness, became populous and warm and active, stirred with music, with fine voices and rich speech and with glowing harmonies of color, he remained huddled there; idle, silent, motionless, with no visible purpose, and with no sign of life about him except the spark hidden in the intentness of his fixed gaze.

Nowadays dress rehearsals are generally held in the daytime,

but Mayforth had found something chilling in that idea and so this one had been called for seven P.M. No member of his profession will therefore need to be told that it began about ten. At eight o'clock Agnes Mayforth came out of her lord's dressing-room into the auditorium and said to the little group of specially clamant outsiders who somehow always get into dress rehearsals, "We'll begin shortly now. Mr. Mayforth is all dressed."

A grateful murmur followed this announcement. People were not really deceived, but they could not resist hoping. The stage was set and the curtain up; Grannitch and the director sat in front yelling directions to the stage-manager, who stood on the other side of the footlights and repeated them into the wings or up into the flies; the property man and his assistants still wandered in and out with artificial flowers in their hands or gave lingering, furtive pecks at draperies; the apparatus for flashlights stared, waiting, at the stage; the actors, gorgeous pools of flowing color in their magnificent clothes, sat dotted about the shadowy, almost empty house. And still Grannitch and the director and the electrician experimented with the lights.

Mayforth came on to the stage, creating a stir of admiration and again quickening in his waiting forces the pulse of hope. His make-up presented him as splendidly different, artistically revealed and changed. He was superbly attired, with authority, with profound and genuine beauty; and he wore this foreign splendor very simply, lending it a grace of largeness, of harmony, that touched it to poetic significance. His appearance made him a little triumph, and if his quick directions, his brisk colloquy with Grannitch, called to and fro across the footlights, gave no sign that he knew it, he was perhaps none the less buoyed and aware; perhaps his business-like absorption was just a little thicker than need be.

And still, of course, they did not begin. The compliments people had been making Mrs. Mayforth died away. The five-hundred-dollar-a-week leading woman sprang up with a "Great Heavens, what *are* they doing!" and from her trailing robes stretched up her weary arms as if they yawned; and still Grannitch and Mayforth and the director and the electrician experimented with the lights, the lights, the lights!

Then, at last, when hope was dead, when it no longer seemed

possible that any one would ever get upon the stage, when there seemed nothing left in life but to sit with one's face withering beneath the make-up and the make-up falling off one's face, with one's hair coming out of curl and one's nerves coming out of control, with a kind of pricking cold and heat and sleepiness and fear and fire crawling upon one's skin, Mayforth said to the stage manager, "Well, clear the stage."

So the stage manager called, "Clear!" and clapped his hands, "Clear! Clear!" And everybody that was on the stage scuttled off it; and the curtain was lowered; and Helen Mayforth, who had waited behind the scenes till the last moment to smile at Howard, came into the little audience and sat down, fixing her eyes as nearly as possible on Shepard's face. And the signal was given for which, a moment before, they had all been praying; and the hearts of the actors leaped and then sank, in a kind of swimming nausea, down and down; and an icy grip folded close in over their blood, and in their throats something sprang and tingled and exulted—and the curtain rose. The scene painters and the scene shifters, the costumer and the wig-maker, the stage manager and the assistant stage manager, the carpenter and his assistants, the electrician and his assistants, were hushed at last; and the play and the actors were in each other's hands.

Their success was never in question for a moment. But not by praises of any first act would Mayforth allow himself to be elated. It was the climax of the second in which he would first show them his real mettle; it was the great third that would tell the tale.

The third act set was very heavy and there was plenty of time, after he had changed, for him to come down among the populace and gather opinions. As he approached his wife he could hear the little hum of congratulations going on about her and she smiled at him with her kind, easy-going eyes, a smile of pride and triumph. "Everybody wants to speak to you, dear," she said.

And everybody spoke in words of rapture. There was nothing they didn't praise; and when he asked them what did they get from such a reading, would they have liked better, here, there, a different bit of business, a different significance or time in movement, some gushed and some paused to consider; but all preferred things as they were. He was pleased, and yet he was a little

doubtful. He believed them—why shouldn't he believe them? But somehow he was not quite satisfied, and he looked about for Helen.

She came promptly, she came with a bright, disarming smile. But he persisted in asking her, "How was I?"

"You were splendid. Everybody's delighted. Just let yourself go."

He looked at her, cheered, and yet not relieved from that dim sense of insecurity which was well enough with the others but which, with her, he had never thought to feel. Then he heard a lady telling his wife how wonderfully simple and modest Mr. Mayforth was about his exquisite performance. And then he thought, well, perhaps that was it; he had always endeavored to be modest.

Beginning to be very happy, he remembered to make little compliments, here and there, to his players. Many people were doing that and praising his leading woman, with talk of her being a star, herself, in a year or two. People spoke to Gran-nitch, to the costumer, to the publicity man; very high-brow or conscientious people even spoke to Shepard. And, as the third act was called, Mayforth said again, "You've no suggestions, then? There was nothing lacking?"

"Oh, Mr. Mayforth! What could there be?"

He left them, reassured. What could there be, after all.

Shepard's second act had closed with the return of the Medicis and his hero's loss, at one blow, both of office and of the highly plastic lady whom Shepard had contrived that he and Giovanni de Medici should both love. In the third, Machiavelli on his way to exile, still weak from Giovanni's torture-chamber, meets the prince and the lady in the streets of Florence, where in a raging agony of shame, pride and desire, he invokes a more than mortal eloquence to win her back, taking her no less rapidly and publicly than Richard does Anne from her recent lord. It is not only the lady, it is the mob, which this eloquence inflames and which makes a hero of the man whom it supports against Giovanni till he is able to snatch away his love and ride, full flight, for San Castiano.

It will be seen that, in undertaking such an exhibition of personal force, even the most exemplary actor might have his hands

full. Also that, were he to "let himself go," he might indeed go far. Mayforth and Giovanni and the leading lady, in parting for their entrances, looked at each other as they might have looked at weapons they were testing.

Once well into the act Mayforth's sonorous elocution, the quiet majestic beauty of his own voice, satisfied and steadied him. And yet—what was the matter? Or was nothing the matter? He came off, for the brief moment of Medici's entrance, with something of that same vague sense as of a fog between him and his ideal. While he waited to reënter he became aware of his publicity man standing near and said to him, with such an inflection of appeal as Hamlet may have used with Guildenstern, "Well, tell me, how's it going?"

"Simply great, Mr. Mayforth."

"You're sure?"

"Of course I'm sure! Everybody's saying it's the greatest thing they ever saw."

He did not know what possessed him, just as he was going on, to turn and say with a restive, unexplained bitterness, "What have they seen?"

But he went on, he did splendidly, he worked prodigiously, he executed with the most finished exactness every bit of the soberly studied business, picturesquely planned. Nor was he thrown out—though he was of course annoyed—by seeing, in the middle of his most powerful effect, the costumer take a page of notes to Grannitch and Grannitch turn and run his eyes over them; nor by observing that his wife dropped something and thanked the person who picked it up. His fine intelligence was, moreover, keenly alive to the excellence of his support, to the well-organized movement of the act and his own movement with it; he was alive to its being a success, to compliment and acclamation hanging ready, as it were, in the air. And yet, as before, and yet—and yet—

The climax of the act was on. Already, even as he spoke, he seemed to hear those hanging acclamations break rewardingly upon him. It was the big moment of his life, so far, and he knew well enough that Grannitch was right and that it was destined to loot the public for him. In another instant he would be surrounded by the clamor of admiring friends and, in the drowning

flash of all revealment, he seemed to feel in those friends something baffling, as if their pleasure and praises exposed only some surface to his touch, as if there were something he could not get at—in them, in himself, in his part, in life. But his voice rose handsomely, handsomely lifted on the outcries of the mob; to the gracefulest of gestures, amid those hanging acclamations, the last words were on his lips when, out from the black gulf of the house, suddenly, satanically, there came a sound of laughter.

For a moment it seemed almost like one of the stage effects. It was so incredible as to suggest that it had not happened. People couldn't believe it. Then every one jumped, and turned, and then said, "Shh!" to each other and looked at the scene again.

But only for a moment. Grannitch, who had sprung from his seat with a quick oath, started for the stage to give an order. Shepard, too, had sprung up and now remained motionless, with his back to the stage and his eyes searching the balcony. And Mayforth, who had recommenced his speech, faltered, started on again, stammered and drooped and stuck. There was a dead pause.

Grannitch, speaking across the orchestra to the stage manager, pointed up into the gallery. And the others, now, were all staring into that blackness, as if aware of something eerie ensconced in it. What this something resolved itself into, as it moved forward, was only a smallish, half-lighted, leaning figure which, resting one knee upon the balcony railing, called down to the stage, "Great God, my good people, you're not going to do it like *that*?"

Mayforth, alone of the magnificent mob, stood still and did not look nor wonder. He did not need to recognize the voice; it was as if in his strained nerves there had struck an expected hour. He knew that now the vitriol was raised for the throw, that Herron was leaning over the balustrade at last with the knife in his hand.

Now underneath all that padding, within all the weakened muscles of his life, there was in Mayforth a little shivering layer of courage. And this, together with the readiness which month after month he had been subconsciously cultivating, lifted his detaining hand to the shoulder of his stage manager, spoke in

the low voice, soft yet sharp, which carried his words across the orchestra to Grannitch. "Wait! Don't provoke him! Let him alone!"

"Who is it?" Grannitch asked.

Mayforth replied, "It's Herron! Let him alone!"

For now the thing was to arrest the vitriol in mid-air, to lower the arm, to sheathe the knife—and without a row, all decently. If Herron had come there with the intention of killing him and had ensconced himself at so great a distance, he must carry a revolver. If Mayforth himself moved, or if some one went up and Herron should hear approaching footsteps, he might fire at the stage and then, however quickly he was seized, it might still be too late.

Mayforth's head was full of stories about wild animals looked in the eye, coiled snakes uncoiling for a saucer of milk, maniacs and burglars diverted from horrible designs by tact, pleasantries and presence of mind. As this fellow was certainly half mad and almost certainly drunk, the thing to do was to humor him, make friends with him, give him his way, even preposterously, for the moment—so as to dislodge him, get him down out of his fortress to where he could be grabbed.

So, calling heavily on that layer of courage, Mayforth lifted his face in the full light to Herron's grin; stepped forward, conspicuous from among his supers and his mountings and called out, extending the saucer of milk to the serpent, "That you, Dan Herron? What makes you sit way up there? What are you doing?"

The other remained silent for a moment, as if the tiger were indeed soothed by the steady human eye. Then his voice vibrated down to them quietly enough. "Oh, I just came in to see the show!" He coughed. But he mastered the cough to add, "Better manners to wait till Monday night, but I can never tell if I can afford to wait. Besides, I'm not the public exactly—am I, Shep? And I wanted you to do your dance for me at my own signal."

There was something in those last words which alarmed Mayforth more than the words angered him. He made haste to laugh and say, "I hope you enjoyed it?" All the time he was thinking, "How can I get him down from there?"

To the question, "I hope you enjoyed it," Herron jocosely responded, "Ah, ask me!"

He leaned forward till it was a marvel he did not topple down among them and the impishness began to blaze and quicken in his face. "How do *you* enjoy it? Come, how does it feel? Everything quite right? You wouldn't care for a pointer or two?"

And Mayforth responded, throwing the piece of meat to the tiger, "Certainly I would. You know the piece. Help us out all you can. That's what we're here for."

Herron stood as if quizzing him, with wide eyes in which the excitement seemed to flash cold. Then he turned without a word and vanished into the darkness.

Upon which Mayforth hurriedly said, "No, in Heaven's name, Grannitch, don't start a row! He's coming down. What more do you want? Did you want a couple of stage hands to go after him and get shot up there? Send somebody to phone for the police. If we let him show us how he did it in Oshkosh he'll keep going till they come—I'll get out of his way. Then, if he can be got out quietly, have them follow him and take him in the street. I don't want fighting in here. I don't want his name connected with the production."

Some step on the far staircase rang under Herron's tread and Mayforth called out to him, "I'll be in the box, old man. Awfully good of you." He turned to his company. "I beg you, all of you, ladies and gentlemen, humor him. He's a friend of Shepard's. And he's—drunk, that's all—he's—he's played the part—thinks he can show us a lot of his business—just stand ready—" And Herron was among them at the word.

Not having made good his escape to the box, Mayforth drew back most unpretentiously among his supers. But Herron stopped authoritatively on the edge of the crowd. "We need only go back to your last entrance here," was what he very simply and swiftly said. "Step out in front, Mayforth, where you can see what I'm about."

And then it came clearly upon them all, for the first time, that this strange Jack-in-the-Box was actually going to do the scene; that he was really interested in showing their star how, some-

where, he had done it. They began to tread earth, however grumpily, after a curious, small whirlwind of excitement. At the same time it came over Mayforth, amazing him, that the man was single-hearted; that he had no vitriol, no dagger, no gun; that he had no luggage but an extraordinary craving, and that his unbridled insolence had led them into indulging him in this craving beyond the maddest of his own formless dreams.

It was too late now. Besides, one never can be sure. The only surety was in having the police there in case he made a disturbance, lesser or greater, when he had to be got off the stage. For drunk, of course, he must be.

Mayforth retired, majestically, reasonably, to the auditorium. Herron waited a moment for his cue, but the heavy man was not sufficiently pulled together to give it to him. So, thrusting a super or two out of his way, he came on without it. Howard Mayforth had entered with a beautiful, sad gesture, but Herron's Machiavelli came like a thief in the night. You got the measure of the great man's breaking from the drag and slinking of that first step; Herron's scanty figure, brought into contrast with Giovanni and his escort, turned like a sick rat. Grannitch, leaning forward to comment contemptuously upon this to Mayforth, was arrested by a change, a sinister brightening, passing into Machiavelli as if merely from the radiance of the girl at Giovanni's side. Grannitch's attention was held by the extraordinary intentness of Mayforth's face and then by the disappearance of the bewildered sulkiness from the flat, toneless responses with which Giovanni had answered Herron before he, too, felt the contagion of that change in Machiavelli. Grannitch became aware that the uninvited guest they were humoring was actually taking possession of things—complete possession.

For, if Mayforth obeyed him, the members of the company could do little else. Confused, disoriented, or else annoyed and alarmed, they wished neither to obey nor disobey; they merely looked, now, to their sudden leader, turned to him as they might have turned to his voice in a rout. He broke the earlier part of the scene with swift directions, motioning the Medicis to different places, calling out, "Not there, my girl!" to the five-hundred-dollar-a-week leading woman; his finger summoned groups of

the citizens of Florence or his eye scattered them like a sword. As these broken places were knit together Grannitch was aware of an extraordinary tautening and pointing of the scene, of a new tone in the leading woman's voice, and of that sinister brightness continuing to grow in the part of Machiavelli, ominous and lean and potent as light upon a weapon until, when Mrs. Mayforth whispered to her lord, "Goodness, dear, who is he?" Grannitch heard him respond, "Let me alone!"

They were never able to tell, afterwards, at what point they had all lost themselves. But there came a time when, in that little audience, in that great house, not a breath seemed to tremble and not a pulse to stir. The scene came back to them later, set in the enchantment, rich and varied, of the city whose atmosphere grew round them with the mounting action, until the whole stage was bathed in an emanation of something storied, warm and dense, colored with the old world and the old race. To the actors, of course, the spell came first; a spell not of bondage but of freedom, like air, like sun, like wine. The general business of the play, originated by Herron and incorporated in Shepard's manuscript, had been used as framework in both productions; it was mostly within personal limits that Herron changed and adorned and pierced and stripped at his pleasure. The actors, all experienced, highly trained, and in this scene mere pawns in the hands of Machiavelli, were able to meet what was new in this by the mere contagion of responsiveness; they were quickened by the wildfire which he lighted in their hearts. Herron, too, feeding on the response he had produced, broke deeper still into music and fury, into magic and passion; and the brightness, now lean no longer, reached to emotion after emotion, lighted character after character, till it was strange to see that now subordinated paint and canvas come alive, all that mob move to the breath of a passion which vitalized it, all that splendor of armor and velvet, veil and plume and jewel, lead only to the climax of a thin, dark figure, without make-up, without costume, without beauty, moving in old shoes and a sweater, carrying on his arm a scant ulster which, in his gesture, in his pose, became some immemorial, imperial mantle; while, with the voice to which men listen and the fire that warms men's hearts, he stamped that public square, those human beings, those burning words and acts

as authentic and essential to that hour—coming together there, there and then and not otherwise, that once out of all time. On and up went the scene, ringing deeper and deeper in a thousand-edged significance and scope, while the re-created part on its strong wings, soaring till it touched the zenith, shone there in supreme flight a moment and then, no bell sounding and no curtain falling, the spell and the picture broke together.

Not a sound, not a breath. Then the waiting, swelling, utter silence was broken by the voice of the leading woman as she clung to Machiavelli—to that sick little rat, that utterly distinguished, brilliant and romantic, that triumphant figure. Crying with excitement into his sweater, she gulped, "Don't go, oh, don't! I've never acted before!"

And then the silence came down on them again, oppressed and oppressive, stunning the excited people on the stage and hushing that stricken audience—the silence of the great, dark, empty theater and of the amazed, the inarticulate and vanquished lips of Mayforth's court. What was there for them to say? Not a man spoke.

Herron detached himself from the leading woman's hold and through that oppressive stillness came slowly down the stage. They all merely looked at him; the police, if they had arrived, were never called upon to act; no one remembered them. Herron was trembling a little, for the effort had been great and there was nothing very robust in his physique, but otherwise his composure was immense. He paused before the footlights and, taking off his time-greened soft hat, he swept the stage with it in a great bow. "I thank you," he said. "Mesdames et messieurs, the entertainment is at an end."

Still he stood looking about him, very pale in all that glare, shabbier than the shabbiest stage hand, more alive than quicksilver; his brilliant glance, intensely amused, jovial, sinister, arrestive, challenged itself and them, and his roused grin mocked them with a Pan-like, with a cosmic scorn. His look passed over Shepard. It was Mayforth's eye he sought; finding and holding it, his grin broadened. "'I've lived a life of storm and strife, I die by treachery—' Revenge," he said, "is sweet, and maybe I've had mine. Surely you saw what I was after, my boy? Put a little more ginger into yours and they'll never know the difference."

Finishing with Mayforth's glance and casting it aside, he put on his hat again and, turning idly round, made his way between the puzzled, the almost clinging supers, out of the theater. No one knew how—or why—to stop him. But Shepard put his head down on the seat in front of him and groaned aloud.

It was while they were still setting the fourth act that Mayforth, coming back from changing his dress, heard from amidst a group of ladies the expostulating lift of Grannitch's voice. "Not in *any* capacity! If he were the greatest genius unhung—and, by Heaven, I think he is!—I wouldn't have him! Half a dozen of him would break up the business. Men like him ruined the profession; they made it a by-word with respectable people. Then we came and saw what there was in it, and worked like slaves, and have got it straight at last, on a sound business footing. He can act, and there's nobody admires acting more than I do. But he's the type of all that I'm fighting, the very opposite of honored, respected men like Mr. Mayforth and Mr. Shepard, who are my right hands. We are irreconcilable."

Mayforth stood still, in the shadow of the box. It seemed as if, from the other side of the footlights, the steady brightness of Herron's look still answered Grannitch, "We are irreconcilable." Glancing along the seats for Shepard and failing to find him, Mayforth had a memory, lonely and strange, of the sweetness with which this part had first come to him, and how the hope of it had somehow vaguely spoken of sacrifice—of sacrifice . . .

On that glorious first night when all Broadway admitted Mayforth into the ranks—the thin and precious ranks—of recognized tragedians, so many friends came behind the scenes at the end of the piece that Mayforth could do nothing with them except to resign himself to them in an impatient patience, although he must get into his evening clothes, afterwards, and go to supper. But he was exhausted. The fatigue of the performance was terrible, and then he had worked like mad, ever since the dress-rehearsal, on Herron's business. He made an effect or two, now, in that big scene, which brought him very grave credit. Miss Huyshop's party, for instance, said they were epoch-making. Critics were already hastening to write that it was a great play, a great part, and that there were moments in Mayforth's per-

formance which, they did not hesitate to state, really "approached greatness." As soon as he could he left Agnes in the clutches of congratulation and got himself into the dressing-room, brimming like a florist's shop, where Helen was waiting for him. It was the first moment since the dress-rehearsal that he had allowed her to be alone with him; he looked at her now with a glance she was never to forget; he put back, with a firm, outstretched hand, the tender phrases that were on her lips.

"Well," he said, "I couldn't do it."

And she couldn't tell him any longer how nicely he had done it and what beautiful gestures he had made.

"I've waited too long. Was that it?"

She did not answer, and he said, "I've held myself in for fifteen years and now, when I try to let myself go, there's nothing left to spring. You knew how it was going to be all along?"

"I was afraid."

"You were afraid for me the minute you read the part?"

"Yes."

"You might have told me!"

"I had been trying to tell you, all those years!"

People began knocking at the door and Grannitch was calling to him. But he stood looking into the distance where there may have grown for him a vision of an unlicked cub in a stock company, who had come off from his first performance of Romeo; a crude, immature performance, in which he must have made many gestures very awkwardly indeed, yet after which this sister of his, her face all wet with tears and shining with his glory, had sprung into his arms.

The crowd, flocking from the show première of the season, filled Broadway and two side streets with throbbing motors and the shine of opera cloaks, with the brilliant night-life catching and reflecting the flaming electricity that stamped Mayforth's name above its roaring, glittering maze. And the dark, lean, lightly moving man who was caught in it as he came down the gallery stairs, having been unable to keep away from the performance, stood still in the jostle, looked up at the glare of Mayforth's name and beyond, to the still sky.

He was full to the soul with bitterness and yet, through that bitterness, the part kept rising, and his heart rose with it, as if

it called to arms. And the part had its way with him, as it had always done, so that he was alone with it in the crowd and aware only of the high tide in his breast and of the dark, bright heavens he stared into, which, above the noisy little fading streets, blazed with a million stars.

THE YEARBOOK OF THE AMERICAN
SHORT STORY
OCTOBER, 1925, TO AUGUST, 1926

ABBREVIATIONS

I. PERIODICALS

<i>A. Merc.</i>	American Mercury.
<i>A. W.</i>	All's Well.
<i>Adv.</i>	Adventure.
<i>Ain.</i>	Ainslee's Magazine.
<i>Am.</i>	American Magazine.
<i>Am. B.</i>	American Boy.
<i>Am. H.</i>	American Hebrew.
<i>Am. St.</i>	Amazing Stories.
<i>Atl.</i>	Atlantic Monthly.
<i>Ber.</i>	Bermondsey Book.
<i>Black</i>	Blackwood's Magazine.
<i>Blue Bk.</i>	Blue Book Magazine.
<i>Book. (N. Y.)</i> ...	Bookman. (New York.)
<i>Books</i>	Books. (New York Herald Tribune.)
<i>Brith.</i>	Brith Sholom News.
<i>C. G.</i>	Country Gentleman.
<i>C. R. R.</i>	Cedar Rapids Republican.
<i>Cal.</i>	Calendar of Modern Letters.
<i>Cath. W.</i>	Catholic World.
<i>Cen.</i>	Century Magazine.
<i>Charm</i>	Charm.
<i>Chic. Trib.</i>	Chicago Tribune Syndicate Service.
<i>Col.</i>	Collier's Weekly.
<i>Colum.</i>	Columbia.
<i>Com.</i>	Commonweal.
<i>Corn.</i>	Cornhill Magazine.
<i>Cos.</i>	Cosmopolitan.
<i>D. D.</i>	Double Dealer.
<i>Dear. Ind.</i>	Dearborn Independent.
<i>Del.</i>	Delineator.
<i>Des.</i>	Designer.
<i>Dial</i>	Dial.
<i>Dub. T.</i>	Dubuque Telegraph Herald.
<i>Echo</i>	Echo.
<i>Elks</i>	Elks' Magazine.
<i>Ev.</i>	Everybody's Magazine.
<i>F. S.</i>	Famous Story Magazine.
<i>For.</i>	Forum.
<i>G. H.</i>	Good Housekeeping. (New York.)
<i>Gol.</i>	Golden Book.
<i>Guar. (Am.)</i>	Guardian. (Philadelphia.)
<i>H. C.</i>	Hue and Cry.
<i>H. H.</i>	High Hat.
<i>Harp. B.</i>	Harper's Bazar.
<i>Harp. M.</i>	Harper's Magazine.

<i>Hol.</i>	Holland's Magazine.
<i>Ind.</i>	Independent.
<i>Int.</i>	International Book Review.
<i>J. F.</i>	Jewish Forum.
<i>J. L. B.</i>	Junior League Bulletin.
<i>J. T.</i>	Jewish Tribune.
<i>Jus.</i>	Justice.
<i>L. H. J.</i>	Ladies' Home Journal.
<i>L. Merc.</i>	London Mercury.
<i>L. Rev.</i>	Literary Review of The New York Evening Post.
<i>Lit. R.</i>	Little Review.
<i>Liv. A.</i>	Living Age.
<i>Ly.</i>	Liberty.
<i>McC.</i>	McClure's Magazine.
<i>McCall</i>	McCall's Magazine.
<i>MacL.</i>	MacLean's Magazine.
<i>Men. J.</i>	Menorah Journal.
<i>Mid.</i>	Midland.
<i>Mod. Q.</i>	Modern Quarterly.
<i>Mod. R.</i>	Modern Review.
<i>Mun.</i>	Munsey's Magazine.
<i>N. A. Rev.</i>	North American Review.
<i>N. Mass.</i>	New Masses.
<i>N. Rep.</i>	New Republic.
<i>N. Y. Sun</i>	New York Sun.
<i>N. Y. Times</i>	New York Times Book Review.
<i>N. Y. Trib.</i>	New York Herald Tribune.
<i>Nat. (N. Y.)</i>	Nation. (New York.)
<i>O. W.</i>	Our World.
<i>Opp.</i>	Opportunity.
<i>Outl. (N. Y.)</i>	Outlook. (New York.)
<i>Over.</i>	Overland Monthly.
<i>Par.</i>	American Parade.
<i>Pict. R.</i>	Pictorial Review.
<i>Pop.</i>	Popular Magazine.
<i>Psy.</i>	Psychology.
<i>Red Bk.</i>	Red Book Magazine.
<i>Rev.</i>	Reviewer.
<i>Rot.</i>	Rotarian.
<i>S. E. P.</i>	Saturday Evening Post.
<i>S. W.</i>	Southwest Review.
<i>Sat. R. (N. Y.)</i>	Saturday Review of Literature. (New York.)
<i>Scan.</i>	American-Scandinavian Review.
<i>Scr.</i>	Scribner's Magazine.
<i>Sea.</i>	Sea Stories Magazine.
<i>Sh. St.</i>	Short Stories Magazine.
<i>Shrine</i>	Shrine.
<i>Sport</i>	Sport Story Magazine.
<i>St. Nich.</i>	St. Nicholas.
<i>Strat.</i>	Stratford Magazine.
<i>Suc.</i>	Success.
<i>Sun.</i>	Sunset Magazine.
<i>This Quar.</i>	This Quarter.

<i>Tor. S.</i>	Toronto Weekly Star.
<i>V. F.</i>	Vanity Fair.
<i>Va.</i>	Virginia Quarterly Review.
<i>W. H. C.</i>	Woman's Home Companion.
<i>W. Tom.</i>	World Tomorrow.
<i>W. W.</i>	Woman's World.
<i>West</i>	West.
<i>World</i>	New York World.
<i>Y. I.</i>	Young Israel.
<i>Yale</i>	Yale Review.
<i>Young</i>	Young's Magazine.
(161)	Page 161.
(2:161)	Volume 2, Page 161.

II. BOOKS

<i>Abdullah B.</i>	Abdullah. The Swinging Caravan.
<i>Allen</i>	Allen. The Landmark.
<i>Anderson D.</i>	Anderson. Notebook.
<i>Baring</i>	Baring. Half-a-Minute's Silence.
<i>Bashford</i>	Bashford. The Happy Ghost.
<i>Becke D.</i>	Becke. Under Tropic Skies.
<i>Becke E.</i>	Becke. The Strange Adventure of James Shervinton.
<i>Benefield</i>	Benefield. Short Turns.
<i>Bercovici D.</i>	Bercovici. The Best Short Stories of the World.
<i>Bibesco C.</i>	Bibesco. The Whole Story.
<i>Bullett B.</i>	Bullett. The Baker's Cart.
<i>Burke C.</i>	Burke. East of Mansion House.
<i>Candler</i>	Candler. The Emergency Man.
<i>Chamot</i>	Chamot. Selected Russian Short Stories.
<i>Charrière</i>	Charrière. Four Tales by Zélide.
<i>Chesterton B.</i>	Chesterton. Tales of the Long Bow.
<i>Chesterton C.</i>	Chesterton. The Incredulity of Father Brown.
<i>Clark</i>	Clark and Lieber. Great Short Stories of the World.
<i>Clifford B.</i>	Clifford. In a Corner of Asia.
<i>Cobb G.</i>	Cobb. On an Island That Cost \$24.00.
<i>Cobb H.</i>	Cobb. Prose and Cons.
<i>Copy C.</i>	Copy, 1926.
<i>Dawson Scott</i>	Dawson Scott. The Vampire.
<i>De La Mare C.</i> ..	De La Mare. The Connoisseur.
<i>De La Mare D.</i> ..	De La Mare. Broomsticks.
<i>Douglas</i>	Douglas. Experiments.
<i>Doyle A.</i>	Doyle. The Dealings of Captain Sharkey.
<i>Doyle B.</i>	Doyle. The Last of the Legions.
<i>Doyle C.</i>	Doyle. The Black Doctor.
<i>Doyle D.</i>	Doyle. The Great Keinplatz Experiment.
<i>Doyle E.</i>	Doyle. The Croxley Master.
<i>Doyle F.</i>	Doyle. The Man from Archangel.
<i>Eaton C.</i>	Eaton. The Best Continental Short Stories of 1924-25.
<i>Eaton D.</i>	Eaton. The Best French Short Stories of 1924-25.
<i>Fitzgerald C.</i>	Fitzgerald. All the Sad Young Men.
<i>Ford</i>	Ford. Drifting Days.
<i>Freedman</i>	Freedman. Mendel Marantz.

- Freeman B.*Freeman. The Intruder.
French L.French. Tales of Terror.
GarnettGarnett. The Twilight of the Gods.
GipsyEllner. The Gipsy Patteran.
Gobineau B.Gobineau. The Dancing Girl of Shamakha.
Gogol C.Gogol. Evenings on a Farm near Dikanka.
HubbardHubbard. Orvietto Dust.
Hughes C.Hughes. A Moment of Time.
Humphrey B.Humphrey. The Best Love Stories of 1925.
HuntHunt. More Tales of the Uneasy.
Huxley B.Huxley. Two or Three Graces.
James C.James. A Warning to the Curious.
KendrickKendrick. The Rip Tide.
KingKing. Balcony Stories.
Lardner B.Lardner. The Love Nest.
LhevinneLhevinne. The Leper Ship.
LochLoch. Three Predatory Women.
Lyons C.Lyons. Love Us All!
MackayeMackaye. Tall Tales of the Kentucky Mountains.
MacNicholMacNichol. The Nose of Papa Hilaire.
Mansfield E.Mansfield. In a German Pension.
Maupassant L. ...Maupassant. The Little Rogue.
Maupassant M. ..Maupassant. The Olive Orchard.
Maupassant N. ..Maupassant. Useless Beauty.
MauroisMaurois. Mape.
MetcalfMetcalf. The Smoking Leg.
MikelsMikels. Short Stories for English Courses.
MolnarMolnar. Eva.
MontrossMontross. Fraternity Row.
MoonMoon. Doorways in Drumorty.
Morand C.Morand. Closed All Night.
O'Brien O.O'Brien, Fitz James. Collected Stories.
O'Brien P.O'Brien. The Best Short Stories of 1925.
Penn-SmithPenn-Smith. Hang!
Phillpotts C.Phillpotts. Circé's Island.
Prize G.O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1925.
PutnamPutnam. Candaules' Wife.
RabenortRabenort. Stories for Junior High Schools.
Reid B.Reid. The Toll of Victory.
Rhys C.Rhys and Dawson-Scott. 29 Love Stories Old and New.
RoysterRoyster. American Short Stories.
RyderRyder. Gold's Gloom.
SchnittkindSchnittkind and Baker. The Best College Short Stories: 1924-25.
Sedgwick B.Sedgwick. The Nest.
SimpsonSimpson. The Baseless Fabric.
SingmasterSingmaster. Bred in the Bone.
Steele C.Steele. Urkey Island.
Stendhal A.Stendhal. The Abbess of Castro.
StrongStrong. Doyle's Rock.
SutherlandSutherland. That Fool of a Woman.
TransatlanticTransatlantic Stories.

<i>Van Doren</i>	Van Doren. Other Provinces.
<i>Victorin</i>	Victorin. The Chopping Bee.
<i>Wharton E.</i>	Wharton. Here and Beyond.
<i>World B.</i>	Johnston. The World's Best Short Stories of 1926.
<i>Wren</i>	Wren. Stepsons of France.
<i>Wylie C.</i>	Wylie. The Mad Busman.
<i>Yeats B.</i>	Yeats. Early Poems and Stories.
<i>Zola</i>	Zola. For a Night

ADDRESSES OF MAGAZINES PUBLISHING SHORT STORIES

I. AMERICAN MAGAZINES

- Adventure, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York City.
Ainslee's Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
All's Well, Gayeta Lodge, Fayetteville, Ark.
Amazing Stories, 53 Park Place, New York City.
American Boy, 142 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.
American Caravan, Care of Mr. Paul Rosenfeld, 77 Irving Place, New York City.
American Hebrew, 19 West 44th Street, New York City.
American Magazine, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.
American Mercury, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
American Parade, 166 Remsen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
American-Scandinavian Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.
Argosy All-Story Weekly, 280 Broadway, New York City.
Asia, 627 Lexington Avenue, New York City.
Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.
Blue Book Magazine, 36 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.
Bookman, 244 Madison Avenue, New York City.
Catholic World, 120 West 60th Street, New York City.
Century Magazine, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.
Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.
Columbia, New Haven, Conn.
Commonweal, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City.
Cosmopolitan, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.
Country Gentleman, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Delineator, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York City.
Dial, 152 West 13th Street, New York City.
Double Dealer, 810 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.
Echo, 1837 Champa Street, Denver, Col.
Elks' Magazine, 50 East 42d Street, New York City.
Everybody's Magazine, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York City.
Famous Story Magazine, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York City.
Farm and Fireside, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.
Forum, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.
Frontier, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.
Gammadion, P. O. Box 624, Birmingham, Ala.
Golden Book, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Good Housekeeping, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.
Harper's Bazar, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.
Harper's Magazine, 49 East 33d Street, New York City.
High Hat, 18 West 34th Street, New York City.
Holland's Magazine, Dallas, Texas.
Independent, 9 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

Jewish Tribune, Marbridge Building, New York City.
 Justice, Springfield, Mass.
 Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.
 Little Review, 27 West 8th Street, New York City.
 McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.
 McClure's Magazine, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.
 MacLean's Magazine, 143 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont., Canada.
 Menorah Journal, 167 West 13th Street, New York City.
 Midland, Care of Mr. John T. Frederick, Iowa City, Iowa.
 Modern Quarterly, 318 North Exeter Street, Baltimore, Md.
 Munsey's Magazine, 280 Broadway, New York City.
 New Masses, 39 West 8th Street, New York City.
 New Republic, 421 West 21st Street, New York City.
 North American Review, 9 East 37th Street, New York City.
 Open Road, 284 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.
 Opportunity, 127 East 23d Street, New York City.
 Outlook, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
 Overland Monthly, 356 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal.
 Pictorial Review, 216 West 39th Street, New York City.
 Popular Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
 Red Book Magazine, North American Building, Chicago, Ill.
 Rotarian, 221 East 20th Street, Chicago, Ill.
 St. Nicholas, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
 Saturday Evening Post, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
 Sea Stories Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
 Short Stories, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.
 Shrine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.
 Southwest Review, Dallas, Texas.
 Stratford Magazine, 234 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.
 Success, 251 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
 Sunset, 460 Fourth Street, San Francisco, Cal.
 This Quarter, Care of Il Convegno, Via Borgo Spesso, 7, Milan, Italy.
 Vanity Fair, 23 West 44th Street, New York City.
 Virginia Quarterly Review, 8 West Lawn, University, Va.
 West, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.
 Woman's Home Companion, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.
 Woman's World, 107 South Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill.
 Yale Review, 120 High Street, New Haven, Conn.
 Young's Magazine, 112 East 19th Street, New York City.

II. BRITISH AND IRISH MAGAZINES

Adelphi, 19 Cursitor Street, London, E. C. 4.
 Argosy, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
 Blackwood's Magazine, 37 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
 Blue Magazine, 13 Whitefriars Street, London, E. C. 4.
 Blue Peter, 12 St. Mary Axe, London, E. C.
 Bystander, Graphic Buildings, Tallis Street, London, E. C. 4.
 Calendar of Modern Letters, 1 Featherstone Buildings, High Holborn,
 London, W. C. 1.
 Cassell's Magazine, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.

- Chambers' Journal, 38 Soho Square, London, W. C. 1.
 Colour Magazine, 25 Cockspur Street, London, S. W. 1.
 Corner Magazine, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
 Cornhill Magazine, 50a Albemarle Street, London, W. 1.
 Coterie, 68 Red Lion Street, London, W. C. 1.
 Empire Review, Macmillan and Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street, London, W. C. 2.
 English Life, 1 Goldsmith Street, Fleet Street, London, E. C. 4.
 English Review, 4 Dean's Yard, Westminster, London, S. W. 1.
 Eve, 6 Great New Street, London, E. C. 4.
 Fortnightly Review, 11 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
 G. K.'s Weekly, 20-21 Essex Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
 Gaiety, 8 Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W. C. 2.
 Grand Magazine, 8-11 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
 Graphic, Graphic Buildings, Tallis Street, London, E. C. 4.
 Happy Magazine, 8 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
 Home Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
 Hutchinson's Adventure Story Magazine, 34-36 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
 Hutchinson's Best Story Magazine, 34-36 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
 Hutchinson's Magazine, 34-36 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
 Hutchinson's Mystery Story Magazine, 34-36 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
 Illustrated London News, 15 Essex Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
 Irish Statesman, 84 Merrion Square, Dublin, Irish Free State.
 John o' London's Weekly, 8 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
 Lady, 39 Bedford Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
 Lady's World, Lennox House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
 London Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
 London Mercury, 229 Strand, London, W. C. 2.
 Manchester Guardian, 3 Cross Street, Manchester, England.
 Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine, 153 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C. 4.
 Nation and Athenæum, 38 Great James Street, Holborn, London, W. C. 2.
 New Age, 38 Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, London, E. C. 4.
 New Criterion, 24 Russell Square, London, W. C. 1.
 New Leader, Napier House, 24-27 High Holborn, London, W. C. 1.
 New Magazine, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
 New Statesman, 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W. C. 2.
 Novel Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W. C. 2.
 Outlook, 69 Fleet Street, London, E. C. 4.
 Outward Bound, Edinburgh House, 2 Eaton Gate, London, S. W. 1.
 Pearson's Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
 Premier, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
 Queen, Bream's Buildings, London, E. C. 4.
 Quiver, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
 Red Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
 Romance, 92 Long Acre, London, W. C. 2.

- Royal Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
Saturday Review, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, W. C. 2.
Sketch, 172 Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Sovereign Magazine, 34-36 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
Spectator, 13 York Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
Sphere, 6 Great New Street, London, E. C. 4.
Story-Teller, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
Strand Magazine, 8-11 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London,
E. C. 4.
Tatler, 6 Great New Street, London, E. C. 4.
Time and Tide, 88 Fleet Street, London, E. C. 4.
Truth, Carteret Street, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S. W. 1.
20-Story Magazine, 93 Long Acre, London, W. C. 2.
Violet Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
Windsor Magazine, Warwick House, Salisbury Square, London, E. C. 4.
Woman, 34-36 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
Yellow Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL ROLL OF HONOR OF AMERICAN SHORT STORIES

OCTOBER, 1925, TO AUGUST, 1926

NOTE. Only stories by American authors are listed. The index figures 1 to 12 prefixed to the name of the author indicate the last Roll of Honor in which his work has been included. The figure 1 refers to 1914, the figure 2 to 1915, etc. The Roll of Honor for 1914 appeared in the volume for 1915. The list excludes reprints.

- (11) ABDULLAH, ACHMED (*for biography, see 1918*).
Road of His Feet.

- (11) ADAMS, BILL (*for biography, see 1922*).
Apprentice Way.
Liverpool Irish.
Mersey Men.
Old Stormy.
Solace of the Sea.

ALDIS, MARY.
Seed.

- (12) ANDERSON, SHERWOOD (*for biography, see 1917*).
Small Boy Looks at His World.

- (12) ASCH, NATHAN (*for biography, see 1924*).
Bus-Boy.

BAILEY, MARGARET EMERSON. Born in Providence, R. I. Graduate of Bryn Mawr College. Author of "Robin Hood's Barn," and of essays and short stories. Lives in New York City and New Canaan, Connecticut.

Concerto.
Twilight.

- (11) BARNES, DJUNA (*for biography, see 1917*).
Little Girl Continues.

"BARRINGTON, E." (L. ADAMS BECK.)
Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman.

- (12) BENEFIELD, BARRY (*for biography, see 1925*).
Secret Chaperon.
That Cesar Honfleur.
With Banners Blowing.

- (12) BENÉT, STEPHEN VINCENT (*for biography, see 1920*).
True Thomas.

BENNETT, JAMES W. "Born, 1891, in Indiana. At an early age, emigrated to California. Graduate of Leland Stanford University. An incorrigible traveler, having twice circumnavigated the globe, seeking the far places. Discovered—a number of years before the casual tourist—the beauty and charm of Tahiti and Moorea. On other voyages visited Zamboanga, Thursday Island, Java, Ceylon, Sumatra, Luzon, Burma, India, the Nile Valley, a pilgrimage to Koyasan, the lovely, in Japan. But China has always held the most potent lure. During one sojourn there, as Vice Consul at Shanghai, rowed amiably with sea captains and sailors in the Shipping Office. As head of the Consulate-General's Passport Office, foiled hardy and determined bolsheviks trying to gain visa to enter America. Transferred to Sydney, Australia, where he was to have relieved the Consul-General—including a seven-gun salute—but was invalided home with influenza. During a second stay in China, as instructor at St. John's University, Shanghai, he taught the Chinese, the world's most gifted tale-spinners, the rudiments of the short story—as she is writ in the West. Married Dorothy Graham, a novelist. Returned a third time to China, choosing Peking. Experienced the vicissitudes of life in a Chinese house, not to mention, that year, living through three wars, a *coup d'état* and a general, anti-foreign boycott. Later escaped from Canton two hours before it was severely bombarded by the Reds. Contributor to some seventeen American magazines and two collections. Author of "Plum Blossoms and Blue Incense"—short stories of the Orient done in collaboration with Soong Kwen-ling, published in Shanghai.

Departure Delayed.

- (12) BERCOVICI, KONRAD (*for biography, see 1920*).

Fanica.

Firewood.

Sava.

Traitor.

BOYLE, KAY. Born in St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 19, 1903; studied at the Ohio Mechanics Institute at Cincinnati, Ohio; studied music at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music; architecture at the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts, and attended special courses at Columbia University. Has been a switchboard operator, social secretary, and assisted Lola Ridge on "Broom" during the six months before it was suspended. Married in 1922 to a French engineer, Richard Brault. A novel just completed is to appear in "This Quarter." Lives on the French Riviera.

Flight.

BROMFIELD, LOUIS.

Justice.

- (11) BRYNER, EDNA CLARE (*for biography, see 1920*).

Forest Dweller.

BRYSON, LYMAN.
Crawdads.

- (11) BURKE, MORGAN (*for biography, see 1924*).
Soul-Saver.

BURLINGAME, ROGER, is a New Yorker, thirty-seven years old, graduated from Harvard in 1913, and has been in editorial work since leaving college. During the War he was a lieutenant in a machine-gun battalion with which he served in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. Author of "You Too," 1924, and "Susan Shane," 1926. Lives in New York City.

Doctor's Confession.

BURT, KATHARINE NEWLIN.
Corner of the Housetop.

- (12) CABELL, JAMES BRANCH (*for biography, see 1918*).
Coth at Porutsa.
In the Sytan's House.
What Saraide Wanted.

CALLAGHAN, MORLEY. Born in Toronto, Ontario, 1903. Graduated from St. Michael's College, University of Toronto, 1925. Worked for three summers on a Toronto daily newspaper and before that sold magazines in towns of southern Ontario. Had a flair for politics and college debating until he met Ernest Hemingway when he was in Toronto and got restless. Now studying law and doing some writing. First story appeared in *This Quarter*. Lives in Toronto.

Girl With Ambition.

CARTER, ISABEL HOPESTILL. Born in Woolwich, Maine. She was educated at home, in the public schools of Bath, Maine, and at Wellesley College. She was with the Wellesley Unit in the Near East Relief and the American Red Cross in Constantinople for several years. As a general thing she teaches mathematics. She has written very little. Lives in Yarmouth, Maine.

Old Woman.

- (12) CARVER, ADA JACK (*for biography, see 1925*).
Maudie.
Treeshy.

CATHER, WILLA SIBERT.
My Mortal Enemy.

CHASE, MARY ELLEN. Born in Blue Hill, Maine, Feb. 24, 1887. She graduated from the University of Maine in 1909 and became a teacher of English in private and high schools in the vicinity of Chicago until 1917, when she entered the University of Minnesota for graduate work in English. In 1918, having received her M.A. degree, she became In-

structor of English. She took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1922, and was appointed Assistant Professor of English in the same year. In June, 1926, she was appointed Associate Professor of English at Smith College. Author of "Mary Christmas," 1926. Lives in Northampton, Massachusetts, and Blue Hill, Maine.
Garment of Praise.

- (12) CLARK, VALMA.
Director's Brother.

- (11) CLINE, LEONARD LANSON.
Don Juan in Baltimore.
If There's Men There's Mermaids.

- (12) COBB, IRVIN S. (*for biography, see 1917*).
Last of the Bourbons.
Two of Everything.

- (10) CONNELL, RICHARD (*for biography, see 1923*).
D Box.

- (12) CORLEY, DONALD (*for biography, see 1923*).
Glass Eye of Throgmorton.

- COX, ELEANOR ROGERS.
Deirdre of the Constant Heart.

- (12) CROWELL, CHESTER T. (*for biography, see 1924*).
Juror Number One.
Take the Stand, Please.
Take the Witness.

- (11) DELANO, EDITH BARNARD (*for biography, see 1920*).
In the Dread of Night.

- (5) DICKINSON, ROY (*for biography, see 1918*).
Ultimate Frog.

- (12) DINGLE, AYLWARD E. (*for biography, see 1925*).
Poor Old Man.

- (12) DOBIE, CHARLES CALDWELL (*for biography, see 1917*).
Partners.
Thrice Bereft Widow of Hung Gow.

DOWNING, J. HYATT. "I was born in Granville, Iowa, in 1887, and shortly after my family removed to Hawarden, Iowa, a small town in the northwestern part of the state; the birthplace of Ruth Suckow. I remember how I sighed at the long sermons her father, who was our pastor, used to preach. When I was about thirteen we moved again to South Dakota. The country was still in the cattle age, although the farmers were beginning to come. I saw them come and

saw them go—in covered wagons—disconsolately, back to Iowa or Minnesota or Wisconsin. The cheap land lured and destroyed them. How the hot winds sucked the moisture from the land and hope from the hearts of the settlers! After that, three years in Western Wyoming. Then the University of South Dakota, from which institution I was graduated by the faculty with a great sigh of relief in 1913. Since then newspapers and various jobs with intermittent and passionate bursts of writing. The future? The Lord only knows.”
 Rewards.

- (12) DREISER, THEODORE (*for biography, see 1919*).
 Convention.

Du BOIS, THEODORA, was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1890. Her mother was Laura Case Brenton. Her father, Eliot McCormick, was one of the early editors of the Christian Union, associated with Lyman Abbott and Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. McCormick died when his daughter was a year old. Her mother re-married and Mrs. DuBois spent most of her childhood and youth in Yonkers, New York. She married Delafield DuBois and now lives at Dongan Hills, Staten Island, New York, with her husband and two children.
 Eblis.

- (12) DUDLEY, HENRY WALBRIDGE. Born, Chicago, 1887. Armour Scientific Academy and University of Chicago. Five years city and traveling salesman. Except for the Army, and over a year thereafter, ranching, New Mexico and Wyoming, farming California, and copper mining in Arizona, have written and sold advertising. Lived six years in New York. Interests: chiefly and primarily business. Incidentally have painted, modeled, and like music, athletics, and reading. Ambition: to be fiction reader for a good publisher, with more time for outdoor sport and writing. Began to write a little fiction evenings about two years ago. Sold the first story I wrote. Have two in “the graveyard.” The rest published: “The Chili Picker,” “The Night Mail,” “They Who Touch Fire,” “Wanderlust,” “Car Coming,” “Desert Sunset,” “Tea and Silk and Sandalwood,” “Emerald Fire,” “The Land of Lonely Lives,” “An Old Pair of Dungarees,” “Head Work,” “Harvest,” “Query.” “Harvest” was three-starred, and on “The Roll of Honor” in 1925. Bachelor. Lives in Chicago.

- (5) DWIGHT, H. G. (*for biography, see 1917*).
 Official Returns.

EDMONDS, WALTER. Born July 15, 1903, at Boonville, New York. Prepared for College at Saint Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, and the Choate School, Wallingford, Connecticut; Harvard, A.B., 1926. At Harvard was president of the *Harvard Advocate*, to which he contributed many articles, essays and stories. His first story published in a professional magazine in the July number of *Scribner's*, 1926. Won second prize in Harper's Intercollegiate Competition concluded June, 1926. Has spent all his summers and one full winter at Boonville, New York, where he has seen a great deal of what

little is left of the people who lived on the Erie Canal and its tributaries, who played an important part in the development of the state and indeed of the West also, and who formed a part of society wholly individual and sufficient to themselves.

End of the Tow-Path.

FAUSET, ARTHUR HUFF. Born January 20, 1899, Flemington, New Jersey. Lives in Philadelphia. Negro.
Symphoniesque.

FERGUSON, HARVEY. "I was born in Albuquerque, New Mexico, in 1890. From 1908 to 1911 I attended Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia. After working about a year for the United States Forest Service in New Mexico, I went to Washington, D. C., where I was in turn a newspaper reporter, a Washington correspondent for various papers, and a writer of articles for a newspaper syndicate. Since 1922 I have devoted most of my time to writing fiction and have lived in New York City and in New Mexico." Author of "The Blood of the Conquerors," 1921; "Capitol Hill," 1923; "Women and Wives," 1924; and "Hot Saturday," 1926. Lives in New York City.
New Englander.

(12) FITZGERALD, F. SCOTT (*for biography, see 1922*).
Dance.

(2) FORMAN, HENRY JAMES. "Born in 1879 and educated in the public schools of Wisconsin and Harvard College. Less than a month after graduation, in 1903, I was a reporter on the *New York Sun*. After that I was an editor, respectively of the *Literary Digest*, *The North American Review* and *Collier's Weekly*. Wrote my first book, 'In the Footprints of Heine,' while still on the *North American Review*. Lived abroad for three years thereafter, married and have been writing when not editing, ever since. Some of the books are: 'Grecian Italy' (travel), 'London—An Intimate Picture' (travel), and 'The Man Who Lived in a Shoe,' 'The Enchanted Garden' and 'Sudden Wealth,' novels. Home in Connecticut, U. S. A."
Children of Earth.

GABRIEL, GILBERT W. Born, New York, 1890: A.B., Williams College; dramatic critic of *The Sun*, N. Y., and of *The New Yorker*. Lecturer, dramatic criticism, New York University. Author of "Jiminy," 1921; "Brownstone Front," 1924, and several juveniles. Second lieutenant, Infantry, during war. Lives in New York City.
Stripes.

(12) GALE, ZONA (*for biography, see 1923*).
Autobiography.
Charivari.
Evening.

(5) GEROULD, GORDON HALL (*for biography, see 1918*).
Broken Meats.

- (12) GILKYSON, WALTER (*for biography, see 1922*).
Dust and Bells.
- (8) GLASPELL, SUSAN (*for biography, see 1917*).
Faithless Shepherd.
- (11) GLENN, ISA URQUHART (*for biography, see 1924*).
Dawn of Nothing.
- (12) GRAEVE, OSCAR (*for biography, see 1922*).
Death on Eight' Avenue.
- (11) GREENWALD, TUPPER (*for biography, see 1924*).
Wheels.
- (11) HAARDT, SARA (*for biography, see 1924*).
Commencement.
- HALL, HAZEL.
Favorable Impression.
- (9) HARRIS, FRANK (*for biography, see 1922*).
Last Kindness.
- (7) HARTMAN, LEE FOSTER (*for biography, see 1917*).
Mirage.
Veneer.
- (12) HEMINGWAY, ERNEST (*for biography, see 1925*).
Banal Story.
Big Two-Hearted River.
Undeclared.
- (11) HERGESHEIMER, JOSEPH (*for biography, see 1918*).
Alice Carpenter.
Ann Fascitt.
Captive Pass.
Isabel Mays.

HERRMANN, JOHN. Born in Lansing, Michigan. Educated in the United States and abroad. Author of "What Happens," 1926, and of two forthcoming novels, "Foreign Born" and "Engagement."
Story of the Lead Pencil.

- (11) HESS, LEONARD L. (*for biography, see 1924*).
Beyond Contest.

HOLT, FRANKLIN, was born on December 28, 1891, in Cornwall, New York, where he went to a public school; later he went to a private boarding school in the vicinity and then to Harvard College. He found that he was not getting what he wanted out of the academic life and so severed his connection at the end of the freshman year and started for California with just about enough money to pay for

his transportation. Once there he tried one occupation after another: real-estate agent, machine-shop worker, department-store clerk, bellhop, and then with an abrupt shift, society editor of a Santa Barbara newspaper. After a try at school-teaching in an ultra-progressive school he became a cow-hand on a ranch and then an assistant in an art-pottery establishment. In 1916 he came back to the East and sailed for Italy. Four years later he married a Venetian girl and was with her and their small baby in Fiume at the time d'Annunzio captured the city; their hotel was the scene of fighting between the *arditi* of d'Annunzio and the *carabinieri* who had been sent to keep order, and they got out of the city just in time to avoid serious danger. Mr. Holt returned to Europe last fall, yielding to his wife's desire to be with her parents in Trieste.

He Twanged a Merry Mandolin.

- (11) HULL, HELEN R. (*for biography, see 1923*).
Clay-Shuttered Doors.

HUME, CYRIL.
Head.

- (11) HURST, FANNIE (*for biography, see 1917*).
Madagascar Ho!
Smirk.
Who Are You?

HURSTON, ZORA NEALE.
Muttsy.

- (12) HUSSEY, L. M. (*for biography, see 1920*).
Embers.

HUSTON, MCCREADY.
Mrs. Arnold's Smile.

JAVITZ, ALEXANDER. "I was born in New York City on March 17, 1897. I studied at Columbia University and at the Cooper Institute of Technology, where I graduated in 1918. For some years I have been contributing verse and prose to various publications, among these: *The Menorah Journal*, *The Measure*, *The Guardian*. At present I make my home in New York City."
Night . . . and the Mist.

KERR, SOPHIE.
Release.

- (11) KNISTER, RAYMOND (*for biography, see 1924*).
Elaine.
Fate of Mrs. Lucier.

- (12) KNOWLTON, CLARKE (*for biography, see 1924*).
Gladys Marley.

- (12) KOMROFF, MANUEL (*for biography, see 1925*).
Christian Bite.

KRUNICH, MILUTIN. Born at Belgrade, Serbia, January 9, 1894. Educated at University of Belgrade. Officer of the Serbian Army, World War. Honorably discharged. Came to the United States, 1916. Instructor University of California 1917-20. Married. Lives at present, Pacific Grove, California. Author of "Serbia Crucified," 1917. First story, "We, the Cavemen," *Atlantic Monthly*, Nov., 1925. Is an American citizen.

Then Christs Fought Hard.

- (12) LARDNER, RING W. (*for biography, see 1922*).
Day With Conrad Green.
Reunion.
Travelogue.
Who Dealt?

- (10) LARSSON, GENEVIEVE (*for biography, see 1923*).
Purple Thistles.

LEWISOHN, LUDWIG. Born in Berlin, 1883. Came to America, 1890. B.A. and M.A. and Lit.D. (h.c.), College of Charleston; M.A., Columbia. Wrote stories, novels, serials, 1904-10; taught German literature universities of Wisconsin and Ohio State for seven years; became associate editor of the *Nation*, contributing editor since 1924; wrote "The Modern Drama," "The Spirit of Modern German Literature," "The Poets of Modern France," "The Drama and the Stage," "Up Stream," "The Creative Life," and "Israel." Returning to fiction now, having completed short novel called "Roman Summer," and now working on a long American novel, "The Case of Mr. Crump." Abroad for the past eighteen months in various countries with his wife, Thelma Spear Lewisohn, distinguished concert-singer; profoundly steeped in European life and letters, yet with a new appreciation of the possibilities and essential historic good luck of the U. S. A.

Holy Land.

LHEVINNE, ISADORE. "I was born in Bobruisk, Russia, December 15, 1896. Expelled from Warsaw high school after quarrel with anti-semitic teacher. Graduated with highest honors from Pultusk (Poland) high school. Entered Medical School of Rostov (Cossack Region) University in 1915, then switched to Law. Before graduation left for Odessa, then for Constantinople, thence for America in 1920. Entered University of Pittsburgh, graduated in 1921 (A.B., and A.M.). Two years later received Ph.D. at the University of Pennsylvania, studying comparative Romance philology. Thesis on Vulgar Latin Glossaries, published in 1924. In 1922 taught at Delaware University, in 1923 at Temple University, half of 1925 was spent in hunger. Now teaching French and Spanish in Seward High School, New York. First stories published in Russian, at the age of eighteen. First articles in English appeared in the *Forum*, *Evening Post*, and *New York Call*, in 1923. Stories now frequently appear in

the *Jewish Tribune*, and *American Hebrew*. Author of "The Leper Ship," 1926. Lives in New York City."
 Enemies.

- (11) LIEFERANT, HENRY, AND SALTZBERG, SYLVIA B. (*for biographies, see 1924*).

At Dusk We Met.
 White Teeth.

- (12) LOWELL, AMY (*for biography, see 1924*). (*Died 1925*).
 Real Estate Agent's Tale.

MACNICHOL, KENNETH. Born in 1887. Author of many short stories, essays and critical studies in American, British and French periodicals; later books, "Nose of Popa Hilaire," and "Between the Days." Lives in London and Cornwall.

Fog-Bound.
 Mandragora.
 Pardon.
 Piper of Kerimor.
 Yan Who Came Home.

- (10) MAHONEY, JAMES (*for biography, see 1922*).
 Conspicuousness of Monsieur Crapoussin.

MARLOW, JAMES. "I was born in New York in 1903 and was prepared for college by the Jesuits. I left Fordham in the middle of freshman year and since then I have been writing little and trying to study a great deal while doing odd clerical jobs and reporting. I'm reporting now."

Nigger Gal.

- (12) MASON, GRACE SARTWELL (*for biography, see 1920*).
 First Stone.

MATTHEWS, T. S. "I am an American, a graduate of Princeton University and of New College, Oxford, and am at present on the staff of *The New Republic*."

Jamison.

- (11) MERIWETHER, SUSAN (*for biography, see BOOGHER, SUSAN M. 1924*).

Grimaldi.

MISH, CHARLOTTE. Born in Lebanon, Pennsylvania. Graduate of Los Angeles College of Fine Arts, U. S. C. Term at Art Students' League of New York, and study with various masters of painting. Paintings and sculpture in many private collections. Now in twenties. Chief interests: writing, painting, humane work for children and animals. Lives in Portland, Oregon.

Photograph.

- (12) MONTAGUE, MARGARET PRESCOTT (*for biography, see 1919*).
 Big Music.

MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER. "Born May 5, 1890, Haverford, Pennsylvania. Graduated 1910 from Haverford College. Went to New College, Oxford, 1910-13, as Rhodes scholar from Maryland. Published while at Oxford, *Chez Blackwell*, a little pamphlet of juvenile verses entitled 'The Eighth Sin.' 1913-17 on editorial staff Doubleday, Page & Co., Publishers, Garden City, New York. 1917-18 editorial staff *Ladies' Home Journal*, Philadelphia; 1918-20 on staff of *Philadelphia Evening Ledger*. February 7, 1920 (the date of the great snowstorm), until December 31, 1923 (the date of the great exodus), on the editorial staff of *The New York Evening Post*. January 1, 1924, until this morning a free man. 1924 to date, contributing editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. Author and editor of books, numerous and various. Physique, robust; sense of humor, ditto, occasionally vulgar. Beneath a rambling demeanor, deponent conceals, however, a sensitive and occult disposition. Lives in New York City."

Arrow.

MORRIS, IRA V., JR. Born in Chicago, November, 1903. Lived in Europe (Italy, Germany and Scandinavia) most of life. Graduated Harvard, 1925. Have also studied at Heidelberg. First story, "A Tale from the Grave," published in *Calendar*, 1926. Lives in Washington.

Tale from the Grave.

(12) NICHOLL, LOUISE TOWNSEND (for biography, see 1919).

Mist.

Terminal.

(4) O'BRIEN, SEUMAS (for biography, see 1917).

Blue Pool of Killfenora.

O'REILLY, NAN.

Altar.

PARKER, DOROTHY.

Wonderful Old Gentleman.

(11) POOLE, ERNEST (for biography, see 1923).

Cherchez la Femme.

Gallant Lady.

Man Who Loved Two Women.

RATCLIFFE-GRAFF, WILTON. "I was born in St. Louis, Missouri, August 13, 1903. My parents moved to Hartford, Connecticut, in 1914. After leaving school I worked for a year on *The Springfield Republican* as a reporter, and for two years on *The Hartford Times*, where I met, and in October, 1924, married, Miss Mary Goodwin of Hartford. We spent nearly a year in Paris, where I worked for a now defunct trading concern, and did a little writing. We have now settled in Hartford and I am, for the time being, engulfed in the advertising department of an insurance company. We have a daughter two months old. I am *not* working on a novel and I am not a tireless, a prolific nor a facile writer. But I'm disgustingly young and perhaps there's hope for me. Live in Hartford, Connecticut."

Rose et Noir.

- (12) ROBIN, MAX (*for biography, see 1923*).
Unconquered.

RYAN, STELLA. Born in New York City. Lived since four years of age in Astoria, Long Island. Graduate of the College of New Rochelle. Worked as clerk in a public school in the Ghetto, New York City. Tutored in a private family in St. Paul, Minnesota. Worked in the foreign field of banking in Wall Street, New York City. Since 1923 devoted to writing. Lives in Astoria, New York.
Roots.

SAXON, LYLE.
Cane River.

SCOULLER, EDWARD. Born at Ardrossan, Ayrshire, April 4, 1892. Educated at Greenock High School and at Glasgow University. Graduated Master of Arts, with first class honors in English Language and Literature. Has been postman, clerk, assurance agent, private tutor, journalist, soldier, storekeeper, and most other things except author. At present in Jordanhill Training Center for Teachers, Glasgow. First short story, "Defeat," published in *New Leader*, May, 1926. Writing short stories and one-act plays ever since. Has acquired almost unique collection of rejection slips in the process.

- (7) SEDGWICK, ANNE DOUGLAS (*for biography, see 1918*).
Rat.

SHERWOOD, ROBERT E.
"Extra! Extra!"

- (12) SHIFFRIN, A. B. (*for biography, see 1924*).
Swords.

- (11) SINGMASTER, ELSIE (*for biography, see 1917*).
Bred in the Bone.
Frau Nolte.
Old Flo.

SKINNER, CONSTANCE LINDSAY.
Dew on the Fleece.

- (11) SMITH, GORDON ARTHUR (*for biography, see 1917*).
Sapphire.

SPEWACK, SAMUEL. "Born September 16, 1899, Russia. Came to America at the age of four. Entered newspaper business at nineteen, after three years at Columbia. Learned short story writing from Bella Cohen, my wife; and still learning. Was Moscow correspondent *New York World* two years, and Berlin correspondent two years more. Deserted newspaper business because grew tired of being omniscient." Lives in New York City.
Wings and a Woman.

- (12) SPRINGER, FLETA CAMPBELL (*for biography, see 1917*).
We Who Do Not See Ghosts.

STANFORD, ALFRED.
Evariste: An Image.

- (12) STANLEY, MAY (MRS. ELMER BROWN MASON) (*for biography, see 1925*).
Ship with Sails.
Shore Huggers.

- (12) STEELE, WILBUR DANIEL (*for biography, see 1917*).
Beauty.
Blue Murder.
Brother's Keeper.
Bubbles.
Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum.
Gray Goose.
Now I Lay Me.
Out of the Wind.

- (11) STRATER, EDWARD L. (*for biography, see 1924*).
Other Road.

STRONG, ANNA LOUISE.
Night on the Trans-Siberian.

- (12) SUCKOW, RUTH (*for biography, see 1923*).
Investment for the Future.

TRACY, VIRGINIA.
Giant's Thunder.

TULLY, JIM. "Born near St. Mary's, Ohio, of Irish parents, in 1891. Left an orphanage at eleven—farm and factory laborer until fourteen. Hobo circus roustabout, jailbird five times for vagrancy until twenty-one. Pugilist, chain-maker, tree doctor and salesman . . . until 'Emmett Lawler,' a novel, was published in 1922. Writer of feature articles motion pictures. 'Beggars of Life,' hobo record, 1924. 'Ghost' writer for Charles Chaplin for eighteen months. 'Jarnegan,' a novel, 1926. 'Black Boy' (A Drama of the Ring), 1926 (with Frank Dazey). Left ring for job on newspaper—fired twice. Seven years writing first novel. Live in the hills of Hollywood. No hobbies but old books and broken people. Thomas Hardy my first madness—life my second." Lives by writing.
Stranger Appears.

VINCENT, E.
Call to Deliver.

- (12) VORSE, MARY HEATON (*for biography, see 1917*).
Madelaine.
November Gales.
Runaway Enchantress.

- (12) WESCOTT, GLENWAY (*for biography, see 1924*).
Sisters of Hunters.

WEST, DOROTHY. "I was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1907, and educated from the early age of four in the public schools. My first story, dreadfully titled 'Promise and Fulfilment,' was published in the Daily Short Story column of the *Boston Post*. My chief interests are plays and people. My chief abhorrence most women writers. I intend very shortly to leave for New York to take special courses at Columbia University." Lives in Boston.
Typewriter.

- (12) WHARTON, EDITH (*for biography, see 1924*).
Bottle of Evian.
Young Gentlemen.

- (12) WHITMAN, STEPHEN FRENCH (*for biography, see 1924*).
Rival.

- (12) WILLIAMS, BEN AMES (*for biography, see 1918*).
Nurse.
Solitude.

WILLIAMS, WILLIAM CARLOS.
Five-Dollar Guy.

- (11) WISTER, OWEN (*for biography, see 1924*).
Once Around the Clock.

YOUNG, STARK. Born in Mississippi. Educated at the University of Mississippi and at Columbia University. Professor of literature at the University of Texas and at Amherst College. In 1921 he resigned his teaching position and became one of the editors of the *New Republic* and the *Theatre Arts Monthly*. During the season of 1924-25 he left that journal to become Dramatic Critic of the *New York Times*, and is now again on the *New Republic*. He is the author of two books of essays on the art of the theater, "The Flower in Drama," and "Glamour," and of "The Three Fountains," a book, the nature of which is not easily defined, based on Italian associations, studies in esthetics and life, which has been translated into French and Italian. Has written two plays, "The Saint," 1924, and "The Colonnade," 1925; and a book of plays for children, "Sweet Times and the Blue Policeman." Lives in New York City.
Campo Santo.

THE ROLL OF HONOR OF FOREIGN SHORT STORIES IN AMERICAN MAGAZINES

OCTOBER, 1925, TO AUGUST, 1926

NOTE. *The index figures from 1 to 12 prefixed to the name of the author indicate the last Roll of Honor in which his work has been included. Thus the figure 1 indicates 1914, the figure 2 indicates 1915, etc. The Roll of Honor for 1914 appeared in the volume for 1915. The list excludes reprints.*

I. BRITISH AND IRISH AUTHORS

- (12) "ARLEN, MICHAEL."
Why Men Join Clubs.

ARMSTRONG, MARTIN.
Matchmaker.

- (12) AUMONIER, STACY.
Armistice.

- (12) AUSTIN, F. BRITTEN.
Drama Unrehearsed.

- (11) BENNETT, ARNOLD.
Kiss for Curtenty.

- (12) BENNETT, ROLF.
Pearls and Swine.

BENSON, STELLA.
Awakening.

- (9) BERESFORD, J. D.
Devil's Own Luck.

- (12) BOTTOME, PHYLLIS.
Dagger.
Waiting Room.

- (11) BURKE, THOMAS.
Dream of Ah Lum.

- (12) CHESTERTON, G. K.
Actor and the Alibi.
Worst Crime in the World.

- (12) COLUM, PADRAIC.
Slopes of Tara.
- (9) CORKERY, DANIEL.
Emptied Sack.
- (12) COULDREY, OSWALD.
Vision of the River.
- "DELAFIELD, E. M."
Philistine.
- (12) DE LA MARE, WALTER.
Broomsticks.
Mr. Kempe.
Three Sleeping Boys of Warwickshire.
Visitors.
- (7) DUNSANY, LORD.
Abu Laheeb.
- (9) EDGINTON, MAY.
Purple and Fine Linen.
Young Man's Fancy.
- GIBBS, SIR PHILIP.
School of Courage.
- (11) HUTCHINSON, VERE.
Hoax.
- (12) JACOBS, W. W.
Bed Cases.
- (11) JESSE, F. TENNYSON.
Featherbeds.
- (12) KIPLING, RUDYARD.
Gardener.
Gate.
Propagation of Knowledge.
- (12) LAWRENCE, D. H.
Glad Ghosts.
Rocking-Horse Winner.
Smile.
- (7) MACMANUS, SEUMAS.
Romance of Phelim Ruadh.
- (12) MAUGHAM, W. SOMERSET.
Creative Impulse.
End of the Flight.
Great Man.
Man with the Scar.

(12) METCALFE, JOHN.
Crimson Dragon.

MILLIN, SARAH GERTRUDE.
Expiation.

MONTAGUE, C. E.
Cock-and-Bull Story.

NEWALL, N.
Au 'Voir.

NORMAN-SMITH, DOROTHY E.
Return.

(12) O'FLAHERTY, LIAM.
Milking Time.

O'ROURKE, PATRICK.
Volunteer.

PHILLPOTTS, EDEN.
Golden Wyandottes.

(12) RICHARDSON, ANTHONY.
Force of Habit.

THORPE, JULIAN.
Tactics.

(12) WALPOLE, HUGH.
Harmless Flirt.
Mr. Oddy.

WEST, REBECCA.
Magician of Pell Street.

(11) WETJEN, ALBERT RICHARD.
Lamp Trimmer of the Oddistar.
Pound for Pound.
Women and Children First.

(10) WYLIE, I. A. R.
Old People.

YOUNG, FRANCIS BRETT.
Medina Reef.

II. TRANSLATIONS

CANKAR, IVAN (*Yugoslav*).
Flies.

(10) FALKBERGET, JOHAN (*Norwegian*).
Summer Memory.

- (12) JACOBSEN, J. P. (*Danish*).
Plague at Bergamo.
- KEYSERLING, COUNT EDUARD VON (*German*).
Harmony.
Kersta.
- KINCK, HANS E. (*Norwegian*).
Nocturne.
- (11) LAGERLÖF, SELMA (*Swedish*).
Curate and the Dean's Daughter.
- LAZAREVITCH, LAZAR (*Serbian*).
When Father First Took Me to Matins.
- LINATI, CARLO (*Italian*).
Bluebeard's Last Wife.
- LÖKKEN, THOMAS OLESEN (*Danish*).
In the Dunes.
- (7) LOÜYS, PIERRE (*French*).
House on the Nile.
- LYESKOV, NICOLAI (*Russian*).
Bear.
- (10) MOLNAR, FERENC (*Hungarian*).
Flooded Island.
In a Turkish Bath.
Iron Master.
- (10) MORAND, PAUL (*French*).
Archie Spencer.
Chinese Curio Hunt.
Chinese Ghost Story.
Living God.
Love Powders.
- "MULTATULI" (*Dutch*).
Saidjah.
- (6) PEREZ, J. L. (*Yiddish*).
Downcast Eyes.
- (12) SCHNITZLER, ARTHUR (*Austrian*).
New Song.
- (12) SILLÉN, MÄRTA AF. (*Swedish*).
Golden Circle.
- (10) WASSERMANN, JAKOB (*German*).
Adam Urbas.
- WISBY, HROLF (*Danish*).
Fish Priest.

THE BEST BOOKS OF SHORT STORIES OF 1926

I. AMERICAN AUTHORS

1. BENEFIELD. *Short Turns*. Century.
2. CLARK and LIEBER, *editors*. *Great Short Stories of the World*. McBride.
3. "D. H." *Palimpsest*. Paris: Contact Editions.
4. DREISER. *Chains*. Boni and Liveright.
5. KING. *Balcony Stories*. Macmillan.
6. LARDNER. *The Love Nest*. Scribner.
7. SEDGWICK. *The Nest*. Houghton Mifflin.
8. STEELE. *Urkey Island*. Harcourt, Brace.
9. *Transatlantic Stories*. Dial Press.
10. WHARTON. *Here and Beyond*. Appleton.
11. WALROND. *Tropic Death*. Boni and Liveright.

II. BRITISH AND IRISH AUTHORS

12. BASHFORD. *The Happy Ghost*. Harper.
13. BECKE. *The Strange Adventure of James Shervinton*. Lippincott.
14. BECKE. *Under Tropic Skies*. Lippincott.
15. BENSON. *The Awakening*. San Francisco: The Lantern Press.
16. BIBESCO. *The Whole Story*. Putnam.
17. BOWEN. *Ann Lee's*. Boni and Liveright.
18. BULLETT. *The Baker's Cart*. Doubleday, Page.
19. BURKE. *East of Mansion House*. Doran.
20. CHESTERTON. *Incredulity of Father Brown*. Dodd, Mead.
21. CHESTERTON. *Tales of the Long Bow*. Dodd, Mead.
22. CLIFFORD. *In a Corner of Asia*. McBride.
23. DE LA MARE. *The Connoisseur*. Knopf.
24. GARNETT. *Twilight of the Gods*. Knopf.
25. HUBBARD. *Orvieto Dust*. Minton, Balch.
26. HUXLEY. *Two or Three Graces*. Doran.
27. JAMES. *A Warning to the Curious*. Longmans.
28. LYONS. *Love Us All!* Boni.
29. MANSFIELD. *In a German Pension*. Knopf.
30. METCALFE. *The Smoking Leg*. Doubleday, Page.
31. O'FLAHERTY. *Spring Sowing*. Knopf.
32. SIMPSON. *The Baseless Fabric*. Knopf.

III. TRANSLATIONS

33. ANDREIEV. *A Dilemma*. Adelphi.
34. BUSCH and PICK, *editors*. *Selected Czech Tales*. Oxford University Press.
35. CHAMOT, *editor*. *Selected Russian Short Stories*. Oxford University Press.

BEST BOOKS OF SHORT STORIES OF 1926 341

36. EATON, *editor*. The Best Continental Short Stories of 1925-26. Dodd, Mead.
37. EATON, *editor*. The Best French Short Stories of 1925-26. Dodd, Mead.
38. GOBINEAU. The Dancing Girl of Shamakha. Harcourt, Brace.
39. GOGOL. Evenings on a Farm near Dikanka. Knopf.
40. MAUPASSANT. Collected Stories. (Vols. 16-18.) Knopf.
41. MAUROIS. Mape. Appleton.
42. MOLNAR. Eva, and The Derelict Boat. Bobbs-Merrill.
43. MORAND. Closed All Night. Boni.
44. STENDHAL. The Abbess of Castro. Boni and Liveright.
45. "ZÉLIDE." Four Tales. Scribner.
46. ZOLA. For a Night. Adelphi.

VOLUMES OF SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES

OCTOBER, 1925, TO AUGUST, 1926

NOTE. *An asterisk before a title indicates distinction. This list includes single short stories and collections of short stories. Volumes announced for publication in the autumn of 1926 are listed here, although in some cases they had not yet appeared at the time this book went to press.*

I. AMERICAN AUTHORS

- ANDERSON, SHERWOOD. *Notebook. Boni and Liveright.
BENEFIELD, BARRY. *Short Turns. Century.
BERCOVICI, KONRAD, *editor*. *Best Short Stories of the World. Stratford.
BORDONARO, PETER L. Dr. Gould. Christopher.
CABELL, JAMES BRANCH. *The Music from Behind the Moon. Day.
CHAPLIN, HEMAN WHITE. *Five Hundred Dollars. Little, Brown.
CLARK, BARRETT HARPER, and LIEBER, MAXIM, *editors*. *Great Short Stories of the World. McBride.
COBB, IRVIN S. *On an Island That Cost \$24.00. Doran. *Prose and and Cons. Doran.
COHEN, OCTAVUS ROY. Black and Blue. Little, Brown.
Copy, 1926. Appleton.
"D. H." *Palimpsest. Paris: Contact Editions.
DREISER, THEODORE. *Chains. Boni and Liveright.
DYAR, HARRISON GRAY. Diamonds Going and Coming. Stratford.
ELDRIDGE, PAUL. Iron and Pity. Lawren.
ELLNER, JOSEPH, *editor*. Gipsy Patteran. Richards.
FAGIN, N. BRYLLION. Of Love, and Other Trifles. Rossi-Bryn.
FREEDMAN, DAVID. *Mendel Marantz. Langdon.
FRENCH, JOSEPH LEWIS, *editor*. *Tales of Terror.
HOFFMAN, ARTHUR SULLIVANT, *editor*. Adventure's Best Stories—1926. Doran.
HUMPHREY, MURIEL MILLER, *editor*. *Best Love Stories of 1925. Dodd, Mead.
JACKSON, CHARLES LORING. Gold Paint. Stratford.
JOOR, HARRIET. Lover of the Beautiful. Badger.
KING, GRACE. *Balcony Stories. Macmillan.
LARDNER, RING W. *Love Nest. Scribner.
LEARSI, RUFUS. Kasriel the Watchman. Jewish Publication Society of America.
LEVINGER, ELMA EHRLICH. Tales Old and New. Bloch.
LITCHFIELD, GRACE. As a Man Sows. Putnam.
MACKAYE, PERCY. *Tall Tales of the Kentucky Mountains. Doran.
MALLET, THIERRY. Plain Tales of the North. Putnam.
MERRILL, HARRISON R. Bart of Kane County. Provo, Utah: Post Pub. Co.

- MIKELS, ROSA M. R., *editor*. *Short Stories for English Courses*. Scribner.
- MILLER, ALICE DUER. *Instruments of Darkness*. Dodd, Mead.
- MONTROSS, LYNN and LOIS. *Fraternity Row*. Doran.
- MUNN, HENRY TOKE. *Tales of the Eskimo*. Lippincott.
- O'BRIEN, EDWARD J., *editor*. *Best Short Stories of 1925*. Dodd, Mead.
- OPPENHEIMER, ADOLF. *Opie-ates*. Moline, Ill.: The Author.
- PATRICK, MAE C. *My Red-letter Christmas*. Badger.
- PEARCE, THEODOCIA. *Everlasting Beauty*. Lawren.
- PETROVA, OLGA. *Black Virgin*. Four Seas.
- PUTNAM, EMILY JAMES. **Candaules' Wife*. Putnam.
- RABENORT, WILLIAM LOUIS, *editor*. *Stories for Junior High Schools*. Scribner.
- ROYSTER, JAMES FINCH, *editor*. *American Short Stories*. Scott, Foresman.
- SANTEE, ROSS. *Men and Horses*. Century.
- Saplings. Pittsburgh, Pa.: Scholastic Pub. Co.
- SCHNITTKIND, HENRY THOMAS, and BAKER, HORACE C., *editors*. *Best College Short Stories*. Stratford.
- SEDGWICK, ANNE DOUGLAS. **Nest*. Houghton Mifflin.
- SHUSTER, GEORGE N. *Hill of Happiness*. Appleton.
- SHUTE, HENRY A. *Pulpy, Beany and Pewt: Contractors*. Dorrance.
- SINGMASTER, ELSIE. **Bred in the Bone*. Houghton Mifflin.
- SMITH, GEORGE HOYT. *Palmetto Derby*. Jacksonville, Florida: Florida Times Union.
- SOCIETY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES, *editors*. **O. Henry Memorial Award. Prize Stories of 1925*. Doubleday, Page.
- SQUIER, EMMA-LINDSAY. *Children of the Twilight*. Cosmopolitan.
- STEELE, WILBUR DANIEL. **Urkey Island*. Harcourt, Brace.
- *Transatlantic Stories*. Dial.
- TRAIN, ARTHUR. *Blind Goddess*. Scribner.
- VAN LOAN, CHARLES E. *Fore*. Doran. *Old Man Curry*. Doran.
- Score by Innings*. Doran. *Taking the Count*. Doran.
- WALROND, ERIC. **Tropic Death*. Boni and Liveright.
- WATKINS, DWIGHT EVERETT, *editor*. *Best Dog Stories*. Rand, McNally.
- WEMBRIDGE, ELEANOR ROWLAND. *Other People's Daughters*. Houghton Mifflin.
- WHARTON, EDITH. **Here and Beyond*. Appleton.
- WHITMAN, WALT. *Half-Breed and Other Stories*. Columbia University Press.
- WITWER, H. C. *Roughly Speaking*. Putnam.

II. BRITISH AND IRISH AUTHORS

- AUSTIN, F. BRITTEN. **The War God Walks Again*. Doubleday, Page.
- BARING, MAURICE. **Half a Minute's Silence*. Doubleday, Page.
- BASHFORD, H. H. **Happy Ghost*. Harper.
- BECKE, LOUIS. **Strange Adventure of James Shervinton*. Lippincott.
- *Under Tropic Skies*. Lippincott.
- BENNETT, MARK. *"Tack Ship!"* Longmans.
- BENSON, STELLA. **The Awakening*. San Francisco: The Lantern Press.
- BIBESCO, ELIZABETH. **Whole Story*. Putnam.
- BLAND, EDITH NESBIT. **Five of Us—and Madeline*. Adelphi.

- BOWEN, ELIZABETH. *Ann Lee's. Boni and Liveright.
 BULLETT, GERALD. *Baker's Cart. Doubleday, Page.
 BURKE, THOMAS. *East of Mansion House. Doran.
 CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH. *Incredulity of Father Brown. Dodd, Mead. *Tales of the Long Bow. Dodd, Mead.
 CLIFFORD, SIR HUGH. *In a Corner of Asia. McBride.
 COLUM, PADRAIC. *Forge in the Forest. Macmillan.
 CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, R. B. Ipané. Boni.
 DE LA MARE, WALTER. *Connoisseur. Knopf.
 DOUGLAS, NORMAN. *Experiments. McBride.
 DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN. Black Doctor. Doran. Croxley Master. Doran. Dealings of Captain Sharkey. Doran. Great Keinplatz Experiment. Doran. Last of the Legions. Doran. Man from Archangel. Doran.
 FLETCHER, J. S. Green Ink. Small, Maynard.
 GARNETT, RICHARD. *Twilight of the Gods. Knopf.
 HUBBARD, WILFRANC. *Orvieto Dust. Minton, Balch.
 HUXLEY, ALDOUS. *Two or Three Graces. Doran.
 JAMES, MONTAGUE RHODES. *Warning to the Curious. Longmans.
 LOCH, SYDNEY. *Three Predatory Women. Doran.
 LYONS, A. NEIL. *Love Us All! Boni.
 MANSFIELD, KATHARINE. *In a German Pension. Knopf.
 METCALFE, JOHN. *Smoking Leg. Doubleday, Page.
 "NESBIT, E." See BLAND, EDITH NESBIT.
 NORWOOD, GILBERT. Wooden Man. Macmillan.
 O'BRIEN, EDWARD J., editor. *Best British Short Stories of 1926. Dodd, Mead.
 O'FLAHERTY, LIAM. *Spring Sowing. Knopf.
 PHILLPOTTS, EDEN. *Circé's Island, and the Girl and the Faun. Macmillan.
 RHYS, ERNEST, and DAWSON-SCOTT, MRS. C. A., editors. *29 Love Stories Old and New. Appleton.
 SIMPSON, HELEN. *Baseless Fabric. Knopf.
 SUTHERLAND, MILLICENT, DUCHESS OF. *That Fool of a Woman. Putnam.
 WILLIAMSON, A. M. Black Incense. Doran.
 WODEHOUSE, P. G. He Rather Enjoyed It. Doran.
 WREN, PERCIVAL C. *Stepsons of France. Stokes.
 WYLIE, I. A. R. *Mad Busman. Doran.
 YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER. *Early Poems and Stories. Macmillan.

III. TRANSLATIONS

- ANDREIEV, LEONID (*Russian*). *Dilemma. Adelphi.
 BUSCH, MARIE, and PICK, OTTO., editors (*Czech*). *Selected Czech Tales. Oxford Univ. Press.
 CHAMOT, A. E., editor (*Russian*). *Selected Russian Short Stories. Oxford Univ. Press.
 EATON, RICHARD, editor. *Best Continental Short Stories of 1925-26. Dodd, Mead.
 EATON, RICHARD, editor (*French*). *Best French Short Stories of 1925-26. Dodd, Mead.
 GOBINEAU, COMTE ARTHUR DE (*French*). *Dancing Girl of Shamakha. Harcourt, Brace.

- GOGOL, NIKOLAI (*Russian*). *Evenings on a Farm Near Dikanka. Knopf.
- "HELLER, FRANK" (GUNNAR SERNER) (*Swedish*). Strange Adventures of Mr. Collin. Crowell.
- MAUPASSANT, GUY DE (*French*). *Notre Cœur. Knopf. *Olive Orchard. Knopf. *The Pedlar. Knopf. *Selected Stories. McKay. *Useless Beauty. Knopf.
- MAUROIS, ANDRÉ (*French*). *Mape. Appleton.
- MOLNAR, FERENC (*Hungarian*). *Eva, and The Derelict Boat. Bobbs-Merrill.
- MORAND, PAUL (*French*). *Closed All Night. Boni.
- "STENDHAL" (BEYLE, MARIE-HENRI). *Abbess of Castro.
- STORER, EDWARD, *translator* (*Italian*). *Il Novellino. Dutton.
- "ZÉLIDE" (CHARRIÈRE, ISABELLA DE) (*French*). *Four Tales. Scribner.
- ZOLA, EMILE (*French*). *For a Night. Adelphi.

ARTICLES ON THE SHORT STORY IN AMERICAN MAGAZINES

OCTOBER, 1925, TO AUGUST, 1926

Authors of articles are printed in capital letters. For articles in British and Irish periodicals, see "The Best British Short Stories of 1926."

A

Abdullah, Achmed.

By Herschel Brickell. L. Rev. Oct. 17, '25. (3.)

By Dorothy Bacon Woolsey. N. Rep. Dec. 30, '25. (45:171.)

ACHESON, E. C., JR.

Hans Christian Andersen. Book. (N. Y.) Jun. (63:420.)

ADAMS, PAUL.

"O. Henry." Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '25. (62:229.)

Aiken, Conrad.

By Malcolm Cowley. Dial. Dec., '25. (79:507.)

By Johan J. Smertenko. Nat. (N. Y.) Apr. 7. (122:371.)

ALLEN, HERVEY.

Edgar Allan Poe. N. Y. Times. Oct. 18, '25. (1.) Mar. 21. (7.)

Allen, James Lane.

Anonymous. Books. Aug. 22. (8.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 13, '25. (8.)

By Carey Jeffreys. L. Rev. Dec. 12, '25. (3.)

ALLEN, LOUIS.

Sherwood Anderson. Dear. Ind. Nov. 28, '25. (19.)

American Short Story.

Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 9. (20.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 13, '25. (16.) Feb. 21. (22.)

Mar. 7. (14.)

Anonymous. World. Jan. 17. (7 M.)

By E. C. Beckwith. L. Rev. Feb. 13. (4.)

By F. Fraser Bond. N. Y. Times. Jun. 13. (16.)

By Willard King Bradley. Int. Jul. (4:486.)

By Gerald Hewes Carson. Books. Jun. 6. (12.)

By Malcolm Cowley. Books. Feb. 21. (6.)

By N. Bryllion Fagin. Int. Jan. (4:131.) Mar. (4:270.)

By John Ferris. L. Rev. Jun. 19. (5.)

By David Freedman. World. Feb. 14. (6 M.)

By Mary Kolars. Books. May 16. (17.)

By Louis Kronenberger. Books. Mar. 28. (3.)

By Robert Morss Lovett. Dial. Jun. (80:517.)

By H. L. Mencken. World. Oct. 25, '25. (6 M.) Nov. 1, '25. (6 M.)

- By Frank Luther Mott. Mid. Aug. (12:251.)
 By Frances Newman. N. Y. Times. Feb. 7. (16.) Book. (N. Y.)
 Mar. (63:90.) Apr. (63:186.) Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 22.
 (2:806.)
 By Fred Lewis Pattee. N. Y. Sun. Dec. 5, '25. (8.)
 By Joseph J. Reilly. Cath. W. Jul. (123:570.)
 By Mary Ross. Books. Mar. 28. (18.)
 By Ruth Seinfel. Books. Jun. 27. (10.)
 By Johan J. Smertenko. Nat. (N. Y.) Apr. 7. (122:371.)
 By Marya Zaturenska. Books. Nov. 22, '25. (10.)
 Andersen, Hans Christian.
 By E. C. Acheson, Jr. Book. (N. Y.) Jun. (63:420.)
 By Ernest Lissauer. Liv. A. Dec. 5, '25. (327:542.)
 By Lillian M. Shortt. Scan. Oct., '25. (13:595.)
 Anderson, Sherwood.
 By Louis Allen. Dear. Ind. Nov. 28, '25. (19.)
 By H. I. Brock. N. Y. Times. May 9. (2.)
 By Arthur Colton. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 17. (2:933.)
 By Will Cuppy. Book. (N. Y.) Jul. (63:598.)
 By Babette Deutsch. Books. Jun. 20. (7.)
 By Flora Merrill. Suc. Mar. (55.)
 "Arlen, Michael."
 By John Shand. Liv. A. Apr. 10. (329:109.)
 ARTZYBASHEV, MIKHAIL P.
 Count Lyof Tolstoy. Echo. Oct., '25. (1.)
 ASCH, NATHAN.
 Frank Harris. Nat. (N. Y.) May 12. (122:537.)
 AUSLANDER, JOSEPH.
 William Butler Yeats. World. Feb. 7. (6 M.)
 Austin, F. Britten.
 Anonymous. Books. Feb. 7. (9.)
 By Herschel Brickell. L. Rev. Nov. 21, '25. (5.)
 Austin, William.
 By Fred Lewis Pattee. N. Y. Sun. Dec. 26, '25. (6.)
 By Mark Van Doren. Nat. (N. Y.) Oct. 21, '25. (121:464.)
 AYSCOUGH, FLORENCE.
 Chinese Short Stories. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 10. (2:921.)

B

- "Babel."
 By Valentine Parnach. Men. J. Jun.-Jul. (12:302.)
 Bacheller, Irving.
 By Mary Siegrist. Suc. Jan. (68.)
 Balzac, Honoré de.
 By W. L. George. McCall. Jun. (18.)
 By Edith Valerio. N. Y. Times. May 16. (10.)
 Barbey d'Aurévilly, Jules.
 By Malcolm Cowley. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Nov. 14, '25. (2:295.)
 Barham, Richard Harris.
 By L. Dixon. Dear. Ind. Jan. 16. (22.)
 Baring, Maurice.
 Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Nov. 1, '25. (22.)
 By H. H. Horwitz. L. Rev. Jan. 23. (12.)

Barrie, Sir J. M.

By Joseph T. Shipley. L. Rev. Jan. 16. (12.)

"Barrington, E."

Anonymous. Int. May. (4:359.)

By Clayton Hamilton. Harp. B. Nov., '25. (69.)

By Grant Overton. Book. (N. Y.) Aug. (63:669.)

Bashford, H. H.

By Lillian F. Hellman. Books. May 9. (12.)

By Dorothy Bacon Woolsey. N. Rep. Jul. 21. (47:263.)

BATES, ERNEST SUTHERLAND.

Isadore Lhevinne. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Aug. 21. (3:53.)

Percy Mackaye. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 10. (2:913.)

Eden Phillpotts. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Aug. 7. (3:23.)

BEACH, JOSEPH WARREN.

James Branch Cabell. Va. Apr. (2:175.)

Beach, Rex.

Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Sept. 22, '25. (18.)

Becke, Louis.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jul. 11. (7.)

By Alan Rinehart. Book. (N. Y.) Feb. (62:674.)

By Raymond Weaver. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 29. (2:824.)

BECKWITH, E. C.

American Short Story. L. Rev. Feb. 13. (4.)

Gilbert Keith Chesterton. L. Rev. Jul. 17. (4.)

F. Scott Fitzgerald. L. Rev. Mar. 13. (4.)

Wilbur Daniel Steele. L. Rev. Apr. 3. (5.)

BEER, THOMAS.

Stephen Crane. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 19, '25. (2:425.)

Beer, Thomas.

By Waldo Frank. N. Rep. Jun. 9. (47:88.)

BEERS, HENRY A.

"Mark Twain." Yale. Oct., '25. (15:162.)

BELGION, MONTGOMERY.

Aldous Huxley. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 5. (2:837.)

BELLESORT, ANDRÉ.

Johan Bojer. Cen. Nov., '25. (111:95.)

BENEDICT, LIBBIAN.

Princess Elizabeth Bibesco. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 20. (7.)

Benefield, Barry.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Aug. 29. (6.)

By Harry Hansen. World. Aug. 18. (15.)

BENÉT, WILLIAM ROSE.

F. Scott Fitzgerald. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 3. (2:682.)

Ring W. Lardner. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 10. (2:700.)

BENNETT, CHARLES A.

Katharine Fullerton Gerould. Book. (N. Y.) May. (63:308.)

BENSON, ADOLPH B.

Verner von Heidenstam. Scan. Mar. (14:178.)

Bercovici, Konrad.

By J. Alden Brett. Suc. Dec., '25. (38.)

By Angus Burrell. Nat. (N. Y.) Dec. 9, '25. (121:680.)

BIANCO, MARGERY WILLIAMS.

Percy Mackaye. Books. Jul. 25. (6.)

- Bibesco, Princess Elizabeth.
 Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 21. (8.)
 Anonymous. World. Mar. 28. (7 M.)
 By Libbian Benedict. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 20. (7.)
 By Anne Hard. Books. May 23. (10.)
 By R. L. N. Rep. Jun. 2. (47:68.)
 By Fred Lewis Pattee. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 20. (7.)
 By Lionel G. Short. L. Rev. Mar. 27. (4.)
- Bierce, Ambrose.
 By Gerald Hewes Carson. Books. Oct. 18, '25. (4.)
 By Hartley C. Grattan. Rev. Oct., '25. (5:103.)
- BJÖRKMAN, EDWIN.
 Manuel Komroff. N. Y. Sun. Oct. 3, '25. (6.)
 Edgar Allan Poe. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 27. (7.)
- Blackmore, Richard Doddridge.
 By J. F. Garvin. Liv. A. Jul. 18, '25. (326:142.)
- Bojer, Johan.
 By André Bellesort. Cen. Nov., '25. (111:95.)
- BOND, F. FRASER.
 American Short Story. N. Y. Times. Jun. 13. (16.)
- BONE, DAVID.
 Joseph Conrad. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Nov. 7, '25. (2:286.)
- BONNER, MARY GRAHAM.
 David Freedman. L. Rev. Feb. 6. (2.)
- BORG, DOROTHY.
 Stephen Crane. World. Nov. 8, '25. (8 M.)
- BOYD, ERNEST.
 Anton Chekhov. Ind. Feb. 27. (116:249.)
 Anatole France. Ind. Jul. 3. (117:21.)
 Maxim Gorki. Ind. Feb. 27. (116:249.)
 Bret Harte. Ind. Mar. 13. (116:304.)
 Edgar Allan Poe. Ind. Mar. 20. (116:333.)
 Robert Louis Stevenson. Ind. Dec. 19, '25. (115:714.)
 Luciano Zúccoli. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 5. (2:841.)
- BOYNTON, H. W.
 Comte Arthur de Gobineau. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 13. (6.)
 Wilhelm Hauff. N. Y. Sun. Oct. 3, '25. (7.)
 Robert Herrick. N. Y. Sun. Nov. 14, '25. (8.)
 Alfred de Musset. N. Y. Sun. Oct. 3, '25. (7.)
 Booth Tarkington. N. Y. Sun. Nov. 21, '25. (6.)
- BOYNTON, PERCY H.
 Edgar Allan Poe. N. Rep. Jun. 9. (47:92.)
- BRADFORD, GAMALIEL.
 Percy Mackaye. L. Rev. May 22. (4.)
- BRADLEY, WILLARD KING.
 American Short Story. Int. Jul. (4:486.)
 Gerald Bullett. Int. Jul. (4:486.)
 Walter de la Mare. Int. Jul. (4:486.)
 Aldous Huxley. Int. Jul. (4:486.)
- BRETT, J. ALDEN.
 Konrad Bercovici. Suc. Dec., '25. (38.)
- BRICKELL, HERSCHEL.
 Achmed Abdullah. L. Rev. Oct. 17, '25. (3.)
 F. Britten Austin. L. Rev. Nov. 21, '25. (5.)

- British Short Story. L. Rev. Jan. 23. (5.)
 Lafcadio Hearn. L. Rev. Nov. 7, '25. (5.)
 Ernest Hemingway. L. Rev. Oct. 17, '25. (3.)
 Paul Morand. L. Rev. Oct. 17, '25. (3.)
 Short Stories. L. Rev. Jan. 16. (5.)
- British Short Story.
 Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jan. 3. (24.) Feb. 21. (22.)
 By Herschel Brickell. L. Rev. Jan. 23. (5.)
 By John Ferris. L. Rev. Jun. 19. (5.)
 By Robert Morss Lovett. Dial. Jun. (80:517.)
 By Frances Newman. Book. (N. Y.) Mar. (63:90.) N. Y. Times. Feb. 7. (16.)
 By Mary Ross. Books. Mar. 28. (18.)
- BROCK, H. I.
 Sherwood Anderson. N. Y. Times. May 9. (2.)
- BROOKS, VAN WYCK.
 Francis Bret Harte. Com. May 5. (3:724.)
- BROWN, HEYWOOD.
 Ring W. Lardner. World. Apr. 11. (3 E.)
- Bullett, Gerald.
 Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 23. (8.)
 By Willard King Bradley. Int. Jul. (4:486.)
 By Louis Kronenberger. Books. Jun. 27. (10.)
 By Dorothy Bacon Woolsey. N. Rep. Jul. 21. (47:263.)
- Bunner, Henry Cuyler.
 By Joseph Lewis French. Book. (N. Y.) Jun. (63:445.)
 By MAX J. HERZBERG. Charm. Apr. (36.)
- Burke, Kenneth.
 By H. L. Mencken. A. Merc. Nov., '25. (6:379.)
- Burke, Thomas.
 By John W. Crawford. N. Y. Times. Jun. 20. (5.)
 By Louise Maunsell Field. L. Rev. Jul. 10. (2.)
 By Harry Hansen. World. Jun. 20. (4 M.)
 By Flora Merrill. World. Aug. 15. (1 M.)
 By Dorothy Bacon Woolsey. N. Rep. Jul. 21. (47:263.)
- BURR, HAROLD C.
 Gilbert Frankau. Book. (N. Y.) Jun. (63:463.)
 Comte Arthur de Gobineau. Int. Jul. (4:524.)
- BURRELL, ANGUS.
 Konrad Bercovici. Nat. (N. Y.) Dec. 9, '25. (121:680.)
- BUSEY, GARRETA.
 Edith Wharton. Books. Jun. 27. (4.)

C

- C., T.
 Short Story. Com. May 26. (4:82.)
- Cabell, James Branch.
 By Joseph Warren Beach. Va. Apr. (2:175.)
- CANBY, HENRY SEIDEL.
 Francis Bret Harte. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 17. (2:717.)
- Capek, Karel M.
 By William A. Drake. Books. Jul. 18. (7.)
 By Arne Novak. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 9. (2:481.)

- CAREW, DUDLEY.
Virginia Woolf. Liv. A. Jul. 3. (330:47.)
- Carnevali, Emanuel.
By Lola Ridge. N. Rep. Mar. 3. (46:51.)
By Paul Rosenfeld. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Mar. 13. (2:629.)
- CARSON, GERALD HEWES.
American Short Story. Books. Jun. 6. (12.)
Ambrose Bierce. Books. Oct. 18, '25. (4.)
G. K. Chesterton. Books. May 23. (14.)
- CARTER, JOHN.
Cl. Chivas-Baron. N. Y. Times. Jul. 4. (5.)
Comte Arthur de Gobineau. N. Y. Times. Jul. 4. (5.)
Aldous Huxley. N. Y. Times. May 16. (5.)
Booth Tarkington. N. Y. Times. Nov. 29, '25. (5.)
- Chaplin, Herman White.
Anonymous. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Aug. 7. (3:24.)
- Charrière, Madame de. ("Zélide.")
By Joseph Collins. N. Y. Sun. Feb. 20. (6.)
By Charles G. Osgood. L. Rev. May 1. (2:751.)
By J. St. Loe Strachey. N. Y. Times. Feb. 14. (18.)
By Mark Van Doren. Nat. (N. Y.) Mar. 17. (122:289.)
By Jacob Zeitlin. Books. Feb. 28. (4.)
- CHASE, CLEVELAND B.
Eleanor Rowland Wembridge. L. Rev. May 8. (4.)
- CHEKHOV, ALEXANDER.
Anton Chekhov. Liv. A. Jul. 10. (330:115.)
- Chekhov, Anton.
By Ernest Boyd. Ind. Feb. 27. (116:249.)
By Alexander Chekhov. Liv. A. Jul. 10. (330:115.)
By John Cournos. Int. Jul. (4:506.)
By John W. Crawford. World. Jan. 17. (6 M.)
By Henry James Forman. N. Y. Times. Jan. 17. (2.)
By Henry Hazlitt. N. Y. Sun. Jan. 16. (8.)
By Robert Morss Lovett. N. Rep. Nov. 4, '25. (44:286.)
By Stanley Olmsted. L. Rev. Jan. 30. (4.)
By Stuart P. Sherman. Books. Nov. 15, '25. (1.)
By Jacob Zeitlin. Book. (N. Y.) Jan. (62:607.)
- Chesterton, G. K.
Anonymous. Dial. Jan. (80:67.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Oct. 16, '25. (22.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Oct. 11, '25. (8.) Jul. 18. (3.)
Anonymous. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 24. (2:950.)
By E. C. Beckwith. L. Rev. Jul. 17. (4.)
By Gerald Hewes Carson. Books. May 23. (14.)
By A. Donald Douglas. L. Rev. Dec. 19, '25. (5.)
By Frédéric Lefèvre. Liv. A. Jun. 6, '25. (325:523.)
By Harry Salpeter. World. Jul. 18. (4 M.)
- CHILDS, MARY.
Joseph Conrad. Int. Aug. (4:590.)
- Chinese Short Stories.
By Florence Ayscough. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 10. (2:921.)
- Chivas-Baron, Cl.
By John Carter. N. Y. Times. Jul. 4. (5.)
By Henry Longan Stuart. N. Y. Sun. Dec. 12, '25. (8.)

CHRISMAN, LEWIS H.

Wilbur Daniel Steele. Int. Jul. (4:527.)

CHUBB, T. C.

"Stendhal." N. Y. Times. Jun. 6. (13.)

CLARK, BARRETT H.

Carl Sternheim. D. D. Nov., '25. (7:249.)

CLAUSEN, JULIUS.

Edith Rode. Scan. Jun. (14:355.)

CLIFFORD, MRS. W. K.

Maurice Hewlett. L. Rev. May 1. (2:757.)

COBB, IRVIN S.

Anonymous. Books. Mar. 28. (13.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 7. (9.) Jul. 25. (9.)

COBLENTZ, STANTON A.

Edgar Allan Poe. Int. Apr. (4:326.)

Cohen, Octavus Roy.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 14. (24.)

By Will Cuppy. Books. Feb. 14. (16.)

COLLINS, JOSEPH.

Madame de Charrière. ("Zélide.") N. Y. Sun. Feb. 20. (6.)

COLTON, ARTHUR.

Sherwood Anderson. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 17. (2:933.)

COLUM, PADRAIC.

James Joyce. Book. (N. Y.) Jul. (63:555.)

George Moore. Book. (N. Y.) Jul. (63:555.)

Colum, Padraic.

By Herbert S. Gorman. N. Y. Times. Dec. 20, '25. (18.)

Conrad, Joseph.

By David Bone. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Nov. 7, '25. (2:286.)

By Mary Childs. Int. Aug. (4:590.)

By Mrs. Joseph Conrad. Book. (N. Y.) Apr. 10. (2:700.)

By Will Cuppy. Book. (N. Y.) Jul. (63:598.)

By Richard Curle. N. Y. Times. May 9. (25.) Yale. Jan. (15:254.)

By Charles J. Finger. A. W. Jan.-Feb. (12.)

By Percy A. Hutchinson. N. Y. Times. Mar. 28. (3.)

By G. Jean-Aubry. Book. (N. Y.) Jun. (63:429.)

By Louis Kronenberger. Books. May 23. (16.)

By Lawrence S. Morris. N. Rep. May 12. (46:383.)

By Thomas Moulton. Yale. Oct., '25. (15:165.)

By Felix Riesenberger. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 24. (2:736.)

By Cecil Roberts. Liv. A. Feb. 6. (328:308.)

By Grenville Vernon. Com. Jun. 23. (4:194.)

By Grace Willard. L. Rev. May 1. (5.)

CONRAD, MRS. JOSEPH.

Joseph Conrad. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 10. (2:700.)

Stephen Crane. Book. (N. Y.) Apr. (63:134.)

COOPER, ANICE PAGE.

Anzia Yezierska. Int. Dec., '25. (4:16.)

Coppard, A. E.

By Olivia Howard Dunbar. N. Rep. Oct. 28, '25. (44:262.)

By Ben Ray Redman. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Nov. 21, '25.

Corvo, Frederick, Baron.

By Abbé Niles. N. Rep. Jan. 20 (45:248.)

COSULICH, BERNICE.

John Galsworthy. Int. Apr. (4:297.)

COURNOS, JOHN.

Anton Chekhov. Int. Jul. (4:506.)

Fyodor Dostoevsky. L. Rev. Nov. 28, '25. (4.)

Nikolai Gogol. L. Rev. Jun. 12. (6.) Aug. 21. (4.)

Alexander Pushkin. L. Rev. Jun. 12. (6.)

COWLEY, MALCOLM.

Conrad Aiken. Dial. Dec., '25. (79:507.)

American Short Story. Books. Feb. 21. (6.)

Jules Barbey-d'Aurévilly. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Nov. 14, '25. (2:295.)

"Stendhal." Books. Mar. 21. (5.)

Crane, Stephen.

By Thomas Beer. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 19, '25. (2:425.)

By Dorothy Borg. World. Nov. 8, '25. (8 M.)

By Mrs. Joseph Conrad. Book. (N. Y.) Apr. (63:134.)

By Willis Fletcher Johnson. Int. Apr. (4:288.)

By Herman J. Mankiewicz. N. Y. Times. Jan. 10. (7.)

By Edna Crane Sidbury. Int. Mar. (4:248.)

By Mark Van Doren. Nat. (N. Y.) Dec. 23, '25. (121:736.)

By Harvey Wickham. A. Merc. Mar. (7:291.)

CRANSEN, CARL.

Sigrid Undset. Com. Mar. 10. (3:492.)

CRAWFORD, JOHN W.

Thomas Burke. N. Y. Times. Jun. 20. (5.)

Anton Chekhov. World. Jan. 17. (6 M.)

Richard Garnett. N. Y. Times. May 30. (9.)

Francis Bret Harte. Int. Jun. (4:441.)

Katharine Mansfield. Int. Apr. (4:334.) N. Y. Times. Jan. 31. (2.)

Leonard Merrick. Int. Jan. (4:90.)

Ferenc Molnar. N. Y. Times. Jun. 13. (9.) World. Apr. 18. (7 M.)

Short Story. N. Y. Times. Jan. 24. (12.)

CRICHTON, KYLE S.

D. H. Lawrence. World. Oct. 11, '25. (4 M.)

CROSS, WILBUR L.

Edith Wharton. Book. (N. Y.) Aug. (63:641.)

CROWLEY, PAUL.

Edgar Allan Poe. Com. Jun. 2. (4:109.)

CUPPY, WILL.

Sherwood Anderson. Book. (N. Y.) Jul. (63:598.)

Octavus Roy Cohen. Books. Feb. 14. (16.)

Joseph Conrad. Book. (N. Y.) Jul. (63:598.)

CURLE, RICHARD.

Joseph Conrad. N. Y. Times. May 9. (25.) Yale. Jan. (15:254.)

CUTHBERT, MARGARET.

John Metcalfe. L. Rev. Mar. 27. (5.)

Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland. L. Rev. Jul. 17. (5.)

D

DANE, CLEMENCE.

Oliver Onions. Book. (N. Y.) Apr. (63:166.)

Dargan, Olive Tilford.

By Henry Longan Stuart. N. Y. Times. Oct. 25, '25. (9.)

Daudistel, Albert.

By William A. Drake. Books. May 23. (9.)

DAVIS, ROBERT H.

"O. Henry." N. Y. Sun. Apr. 1. (20.)

DAVISON, EDWARD.

Walter de la Mare. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 3. (2:903.)

Paul Morand. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 16. (2:491.)

de la Mare, Walter.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 16. (11.)

By Edwin Björkman. N. Y. Sun. Dec. 19, '25. (6.)

By Willard King Bradley. Int. Aug. (4:486.)

By Edward Davison. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 3. (2:903.)

By Clifton P. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) Jun. 2. (122:614.)

By Herbert S. Gorman. N. Y. Times. Dec. 6, '25. (5.)

By Margery Latimer. Books. Jun. 6. (13.)

By Amy Loveman. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 19, '25. (2:447.)

By Alice Wildey. L. Rev. Aug. 21. (8.)

By Dorothy Bacon Woolsey. N. Rep. Jul. 21. (47:263.)

DEUTSCH, BABETTE.

Sherwood Anderson. Books. Jun. 20. (7.)

Nikolai Gogol. N. Rep. Jul. 7. (47:206.)

Alexander Pushkin. N. Rep. Jul. 7. (47:206.)

DIXON, L.

Richard Harris Barham. Dear. Ind. Jan. 16. (22.)

DOLLIN, ABBIE.

Rufus Lears. L. Rev. Feb. 20. (7.)

DORSENNE, JEAN.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Liv. A. Nov. 28, '25. (327:467.)

DOSTOEVSKY, FYODOR.

Letters. Va. Jul. (2:375.)

Dostoevsky, Fyodor.

By John Cournos. L. Rev. Nov. 28, '25. (4.)

By A. Donald Douglas. Nat. (N. Y.) May 19. (122:558.)

By Alexander Kaun. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 24. (2:737.)

By Lewis Mumford. N. Rep. Aug. 11. (47:340.)

By Alexander I. Nazaroff. Int. Aug. (4:575.)

By Abraham Yarmolinsky. Books. Aug. 8. (8.)

By Jacob Zeitlin. Book. (N. Y.) Aug. (63:708.)

DOUGLAS, A. DONALD.

G. K. Chesterton. L. Rev. Dec. 19, '25. (5.)

Fyodor Dostoevsky. Nat. (N. Y.) May 19. (122:558.)

Ring W. Lardner. Nat. (N. Y.) Jun. 16. (122:584.)

Douglas, Norman.

Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Dec. 1, '25.

DOWNES, BRIAN W.

Gerhart Hauptmann. N. A. Rev. Mar.-Apr.-May. (223:102.)

Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan.

By Jean Dorsenne. Liv. A. Nov. 28, '25. (327:467.)

DRAKE, WILLIAM A.

Karel M. Capek. Books. Jul. 18. (7.)

Albert Daudistel. Books. May 23. (9.)

Comte Arthur de Gobineau. Books. Dec. 13, '25. (12.)

- Franz Kafka. Books. Nov. 1, '25. (7.)
 Thomas Mann. Books. Dec. 27, '25. (7.)
 Paul Morand. Books. Jan. 10. (9.)
 Luigi Pirandello. Books. Oct. 25, '25. (14.)
 Armando Palacio Valdes. Books. Jan. 17. (7.)
 Dreiser, Theodore.
 By Robert L. Duffus. A. Merc. Jan. (13:314.)
 By Jean West Maury. Int. Mar. (4:223.)
 By Flora Merrill. Suc. Nov., '25. (20.)
 By Charles R. Walker. Book. (N. Y.) Apr. (63:146.)
 DUFFUS, ROBERT L.
 Theodore Dreiser. A. Merc. Jan. (7:71.)
 DUNBAR, OLIVIA HOWARD.
 A. E. Coppard. N. Rep. Oct. 28, '25. (44:262.)
 Dunsany, Lord.
 By "A. E." Liv. A. May 29. (329:464.)
 DUTTON, GEORGE B.
 Robert Louis Stevenson. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 19. (2:873.)

E

- "E., A."
 Lord Dunsany. Liv. A. May 29. (329:464.)
 EATON, CHARLOTTE.
 Robert Louis Stevenson. Book. (N. Y.) Mar. (63:115.) Cath. W.
 Jun. (123:320.)
 EATON, JEANNETTE.
 Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Int. Nov., '25. (3:797.)
 Eldridge, Paul.
 Anonymous. Books. Mar. 28. (14.)
 By Harry Alan Potamkin. L. Rev. Apr. 10. (6.)
 By Henry T. Schnitkind. Strat. Aug. (30.)
 ELSER, FRANK B.
 Wilbur Daniel Steele. Book. (N. Y.) Feb. (62:691.)
 EVANS, MARGARET.
 Short Story. Books. Nov. 29, '25. (13.)

F

- F., R. M.
 Aldous Huxley. N. Rep. Jul. 7. (47:207.)
 FADIMAN, CLIFTON P.
 Walter de la Mare. Nat. (N. Y.) Jun. 2. (122:614.)
 André Maurois. Nat. (N. Y.) Aug. 25. (123:178.)
 FAGIN, N. BRYLLION.
 American Short Story. Int. Jan. (4:131.) Mar. (4:270.)
 Anatole France. D. D. Jan. (8:288.)
 FARRAR, JOHN.
 F. Scott Fitzgerald. Book. (N. Y.) May. (63:348.)
 FELD, ROSE C.
 Leonard Merrick. N. Y. Times. Nov. 22, '25. (2.)
 FERRIS, JOHN.
 American Short Story. L. Rev. Jun. 19. (5.)
 British Short Story. L. Rev. Jun. 19. (5.)

FEUILLERAT, ALBERT.

Anatole France. Yale. Apr. (15:590.)

Field, Eugene.

By Joseph Lewis French. Book. (N. Y.) Jun. (63:445.)

FIELD, LOUISE MAUNSELL.

Thomas Burke. L. Rev. Jul. 10. (2.)

F. Scott Fitzgerald. Int. Apr. (4:315.)

Montague Rhodes, James. Int. May. (4:388.)

Leonard Merrick. Int. Jan. (4:89.)

Eden Phillpotts. L. Rev. Jul. 31. (5.)

Edith Wharton. Int. Jun. (4:450.)

I. A. R. Wylie. L. Rev. Aug. 28. (2.)

FINGER, CHARLES J.

Joseph Conrad. A. W. Jan.-Feb. (12.)

Carl Van Doren. A. W. Oct., '25. (6.)

FITZGERALD, F. SCOTT.

Ernest Hemingway. Book. (N. Y.) May. (63:262.)

Fitzgerald, F. Scott.

Anonymous. Dial. Jun. (80:521.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 7. (9.)

By E. C. Beckwith. L. Rev. Mar. 13. (4.)

By William Rose Béné. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 3. (2:682.)

By John Farrar. Book. (N. Y.) May. (63:348.)

By Louise Maunsell Field. Int. Apr. (4:315.)

By Clarence H. Gaines. N. A. Rev. Jun.-Jul.-Aug. (223:367.)

By R. Ellsworth Larsson. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 27. (6.)

By Henry F. Pringle. World. Feb. 28. (6 M.)

By James Rorty. N. Mass. Jul. (26.)

By George N. Schuster. Com. Apr. 7. (3:613.)

Fletcher, J. S.

Anonymous. Books. Oct. 25, '25. (17.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 30. (8.)

FOERSTER, NORMAN.

Edgar Allan Poe. Sat. R. Mar. 6. (2:607.) Jun. 5. (2:834.)

FORD, R. CLYDE.

Robert Louis Stevenson. Atl. Apr. (137:527.)

FORMAN, HENRY JAMES.

Anton Chekhov. N. Y. Times. Jan. 17. (2.)

Nikolay Gogol. N. Y. Times. Aug. 15. (5.)

FORSTER, E. M.

Virginia Woolf. Yale. Apr. (15:505.)

France, Anatole.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 16. (13.)

Anonymous. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 3. (2:900.)

By Ernest Boyd. Ind. Jul. 3. (117:21.)

By N. Bryllion Fagin. D. D. Jan. (8:288.)

By Albert Feuillerat. Yale. Apr. (15:590.)

By Maxim Gorki. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 8. (2:765.)

By Roy Temple House. Books. Jun. 13. (11.)

By Joseph Wood Krutch. Books. Aug. 8. (1.) Nat. (N. Y.)
Aug. 11. (123:131.)

By D. R. Echo. Nov., '25. (9.)

By Burton Rascoe. World. Jul. 4. (8 S.)

By J. Ranken Towse. L. Rev. Jul. 10. (4.)

FRANK, GRACE.

- Wilfranc Hubbard. N. Rep. Mar. 31. (46:179.)
 Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 29. (2:822.)
 Edith Wharton. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 29. (2:822.)

Frank, Hans.

- By Gabriele Reuter. N. Y. Times. Jun. 20. (19.)

FRANK, WALDO.

- Thomas Beer. N. Rep. Jun. 9. (47:88.)
 Sarah Orne Jewett. N. Rep. Oct. 14, '25. (44:204.)
 Edgar Allan Poe. N. Rep. Dec. 30, '25. (45:163.)

Frankau, Gilbert.

- By Harold C. Burr. Book. (N. Y.) Jun. (63:463.)

FREED, CLARENCE I.

- Israel Zangwill. Am. H. Aug. 13. (119:387.)

FREEDMAN, DAVID.

- American Short Story. World. Feb. 14. (6 M.)

Freedman, David.

- Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jan. 31. (8.)
 Anonymous. World. Jan. 17. (7 M.)
 By Mary Graham Bonner. L. Rev. Feb. 6. (2.)
 By Betty Ross. J. T. Jul. 16. (3.)

FRENCH, JOSEPH LEWIS.

- Henry Cuyler Bunner. Book. (N. Y.) Jun. (63:445.)
 Eugene Field. Book. (N. Y.) Jun. (63:445.)
 Fitzjames O'Brien. Book. (N. Y.) Jun. (63:445.)

FULLER, HENRY B.

- Robert Herrick. N. Rep. Oct. 21, '25. (44:236.)
 Robert Louis Stevenson. N. Y. Times. Nov. 29, '25. (1.)

G

G., L. S.

- Albert Payson Terhune. Int. Oct., '25. (3:742.)

GAINES, CLARENCE H.

- F. Scott Fitzgerald. N. A. Rev. Jun.-Jul.-Aug. (223:367.)

Galsworthy, John.

- By Bernice Cosulich. Int. Apr. (4:297.)
 By W. Teignmouth Shore. Dear. Ind. Jul. 10. (2.)
 By Homer E. Woodbridge. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 3, '25. (2:171.)

Garland, Hamlin.

- By Mary Siegrist. Suc. Dec., '25. (42.)

Garnett, Richard.

- By John W. Crawford. N. Y. Times. May 30. (9.)
 By Louis Kronenberger. Int. Aug. (4:585.)
 By Llewellyn Powys. Nat. (N. Y.) Jun. 9. (122:648.)
 By W. S. Stuart. L. Rev. Aug. 14. (6.)

GARVIN, J. F.

- Richard Doddridge Blackmore. Liv. A. Jul. 18, '25. (326:142.)

GASSNER, JOHN WALDHORN.

- Rudyard Kipling. Books. Jun. 6. (14.)

GENZNER, GEORGE.

- Francis Bret Harte. Nat. (N. Y.) Jun. 30. (122:730.)

GEORGE, W. L.

- Honoré de Balzac. McCall. Jun. (18.)

George, W. L.

By "Roderick Random." Sat. R. (N. Y.) Mar. 13. (2:633.)

Gérould, Katharine Fullerton.

By Charles A. Bennett. Book. (N. Y.) May. (63:308.)

GILBERT, KATHERINE.

Thomas Hardy. Rev. Oct., '25. (5:21.)

Gissing, George.

By George A. Stearns. Book. (N. Y.) Aug. (63:683.)

Gobineau, Comte Arthur de.

Anonymous. Books. Mar. 28. (5.)

By H. W. Boynton. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 13. (6.)

By Harold C. Burr. Int. Jul. (4:524.)

By John Carter. N. Y. Times. Jul. 4. (5.)

By William A. Drake. Books. Dec. 13, '25. (12.)

By Helen Goodspeed. N. Rep. Aug. 18. (47:372.)

By Theodore Purdy, Jr. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 27. (2:587.)

By Joseph T. Shipley. L. Rev. Oct. 31, '25. (4.)

Gogol, Nikolai.

By John Cournos. L. Rev. Jun. 12. (6.) Aug. 21. (4.)

By Babette Deutsch. N. Rep. Jul. 7. (47:206.)

By Henry James Forman. N. Y. Times. Aug. 15. (5.)

By Alexander I. Nazaroff. N. Y. Times. May 23. (14.)

By Ida Zeitlin. Books. Apr. 11. (5.)

GOLDBECK, EVA.

Edith O'Shaughnessy. L. Rev. Nov. 28, '25. (5.)

GOODSPEED, HELEN.

Comte Arthur de Gobineau. N. Rep. Aug. 18. (47:372.)

GORDON, ARMISTEAD C., JR.

Edgar Allan Poe. Int. Jul. (4:480.)

GORKY, MAXIM.

Anatole France. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 8. (2:765.)

Gorky, Maxim.

By Ernest Boyd. Ind. Feb. 27. (116:249.)

By Alyse Gregory. Dial. Oct., '25. (79:348.)

By Harry Salpeter. Int. Oct., '25. (3:723.)

By Elizabeth W. Slaff. Int. May. (4:355.)

GORMAN, HERBERT S.

Padraic Colum. N. Y. Times. Dec. 20, '25. (18.)

Walter de la Mare. N. Y. Times. Dec. 6, '25. (5.)

Ernest Hemingway. World. Oct. 18, '25. (7 M.)

André Maurois. N. Y. Times. May 23. (5.)

Edgar Allan Poe. World. Oct. 25, '25. (7 M.)

Robert Louis Stevenson. N. Y. Times. Nov. 29, '25. (1.)

GOSTLING, FRANCES M.

Anatole le Braz. Cath. W. Jun. (123:326.)

GOULD, JOSEPH F.

E. Earl Sparling. Opp. Jan. (4:27.)

GRATTAN, C. HARTLEY.

Ambrose Bierce. Rev. Oct., '25. (5:103.)

Bret Harte. N. Rep. May 12. (46:388.)

"O. Henry." N. Y. Sun. Feb. 13. (6.)

GREGORY, ALYSE.

Maxim Gorky. Dial. Oct., '25. (79:348.)

GRIFFITH, WILLIAM.

"O. Henry." *Dear. Ind.* Nov. 14, '25. (4.) Nov. 28, '25. (3.)

GUNTHER, JOHN.

Sir Harry Johnston. *Book.* (N. Y.) Nov., '25. (57:308.)

H. M. Tomlinson. *Book.* (N. Y.) Feb. (62:686.)

H

HAMILTON, CLAYTON.

"E. Barrington." *Harp. B.* Nov., '25. (69.)

HAMMOND, BRAY.

Wilbur Daniel Steele. *N. Y. Sun.* Apr. 3. (8.)

HANSEN, HARRY.

Barry Benefield. *World.* Aug. 18. (15 M.)

Thomas Burke. *World.* Jun. 20. (4 M.)

HARD, ANNE.

Princess Elizabeth Bibesco. *Books.* May 23. (10.)

Hardy, Thomas.

By Katherine Gilbert. *Rev.* Oct., '25. (5:21.)

By John Livingston Lowes. *Yale.* Apr. (15:515.)

By William Lyon Phelps. *Int.* Jan. (4:109.)

Harris, Frank.

By Nathan Asch. *Nat.* (N. Y.) May 12. (122:537.)

By Temple Scott. *Sat. R.* (N. Y.) Feb. 13. (2:554.)

Harte, Francis Bret.

Anonymous. *N. Y. Times.* Feb. 28. (14.)

By Ernest Boyd. *Ind.* Mar. 13. (116:304.)

By Van Wyck Brooks. *Com.* May 5. (3:724.)

By Henry Seidel Canby. *Sat. R.* (N. Y.) Apr. 17. (2:717.)

By John W. Crawford. *Int.* Jun. (4:441.)

By George Genzmer. *Nat.* (N. Y.) Jun. 30. (122:730.)

By C. Hartley Grattan. *N. Rep.* May 12. (46:388.)

By Robert Cortes Holliday. *Book.* (N. Y.) May. (63:360.)

By Idwal Jones. *A. Merc.* Feb. (7:147.)

By Phillips Kloss. *Over.* Jun. (84:178.)

By Fred Lewis Pattee. *Books.* Jun. 20. (4.) *N. Y. Sun.* Mar. 20. (7.)

By George R. Stewart, Jr. *S. W.* Apr. (11:265.)

By J. Ranken Towse. *L. Rev.* May 1. (2.)

By Carl Van Doren. *World.* Feb. 28. (6 M.)

Hauff, Wilhelm.

By H. W. Boynton. *N. Y. Sun.* Oct. 3, '25. (7.)

Hauptmann, Gerhart.

By Brian W. Downs. *N. A. Rev.* Mar.-Apr.-May. (223:102.)

HAWTHORNE, JULIAN.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. *Dear. Ind.* Oct. 31, '25. (4.) Nov. 28, '25. (5.) Jan. 9. (7.) *Int.* Jun. (4:411.)

Hawthorne, Nathaniel.

By Julian Hawthorne. *Dear. Ind.* Oct. 31, '25. (4.) Nov. 28, '25. (5.) Jan. 9. (7.) *Int.* Jun. (4:411.)

HAZLITT, HENRY.

Anton Chekhov. *N. Y. Sun.* Jan. 16. (8.)

Hearn, Lafcadio.

Anonymous. *N. Y. Times.* Oct. 11, '25. (3.)

- By Herschel Brickell. L. Rev. Nov. 7, '25. (5.)
 By Sanki Ichikawa. Liv. A. Aug. 14. (330:366.)
 By Kiyshi K. Kawakami. N. Y. Times. May 30. (2.)
 By Richard Le Gallienne. Int. Mar. (4:251.)
 By Fred Lewis Pattee. N. Y. Sun. Nov. 14, '25. (9.)
 By Harry Salpeter. World. Oct. 11, '25. (4 M.)
 By Joseph T. Shipley. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 3, '25. (2:172.)
 By George M. Whicher. Books. Jan. 31. (18.) Jul. 18. (5.)
- Heidenstam, Verner von.
 By Adolph B. Benson. Scan. Mar. (14:178.)
- HELLMAN, GEORGE S.
 Henry James. Cen. Jan. (111:336.)
 Robert Louis Stevenson. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '25. (62:158.)
 L. Rev. Jan. 2. (10.) Cen. Jan. (111:336.)
- HELLMAN, LILIAN F.
 H. H. Bashford. Books. May 9. (12.)
 John Metcalfe. Books. May 9. (12.)
 Edith O'Shaughnessy. Books. Jan. 10. (11.)
- Hemingway, Ernest.
 Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Oct. 18, '25. (8.)
 By Herschel Brickell. L. Rev. Oct. 17, '25. (3.)
 By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Book. (N. Y.) May. (63:262.)
 By Herbert S. Gorman. World. Oct. 18, '25. (7 M.)
 By Louis Kronenberger. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 13. (2:555.)
 By Paul Rosenfeld. N. Rep. Nov. 25, '25. (45:22.)
 By Herbert J. Seligmann. N. Y. Sun. Oct. 17, '25. (7.)
 By Allen Tate. Nat. (N. Y.) Feb. 10. (122:160.)
 By Robert Wolf. Books. Feb. 14. (3.)
- HENRY, HARRIET.
 Alice Duer Miller. Int. Jun. (4:455.)
- "Henry, O."
 By Paul Adams. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '25. (62:229.)
 By Robert H. Davis. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 1. (20.)
 By C. Hartley Grattan. N. Y. Sun. Feb. 13. (6.)
 By William Griffith. Dear. Ind. Nov. 14, '25. (4.) Nov. 28, '25. (3.)
 By W. D. Hornaday. N. Y. Times. Jan. 3. (2.)
 By H. L. Mencken. World. Oct. 25, '25. (6 M.)
 By Ruth Willis Thompson. L. Rev. Nov. 7, '25. (9.)
 By Louis Weitzenkorn. World. Dec. 13, '25. (6 M.)
- Hergesheimer, Joseph.
 By J. B. Priestley. Book. (N. Y.) May. (63:272.)
- Herrick, Robert.
 By H. W. Boynton. N. Y. Sun. Nov. 14, '25. (8.)
 By Henry B. Fuller. N. Rep. Oct. 21, '25. (44:236.)
 By Joseph Wood Krutch. Nat. (N. Y.) Oct. 7, '25. (121:388.)
 By Mary Ross. Books. Nov. 1, '25. (5.)
 By John A. Weaver. Int. Oct., '25. (3:728.)
- HERZBERG, MAX J.
 Henry Cuyler Bunner. Charm. Apr. (36.)
- Hewlett, Maurice.
 By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. L. Rev. May 1. (2:757.)

HILLYER, ELINOR.

Ferenc Molnar. L. Rev. May 8. (7.)

HOLLIDAY, ROBERT CORTES.

Francis Bret Harte. Book. (N. Y.) May. (63:360.)

HOLST, HENRIETTE HENDRIX.

Top Næff. N. Y. Times. Dec. 6, '25. (9.)

HORNADAY, W. D.

"O. Henry." N. Y. Times. Jan. 3. (2.)

HORTON, MARION.

Inez Haynes Irwin. Suc. Jan. (58.)

HORWITZ, H. H.

Maurice Baring. L. Rev. Jan. 23. (12.)

HOUCK, CALVIN B.

Jack London. Over. Apr. (84:103.) May. (84:136.)

HOUSE, ROY TEMPLE.

Anatole France. Books. Jun. 13. (11.)

Hubbard, Wilfranc.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 27, '25. (10.)

By Grace Frank. N. Rep. Mar. 31. (46:179.)

By Morris Markey. World. Feb. 7. (6 M.)

By Llewelyn Powys. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Mar. 20. (2:648.)

By George Meason Whicher. Books. Mar. 7. (18.)

Hughes, Merritt Y.

Edgar Allan Poe. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 6. (2:546.)

Hughes, Rupert.

By Ralph Parker. Suc. Jan. (78.)

HUTCHINSON, ALLEN.

Robert Louis Stevenson. Scr. Aug. (80:140.)

HUTCHISON, PERCY A.

Joseph Conrad. N. Y. Times. Mar. 28. (3.)

Percy Mackaye. N. Y. Times. May 30. (1.)

Huxley, Aldous.

By Montgomery Belgium. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 5. (2:837.)

By Willard King Bradley. Int. Jul. (4:486.)

By John Carter. N. Y. Times. May 16. (5.)

By R. M. F. N. Rep. Jul. 7. (47:207.)

By Joseph Wood Krutch. Books. Jul. 4. (1.) Nat. (N. Y.)
Jun. 2. (122:612.)

By Edwin Muir. Nat. (N. Y.) Feb. 10. (122:144.)

By Frances Newman. Books. Jun. 6. (6.)

By Harry Salpeter. World. May 16. (5 M.)

By Grace Willard. L. Rev. Jun. 12. (4.)

I

ICHIKAWA, SANKI.

Lafcadio Hearn. Liv. A. Aug. 14. (330:366.)

Irving, Washington.

By Muna Lee. L. Rev. Jul. 3. (8.)

By George Haven Putnam. For. Mar. (75:397.)

By Edward Wagenknecht. Yale. Jan. (15:408.)

By Stanley T. Williams. Yale. Jan. (15:414.)

Irwin, Inez Haynes.

By Marion Horton. Suc. Jan. (58.)

J

J., H.

Edgar Allan Poe. Ind. May 15. (116:582.)

JACOBY, JOHN E.

Edith Wharton. Cath. W. Oct., '25. (122:137.)

James, Henry.

By George S. Hellman. Cen. Jan. (111:336.)

By Edna Kenton. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '25. (62:153.)

By Edward Wagenknecht. Va. Oct., '25. (1:453.)

James, Montague Rhodes.

Anonymous. Books. Feb. 14. (14.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jan. 3. (8.)

By Louise Maunsell Field. Int. May. (4:388.)

JEAN-AUBRY, G.

Joseph Conrad. Book. (N. Y.) Jun. (63:429.)

JEFFREYS, CAREY.

James Lane Allen. L. Rev. Dec. 12, '25. (3.)

Jewett, Sarah Orne.

By Waldo Frank. N. Rep. Oct. 14, '25. (44:204.)

JOHNSON, WILLIS FLETCHER.

'Stephen Crane. Int. Apr. (4:288.)

JOHNSTON, CHARLES.

Panchatantra. N. Y. Times. Nov. 29, '25. (2.)

Johnston, Sir Harry.

By John Gunther. Book. (N. Y.) Nov., '25. (57:308.)

JONES, IDWAL.

Francis Bret Harte. A. Merc. Feb. (7:147.)

Joyce, James.

By Padraic Colum. Book. (N. Y.) Jul. (63:555.)

By Edwin Muir. Nat. (N. Y.) Oct. 14, '25. (121:421.)

By James P. O'Reilly. Liv. A. Oct. 31, '25. (327:250.)

By Edmund Wilson. N. Rep. Nov. 4, '25. (44:279.)

K

Kafka, Franz.

By William A. Drake. Books. Nov. 1, '25. (7.)

KAUN, ALEXANDER.

Fyodor Dostoevsky. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 24. (2:737.)

KAWAKAMI, KIYSHI K.

Lafcadio Hearn. N. Y. Times. May 30. (2.)

KENTON, EDNA.

Henry James. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '25. (62:153.)

King, Grace.

Anonymous. Com. Nov. 18, '25. (3:55.)

Kipling, Rudyard.

Anonymous. Int. Apr. (4:303.)

By John Waldhorn Gassner. Books. Jun. 6. (14.)

By Francis L. H. Noble. World. Jan. 8. (8 M.)

By Lionel G. Short. L. Rev. May 15. (5.)

KLOSS, PHILLIPS.

Francis Bret Harte. Over. Jun. (84:178.)

KOLARS, MARY.

American Short Story. Books. May 16. (17.)

Short Story. Books. May 16. (17.)

I. A. R. Wylie. Books. Aug. 29. (4.)

Komroff, Manuel.

Anonymous. Dial. Jan. (80:67.)

Anonymous. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Nov. 14, '25. (2:301.)

By Edwin Björkman. N. Y. Sun. Oct. 3, '25. (6.)

By John Macy. Books. Oct. 11, '25. (11.)

By H. L. Mencken. A. Merc. Nov., '25. (6:379.)

By Joseph T. Shipley. L. Rev. Oct. 24, '25. (6.)

KRAPP, GEORGE PHILIP.

Percy Mackaye. Book. (N. Y.) Aug. (63:710.)

KRONENBERGER, LOUIS.

American Short Story. Books. Mar. 28. (3.)

Gerald Bullett. Books. Jun. 27. (10.)

Joseph Conrad. Books. May 23. (16.)

Richard Garnett. Int. Aug. (4:585.)

Ernest Hemingway. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 13. (2:555.)

Ferenc Molnar. Books. Jun. 6. (11.)

Robert Louis Stevenson. Int. Mar. (4:257.)

KRUTCH, JOSEPH WOOD.

Anatole France. Books. Aug. 8. (1.) Nat. (N. Y.) Aug. 11. (123:131.)

Robert Herrick. Nat. (N. Y.) Oct. 7, '25. (121:388.)

Aldous Huxley. Books. Jul. 4. (1.) Nat. (N. Y.) Jun. 2. (122:612.)

Fitz-James O'Brien. World. Nov. 1, '25. (6 M.)

Edgar Allan Poe. A. Merc. Nov., '25. (6:349.) Books. Oct. 25, '25. (6.) May 2. (19.) Nat. (N. Y.) Oct. 28, '25. (121:518.) Mar. 17. (122:285.)

Short Story. World. Feb. 21.

Carl Van Doren. Books. Dec. 13, '25. (5.)

Kuprin, Alexander.

By Elma Ehrlich Levinger. Am. H. Nov. 27, '25. (118:67.)

KUSKOVA, EKATERINA.

Count Lyof Tolstoy. Liv. A. Jun. 6, '25. (325:506.)

L

L., R.

Princess Elizabeth Bibesco. N. Rep. Jun. 2. (47:68.)

LAGERLÖF, SELMA.

How I Turned Scribbler. Liv. A. Nov. 7, '25. (327:322.)

Lardner, Ring W.

By William Rose Benét. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 10. (2:700.)

By Heywood Broun. World. Apr. 11. (3 E.)

By A. Donald Douglas. Nat. (N. Y.) Jun. 16. (122:584.)

By Henry L. Mencken. A. Merc. Jun. (8:254.)

By Frances Newman. L. Rev. Apr. 10. (3.)

By Henry Longan Stuart. N. Y. Times. Apr. 4. (5.)

LARSSON, R. ELLSWORTH.

F. Scott Fitzgerald. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 27. (6.)

LATIMER, MARGERY.

Walter de la Mare. Books. Jun. 6. (13.)

Lawrence, D. H.

By Kyle S. Crichton. World. Oct. 11, '25. (4 M.)

By Herbert J. Seligmann. N. Y. Sun. Oct. 10, '25. (7.)

Lawson, Henry.

By Vance Palmer. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 19, '25. (2:433.)

Learsi, Rufus.

By Abbie Dollin. L. Rev. Feb. 20. (7.)

Le Braz, Anatole.

By Frances M. Gostling. Cath. W. Jun. (123:326.)

LEE, MUNA.

Washington Irving. L. Rev. Jul. 3. (8.)

LEFÈVRE, FRÉDÉRIC.

G. K. Chesterton. Liv. A. Jun. 6, '25. (325:523.)

LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD.

Lafcadio Hearn. Int. Mar. (4:251.)

LELAND, MARION R.

Alice Duer Miller. L. Rev. May 8. (7.)

LENIN, NIKOLAI.

Count Lyof Tolstoy. Liv. A. Jan. 9. (328:102.)

LEVINGER, ELMER EHRlich.

Alexander Kuprin. Am. H. Nov. 27, '25. (118:67.)

LEWISOHN, LUDWIG.

Thomas Mann. Nat. (N. Y.) Dec. 9, '25. (121:667.)

Lhevinne, Isadore.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jun. 27. (15.)

By Ernest Sutherland Bates. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Aug. 21. (3:53.)

LISSAUER, ERNST.

Hans Christian Andersen. Liv. A. Dec. 5, '25. (327:542.)

Litchfield, Grace Denio.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jun. 13. (9.)

Locke, William J.

By Frances Carson Platt. Int. Jun. (4:435.)

London, Jack.

By Calvin B. Houck. Over. Apr. (84:103.) May. (84:136.)

LONGSTRETH, T. MORRIS.

Robert Louis Stevenson. St. Nich. Nov., '25. (53:26.)

LOVEMAN, AMY.

Walter de la Mare. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 19, '25. (2:427.)

Love Stories.

By Ruth Seinfel. Books. Jan. 24. (18.)

LOVETT, ROBERT MORSS.

American Short Story. Dial. Jun. (80:517.)

British Short Story. Dial. Jun. (80:517.)

Anton Chekhov. N. Rep. Nov. 4, '25. (44:286.)

Robert Louis Stevenson. N. Rep. Mar. 10. (46:77.)

Low, WILL H.

Robert Louis Stevenson. Book. (N. Y.) Nov., '25. (57:340.)

LOWES, JOHN LIVINGSTON.

Thomas Hardy. Yale. Apr. (15:515.)

Lyons, A. Neil.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Apr. 4. (9.)

M

M., L.

André Maurois. N. Rep. Aug. 25. (48:26.)

MABBOTT, THOMAS O.

Edgar Allan Poe. Yale. Apr. (15:603.)

McAfee, HELEN.

Booth Tarkington. N. A. Rev. Mar.-Apr.-May. (223:168.)

McFall, Haldane.

By Harry Salpeter. World. Oct. 11, '25. (4 M.)

Machen, Arthur.

By Cuthbert Wright. Com. Aug. 18. (4:365.)

MacKaye, Percy.

By Ernest Sutherland Bates. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 10. (2:913.)

By Margery Williams Bianco. Books. Jul. 25. (6.)

By Gamaliel Bradford. L. Rev. May 22. (4.)

By Percy A. Hutchison. N. Y. Times. May 30. (1.)

By George Philip Krapp. Book. (N. Y.) Aug. (63:710.)

McKenna, Stephen.

By John A. Weaver. Int. Oct., '25. (3:728.)

MACY, JOHN.

Manuel Komroff. Books. Oct. 11, '25. (11.)

MALKUS, ALIDA S.

Don Marquis. Suc. Nov., '25. (15.)

MANKIEWICZ, HERMAN J.

Stephen Crane. N. Y. Times. Jan. 10. (7.)

Mann, Thomas.

By William A. Drake. Books. Dec. 27, '25. (7.)

By Ludwig Lewisohn. Nat. (N. Y.) Dec. 9, '25. (121:667.)

Mansfield, Katharine.

By John W. Crawford. Int. Apr. (4:334.) N. Y. Times. Jan. 31. (2.)

By Louise Townsend Nicholl. N. Y. Sun. Jan. 23. (7.)

MARKEY, MORRIS.

Wilfranc Hubbard. World. Feb. 7. (6 M.)

Marquis, Don.

By Alida S. Malkus. Suc. Nov., '25. (15.)

MARSHALL, LENORE G.

Eden Phillpotts. Books. Aug. 29. (10.)

MARX, OLGA.

Jakob Wassermann. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 22. (2:806.)

MASSON, THOMAS L.

André Maurois. L. Rev. Jun. 5. (2.)

MATTHEWS, BRANDER.

Edgar Allan Poe. Int. Jul. (4:478.)

Maupassant, Guy de.

Anonymous. Liv. A. Oct. 31, '25. (327:43.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Nov. 4, '25. (26.)

By Gilbert Seldes. Dial. Mar. (80:252.)

Maurois, André.

By Clifton P. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) Aug. 25. (123:178.)

By Herbert S. Gorman. N. Y. Times. May 23. (5.)

By L. M. N. Rep. Aug. 25. (48:26.)

- By Thomas L. Masson. L. Rev. Jun. 5. (2.)
 By Paul Morand. Dial. Jun. (80:503.)
 By Janet Ramsay. Books. Jun. 6. (5.)
 By Paul Souday. N. Y. Times. May 9. (12.)
- MAURY, JEAN WEST.
 Theodore Dreiser. Int. Mar. (4:223.)
- MAYER, FREDERICK P.
 John Metcalfe. Va. Jul. (2:454.) Int. Aug. (4:586.)
 Alice Hegan Rice and Cale Young Rice. Va. Jul. (2:454.)
- MEADOWS, GEORGE D.
 Edith O'Shaughnessy. Com. Jul. 28. (4:312.)
 Edith Wharton. Cath. W. Aug. (123:715.)
- MENCKEN, H. L.
 American Short Story. World. Oct. 25, '25. (6 M.) Nov. 1, '25.
 (6 M.)
 Kenneth Burke. A. Merc. Nov., '25. (6:379.)
 "O. Henry." World. Oct. 25, '25. (6 M.)
 Manuel Komroff. A. Merc. Nov., '25. (6:379.)
 Ring W. Lardner. A. Merc. Jun. (8:254.)
 Edgar Allan Poe. Nat. (N. Y.) Mar. 17. (122:289.) World.
 Nov. 1, '25. (6 M.)
- Merrick, Leonard.
 By John W. Crawford. Int. Jan. (4:90.)
 By Rose C. Feld. N. Y. Times. Nov. 22, '25. (2.)
 By Louise Maunsell Field. Int. Jan. (4:89.)
 By Flora Merrill. World. Dec. 18, '25. (7 M.)
 By Betty Ross. J. T. Jan. 1. (8.)
- MERRILL, FLORA.
 Sherwood Anderson. Suc. Mar. (55.)
 Thomas Burke. World. Aug. 15. (1 M.)
 Theodore Dreiser. Suc. Nov., '25. (20.)
 Leonard Merrick. World. Dec. 18, '25. (7 M.)
 Booth Tarkington. Suc. Feb. (19.)
- METCALF, JOHN CALVIN.
 Robert Louis Stevenson. Va. Apr. (2:290.)
- Metcalfe, John.
 Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 2. (9.)
 By Margaret Cuthbert. L. Rev. Mar. 27. (5.)
 By Lillian F. Hellman. Books. May 9. (12.)
 By Frederick P. Mayer. Va. Jul. (2:454.) Int. Aug. (4:586.)
 By Dorothy Bacon Woolsey. N. Rep. Jul. 21. (47:263.)
- Miller, Alice Duer.
 By Harriet Henry. Int. Jun. (4:455.)
 By Marian R. Leland. L. Rev. May 8. (7.)
- Molnar, Ferenc.
 By John W. Crawford. N. Y. Times. Jun. 13. (9.) World. Apr.
 18. (7 M.)
 By Elinor Hillyer. L. Rev. May 8. (7.)
 By Louis Kronenberger. Books. Jun. 6. (11.)
- MONTENEGRO, ERNESTO.
 Eça de Queiroz. Int. Oct., '25. (3:715.)
 Horacio Quiroga. N. Y. Times. Oct. 25, '25. (10.)

Moon, Lorna.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 27, '25. (17.)

Moore, George.

By Padraic Colum. Book. (N. Y.) Jul. (63:555.)

MORAND, PAUL.

André Maurois. Dial. Jun. (80:503.)

Morand, Paul.

Anonymous. Books. Feb. 21. (19.)

Anonymous. N. Rep. Nov. 11, '25. (44:312.)

By Herschel Brickell. L. Rev. Oct. 17, '25. (3.)

By Edward Davison. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 16. (2:491.)

By William A. Drake. Books. Jan. 10. (9.)

By Alice Beal Parsons. Nat. (N. Y.) Feb. 17. (122:184.)

By Gilbert Seldes. Dial. Mar. (80:252.)

By Sidney Shultz. Int. Dec., '25. (4:54.)

MORRIS, LAWRENCE S.

Joseph Conrad. N. Rep. May 12. (46:383.)

MORRISON, MARY GRAY.

Harriet Prescott Spofford. Book. (N. Y.) Nov., '25. (57:315.)

MOTT, FRANK LUTHER.

American Short Story. Mid. Aug. (12:251.)

MOULT, THOMAS.

Joseph Conrad. Yale. Oct., '25. (15:165.)

MUIR, EDWIN.

Aldous Huxley. Nat. (N. Y.) Feb. 10. (122:144.)

James Joyce. Nat. (N. Y.) Oct. 14, '25. (121:421.)

Virginia Woolf. Nat. (N. Y.) Jun. 30. (122:721.)

MUMFORD, LEWIS.

Fyodor Dostoevsky. N. Rep. Aug. 11. (47:340.)

Musset, Alfred de.

By H. W. Boynton. N. Y. Sun. Oct. 3, '25. (7.)

N

Næff, Top.

By Henriette Hendrix Holst. N. Y. Times. Dec. 6, '25. (9.)

NAZAROFF, ALEXANDER I.

Fyodor Dostoevsky. Int. Aug. (4:575.)

Nikolay Gogol. N. Y. Times. May 23. (14.)

Alexander Pushkin. N. Y. Times. May 23. (14.)

Count Lyof Tolstoy. N. Y. Times. Apr. 11. (1.) Aug. 29. (1.)

Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 17. (2:938.)

NEAL, ROBERT W.

Julian Street. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Aug. 7. (3:30.)

NEUMANN, PAUL.

Robert Louis Stevenson. L. Rev. Dec. 26, '25. (6.) Jun. 19. (5.)

NEVINS, ALLAN.

Wilbur Daniel Steele. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 29. (2:822.)

NEWMAN, FRANCES.

American Short Story. N. Y. Times. Feb. 7. (16.) Book. (N. Y.)

Mar. (63:90.) Apr. (63:186.) Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 22. (2:806.)

- British Short Story. N. Y. Times. Feb. 7. (16.) Book. (N. Y.) Mar. (63:90.)
 Aldous Huxley. Books. Jun. 6. (6.)
 Ring W. Lardner. L. Rev. Apr. 10. (3.)
 Anne Douglas Sedgwick. L. Rev. Jun. 12. (2.)
 Short Story. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 22. (2:806.)
 Edith Wharton. L. Rev. May 22. (2.)
 NICHOLL, LOUISE TOWNSEND.
 Octavus Roy Cohen. L. Rev. Mar. 20. (7.)
 Katherine Mansfield. N. Y. Sun. Jan. 23. (7.)
 NILES, ABBÉ.
 Baron Frederick Corvo. N. Rep. Jan. 20. (45:248.)
 NOBLE, FRANCIS L. H.
 Rudyard Kipling. World. Jan. 8. (8 M.)
 NOVAK, ARNE.
 K. M. Capek-Chod. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 9. (2:481.)

O

- O'Brien, Fitz James.
 By Joseph Lewis French. Book. (N. Y.) Jun. (63:445.)
 By Joseph Wood Krutch. World. Nov. 1, '25. (6 M.)
 By Johan J. Smertenko. Nat. (N. Y.) Apr. 7. (122:371.)
 By Marya Zaturenska. Books. Nov. 22, '25. (10.)
 O'Flaherty, Liam.
 Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jul. 4. (6.)
 By Alice Beal Parsons. Books. Jul. 4. (10.)
 By Harry Salpeter. World. Jun. 6. (4 M.)
 OLMSTED, STANLEY.
 Anton Chekhov. L. Rev. Jan. 30. (4.)
 Onions, Oliver.
 By Clemence Dane. Book. (N. Y.) Apr. (63:166.)
 Orczy, Baroness.
 Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 7. (25.)
 O'REILLY, JAMES P.
 James Joyce. Liv. A. Oct. 31, '25. (327:250.)
 OSGOOD, CHARLES G.
 Madame de Charrière. ("Zélide.") L. Rev. May 1. (2:751.)
 O'Shaughnessy, Edith.
 Anonymous. N. Rep. Dec. 16, '25. (45:119.)
 Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Nov. 15, '25. (8.)
 By Eva Goldbeck. L. Rev. Nov. 28, '25. (5.)
 By Lilian F. Hellman. Books. Jan. 10. (11.)
 By George D. Meadows. Com. Jul. 28. (4:312.)
 By Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt. Cath. W. Feb. (122:709.)
 OVERTON, GRANT.
 "E. Barrington." Book. (N. Y.) Aug. (63:669.)

P

- Palacio Valdes, Armando.
 By William A. Drake. Books. Jan. 17. (7.)
 PALMER, VANCE.
 Henry Lawson. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 19, '25. (2:433.)

Panchatantra.

By Charles Johnston. N. Y. Times. Nov. 29, '25. (2.)

By Stuart P. Sherman. Books. Dec. 13, '25. (1.)

PARKER, RALPH.

Rupert Hughes. Suc. Jan. (78.)

PARNACH, VALENTINE.

"Babel." Men. J. Jun.-Jul. (12:302.)

PARSONS, ALICE BEAL.

Paul Morand. Nat. (N. Y.) Feb. 17. (122:184.)

Liam O'Flaherty. Books. Jul. 4. (10.)

PATTEE, FRED LEWIS.

American Short Story. N. Y. Sun. Dec. 5, '25. (8.)

William Austin. N. Y. Sun. Dec. 26, '25. (6.)

Princess Elizabeth Bibesco. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 20. (7.)

Francis Bret Harte. Books. Jun. 20. (4.)

Lafcadio Hearn. N. Y. Sun. Nov. 14, '25. (9.)

PEARSON, EDMUND.

Robert Louis Stevenson. Outl. (N. Y.) Mar. 3. (142:336.)

PHELPS, WILLIAM LYON.

Thomas Hardy. Int. Jan. (4:109.)

PHILLIPS, HENRY ALBERT.

Hugh Walpole. Dear. Ind. May 1. (2.)

Phillipotts, Eden.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jun. 27. (8.)

By Ernest Sutherland Bates. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Aug. 7. (3:23.)

By Louise Maunsell Field. L. Rev. Jul. 31. (5.)

By Leonore G. Marshall. Books. Aug. 29. (10.)

By Harry Salpeter. World. Jun. 27. (4 M.)

Pirandello, Luigi.

By William A. Drake. Books. Oct. 25, '25. (14.)

By Edward Storer. Liv. A. May 22. (329:415.)

PLATT, FRANCES CARSON.

W. J. Locke. Int. Jun. (4:435.)

Poe, Edgar Allan.

By Hervey Allen. N. Y. Times. Oct. 18, '25. (1.) Mar. 21. (7.)

By Edwin Björkman. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 27. (7.)

By Ernest Boyd. Ind. Mar. 20. (116:333.)

By Percy H. Boynton. N. Rep. Jun. 9. (47:92.)

By Stanton A. Coblenz. Int. Apr. (4:326.)

By Paul Crowley. Com. Jun. 2. (4:109.)

By Norman Foerster. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Mar. 6. (2:607.) Jun. 5 (2:834.)

By Waldo Frank. N. Rep. Dec. 30, '25. (45:163.)

By Armistead C. Gordon, Jr. Int. Jul. (4:480.)

By Herbert S. Gorman. World. Oct. 25, '25. (7 M.)

By Merritt Y. Hughes. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 6. (2:546.)

By H. J. Ind. May 15. (116:582.)

By Joseph Wood Krutch. A. Merc. Nov., '25. (6:349.) Books. Oct. 25, '25. (6.) May 2. (19.) Nat. (N. Y.) Oct. 28, '25. (121:518.) Mar. 17. (122:285.)

By Thomas O. Mabbott. Yale. Apr. (15:603.)

By Brander Matthews. Int. Jul. (4:478.)

- By H. L. Mencken. Nat. (N. Y.) Mar. 17. (122:289.) World.
Nov. 1, '25. (6 M.)
- By Lorine Pruette. Book. (N. Y.) Jun. (63:483.)
- By James Rorty. N. Mass. Jun. (23.)
- By Stuart P. Sherman. Books. Mar. 21. (1.)
- By Charles Willis Thompson. Int. Dec., '25. (4:14.)
- By J. Ranken Towse. L. Rev. Nov. 7, '25. (1.) L. Rev. Apr.
3. (2.)
- By Carl Van Doren. Cen. Apr. (111:766.)
- By M. R. Werner. World. Mar. 14. (6 M.)
- By J. H. Whitty. Books. Feb. 21. (17.)
- By James Southall Wilson. Va. Apr. (2:238.)
- POTAMKIN, HARRY ALAN.
Paul Eldridge. L. Rev. Apr. 10. (6.)
- POWYS, LLEWELYN.
Richard Garnett. Nat. (N. Y.) Jun. 9. (122:648.)
Wilfranc Hubbard. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Mar. 20. (648.)
- Powys, Llewelyn.
By John A. Weaver. Int. Oct., '25. (3:728.)
- PRIESTLEY, J. B.
Joseph Hergesheimer. Book. (N. Y.) May. (63:272.)
- PRINGLE, HENRY F.
F. Scott Fitzgerald. World. Feb. 28. (6 M.)
- PRUETTE, LORINE.
Edgar Allan Poe. Book. (N. Y.) Jun. (63:483.)
- PURDY, THEODORE, JR.
Comte Arthur de Gobineau. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 27. (2:587.)
- Pushkin, Alexander.
By John Cournos. L. Rev. Jun. 12. (6.)
By Babette Deutsch. N. Rep. Jul. 7. (47:206.)
By Alexander I. Nazaroff. N. Y. Times. May 23. (14.)
- PUTNAM, GEORGE HAVEN.
Washington Irving. For. Mar. (75:397.)

Q

- Queiroz, Eça de.
By Ernesto Montenegro. Int. Oct., '25. (3:715.)
- Quiroga, Horacio.
By Ernesto Montenegro. N. Y. Times. Oct. 25, '25. (10.)

R

- R., D.
Anatole France. Echo. Nov., '25. (9.)
- RAMSAY, JANET.
André Maurois. Books. Jun. 6. (5.)
- "RANDOM, RODERICK."
W. L. George. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Mar. 13. (2:633.)
- RASCOE, BURTON.
Anatole France. World. Jul. 4. (8 S.)
- REDMAN, BEN RAY.
A. E. Coppard. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Nov. 21, '25.

- REILLY, JOSEPH J.
American Short Story. Cath. W. Jul. (123:570.)
- REUTER, GABRIELE.
Hans Frank. N. Y. Times. Jun. 20. (19.)
- Reymont, Ladislav.
By Franck L. Schoell. Int. Jan. (4:87.)
- Rice, Cale Young and Alice Hegan.
By Frederick P. Mayer. Va. Jul. (2:454.)
- RIDGE, LOLA.
Emanuel Carnevali. N. Rep. Mar. 3. (46:51.)
- RIESENBERG, FELIX.
Joseph Conrad. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 24. (2:736.)
- RINEHART, ALAN.
Louis Becke. Book. (N. Y.) Feb. (62:674.)
- ROBERTS, CECIL.
Joseph Conrad. Liv. A. Feb. 6. (328:308.)
- Robertson, Morgan.
By G. S. Wykoff. Books. Feb. 14. (10.)
- Rode, Edith.
By Julius Clausen. Scan. Jun. (14:355.)
- RODGERS, JOHN T.
Edith Wharton. N. A. Rev. Jun.-Jul.-Aug. (223:375.)
- RORTY, JAMES.
F. Scott Fitzgerald. N. Mass. Jul. (26.)
Edgar Allan Poe. N. Mass. Jun. (23.)
- ROSENFELD, PAUL.
Emanuel Carnevali. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Mar. 12. (2:629.)
Ernest Hemingway. N. Rep. Nov. 25, '25. (45:22.)
Gertrude Stein. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 2. (2:462.)
- ROSS, BETTY.
David Freedman. J. T. Jul. 16. (3.)
Leonard Merrick. J. T. Jan. 1. (8.)
- ROSS, MARY.
American Short Story. Books. Mar. 28. (18.)
British Short Story. Books. Mar. 28. (18.)
Robert Herrick. Books. Nov. 1, '25. (5.)

S

- SALPETER, HARRY.
Gilbert Keith Chesterton. World. Jul. 18. (4 M.)
Maxim Gorky. Int. Oct., '25. (3:723.)
Lafcadio Hearn. World. Oct. 11, '25. (4 M.)
Aldous Huxley. World. May 16. (5 M.)
Haldane McFall. World. Oct. 11, '25. (4 M.)
Liam O'Flaherty. World. Jun. 6. (4 M.)
Eden Phillpotts. World. Jun. 27. (4 M.)
- SCHNITTKIND, HENRY T.
Paul Eldridge. Strat. Aug. (30.)
- SCHNITZLER, ARTHUR.
Arthur Schnitzler. Am. H. Aug. 20. (119:407.)
- Schnitzler, Arthur.
By Arthur Schnitzler. Am. H. Aug. 20. (119:407.)
By Sidney Shultz. Int. Dec., '25. (4:66.)

SCHOELL, FRANCK L.

Ladislas Reymont. Int. Jan. (4:87.)

SCOTT, TEMPLE.

Frank Harris. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 13. (2:554.)

Sedgwick, Anne Douglas.

By Jeannette Eaton. Int. Nov., '25. (3:797.)

By Grace Frank. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 29. (2:822.)

By Frances Newman. L. Rev. Jun. 12. (2.)

By Dorothy Bacon Woolsey. N. Rep. Jul. 21. (47:263.)

SEINFEL, RUTH.

American Short Story. Jun. 27. (10.)

Love Stories. Books. Jan. 24. (18.)

Elsie Singmaster. Books. Feb. 21. (16.)

SELDES, GILBERT.

Guy de Maupassant. Dial. Mar. (80:252.)

Paul Morand. Dial. Mar. (80:252.)

Stefan Zweig. Dial. Mar. (80:252.)

SELIGMANN, HERBERT J.

Ernest Hemingway. N. Y. Sun. Oct. 17, '25. (7.)

D. H. Lawrence. N. Y. Sun. Oct. 10, '25. (7.)

SHAND, JOHN.

"Michael Arlen." Liv. A. Apr. 10. (329:109.)

SHERMAN, STUART P.

Anton Chekhov. Books. Nov. 15, '25. (1.)

Panchatantra. Books. Dec. 13, '25. (1.)

Edgar Allan Poe. Books. Mar. 21. (1.)

Robert Louis Stevenson. Books. Oct. 25, '25. (1.) Dec. 20, '25. (1.)

SHIPLEY, JOSEPH T.

Sir J. M. Barrie. L. Rev. Jan. 16. (12.)

Comte Arthur de Gobineau. L. Rev. Oct. 31, '25. (4.)

Lafcadio Hearn. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 3, '25. (2:172.)

Manuel Komroff. L. Rev. Oct. 24, '25. (6.)

SHORE, W. TEIGNMOUTH.

John Galsworthy. Dear. Ind. Jul. 10. (2.)

SHORT, LIONEL G.

Princess Elizabeth Bibesco. L. Rev. Mar. 27. (4.)

Rudyard Kipling. L. Rev. May 15. (5.)

Short Story.

Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Jan. 21. (16.)

By Herschel Brickell. L. Rev. Jan. 16. (5.)

By T. C. Com. May 26. (4:82.)

By John W. Crawford. N. Y. Times. Jan. 24. (12.)

By Margaret Evans. Books. Nov. 29, '25. (13.)

By Mary Kolars. Books. May 16. (17.)

By Joseph Wood Krutch. World. Feb. 21.

By Frances Newman. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 22. (2:806.)

By Johan J. Smertenko. Nat. (N. Y.) Jun. 9. (122:644.)

SHORTT, LILIAN M.

Hans Christian Andersen. Scan. Oct., '25. (13:595.)

SHULTZ, SIDNEY.

Paul Morand. Int. Dec., '25. (4:54.)

Arthur Schnitzler. Int. Dec., '25. (4:66.)

- SHUSTER, GEORGE N.
F. Scott Fitzgerald. Com. Apr. 7. (3:613.)
- SIDBURY, EDNA CRANE.
Stephen Crane. Int. Mar. (4:248.)
- SIEGRIST, MARY.
Irving Bacheller. Suc. Jan. (68.)
Hamlin Garland. Suc. Dec., '25. (42.)
- SIMPSON, HELEN.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 14. (8.)
Anonymous. World. Feb. 14. (6 M.)
By C. E. Y. N. Rep. May 19. (46:415.)
- SINGMASTER, ELSIE.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Nov. 8, '25. (9.)
By Ruth Seinfeld. Books. Feb. 21. (16.)
- SKINNER, HENRIETTA DANA.
Edith Wharton. Com. Jun. 2. (4:110.)
- SLAFF, ELIZABETH W.
Maxim Gorky. Int. May. (4:355.)
- SMERTENKO, JOHAN J.
Conrad Aiken. Nat. (N. Y.) Apr. 7. (122:371.)
American Short Story. Nat. (N. Y.) Apr. 7. (122:371.)
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 Easter Torch. Bercovici D. 129.
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- CATS, JACOB. (1577-1660.) (*Dutch.*)
 Higher the Flight, the Lower the Fall. Clark. 575.

- CECH, SVATOPLUK. (1846-1908.)
(See 1922.) (*Czech.*)
Folty'n's Drum. Clark. 850.
CERVANTES DE SAAVEDRA, MIGUEL.
(1547-1616.) (*Spanish.*)
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CHARRIERE, MADAME DE. ("ZE-
LIDE.") (*French.*) [75.
Letters from Lausanne. Charrière.
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Mistress Henley. Charrière. 31.
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CHAUMET, HENRI. (*French.*)
Resurrection. Eaton D. 173.
CHEKHOV, ANTON PAVLOVICH.
(1861-1904.) (See 1925.) (*Rus-
sian.*)
Awkward Situation. Chamot. 256.
Bet. Clark. 676.
Party. Bercovici D. 467.
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CINTHIO, GIOVAN BATTISTA GIRALDI.
(1504-1573.) (*Italian.*)
Greek Merchant. Clark. 428.
"CLARIN." (*Spanish.*) See ALAS,
LEOPOLDO.
COPPEE, FRANCOIS. (See 1918.)
(*French.*)
Substitute. Clark. 371.
COSTER, CHARLES DE. (1827-1879.)
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D

- DAHL, ANDRE. (*French.*)
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183.
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NETTA. (1863-) (See 1920.)
(*Italian.*)
Hero. Clark. 461.
DARIO, RUBEN. (1867-1916.) (See
1920.) (*Nicaraguan.*)
Deaf Satyr. Clark. 923.
DAUDET, ALPHONSE. (1840-1897.)
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Strange Adventure of Mr. Archi-
bald Hett. Eaton C. 17.
DERENNES, CHARLES. (1882-)
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DILL, LIESBET. (*German.*)
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115.

- DOMINIQUE, PIERRE. (1889-)
(*French.*)
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DOSTOIEVSKY, FYODOR MIKHAILO-
VICH. (1821-1881.) (See
1921.) (*Russian.*)
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F

- FALKBERGET, JOHAN. (1879-)
(*Norwegian.*)
Gipsy Girl. Gipsy. 207.
FERNANDEZ-GARCIA, RICARDO. (1867-
) (*Costa Rican.*)
Chivalry. Clark. 897.
FIRDAUSI, ABUL KASIM MANSUR.
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Jamshid and Zuhak. Clark. 76.
FIRENZUOLA, AGNOLO. (1493-1546.)
(*Italian.*)
Friar of Novara. Clark. 422.
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(*Italian.*)
Peasant's Will. Clark. 441.
"FRANCE, ANATOLE." (JACQUES-
ANATOLE THIBAUT.) 1844-
1924.) (See 1921.) (*French.*)
Our Lady's Juggler. Clark. 378.
Procurator of Judea. Bercovici D.
19.

G

- GARCIA-CALDERON, VENTURA. (1890-
) (*Peruvian.*)
Legend of Pygmalion. Clark.
912.
GARSHIN, VSEVOLOD MIKHAILOVICH.
(1855-1888.) (See 1920.) (*Rus-
sian.*)
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Red Flower. Chamot. 235.
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225.
GAUTIER, THEOPHILE. (1811-1872.)
(See 1922.) (*French.*)
Mummy's Foot. Clark. 348.
GELLERT, CHRISTIAN. (1715-1769.)
(*German.*)
Sick Wife. Clark. 251.
GIOVANNI, SER. (circa 1380.)
(*Italian.*)
Galgano. Clark. 398.
GOBINEAU, JOSEPH ARTHUR, COMTE
DE. (1816-1882.) (See 1925.)
(*French.*)
Dancing Girl of Shamakha. Go-
bineau B. 1.
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219.

GOBINEAU, JOSEPH ARTHUR, COMTE DE. (*Contd.*)
Lovers of Kandahar. Gobineau B. 85.

Story of Gamber-Ali. Gobineau B. 275.

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GOGOL, NIKOLAI VASILIEVICH. (1809-1852.) (*See* 1923.) (*Russian.*)

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St. John's Eve. Clark. 632.

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Terrible Revenge. Gogol C. 204.

GOLDSCHMIDT, MEYER ARON. (1819-1887.) (*Danish.*)

Henrik and Rosalie. Clark. 760.

"GORKY, MAXIM." (ALEXEI MAXIMOVICH PYESHKOV.) (1868 or 1869-) (*See* 1925.) (*Russian.*)

Bortzoffian Philosophy. Eaton C. 394.

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Khan and His Son. Chamot. 299.

Makar Chudra. Bercovici D. 153.

Gipsy. 27.

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GOTTFRIED VON STRASSBURG. (?-*circ.* 1210.) (*German.*)

Coming of Gandin. Clark. 238.

GOZZI, CARLO. (1720-1806.) (*Italian.*)

Venetian Silk Mercer. Clark. 431.

GRIMM, JAKOB (1775-1863), and WILHELM. (1776-1859.) (*German.*)

Little Briar-Rose. Clark. 254.

GRUBINSKI, WACLAW. (*Polish.*)

Jerzy. Eaton C. 333.

H

HALLSTROM, PER. (1866-) (*See* 1923.) (*Swedish.*)

Falcon. Clark. 795.

HEIJERMANS, HERMAN. (1864-1924.) (*Dutch.*)

Grandfather's Birthday Present. Clark. 587.

HELIODORUS. (3rd century B.C.) (*Greek.*)

Robbers of Egypt. Clark. 33.

HERODOTUS. (B.C. 484-424.) (*Greek.*)

King Rhampsinitus and the Thief. Clark. 27.

HEYSE, PAUL. (1830-?). (*German.*)

Fury. Clark. 270.

HOFFMANN, ERNST THEODOR AMADEUS. (1776-1822.) (*See* 1924.) (*German.*)

Story of Serapion. Clark. 256.

HOMER. (*circa* 1000 B.C.) (*Greek.*)

Eumæus' Tale. Clark. 23.

I

IVANOV, DIMITR. *See* "PELIN, ELIN."

J

JACOBSEN, JENS PETER. (1847-1885.) (*Danish.*)

Two Worlds. Clark. 767.

JANSON, FURE. (1886-) (*Swedish.*)

Shadow of a Swallow. Eaton C. 103.

JIVADINOVIC, STOJAN V. (*Jugoslav.*)

Adopted Waif. Eaton C. 288.

JOKAI, MAURUS. (1825-1904.) (*Hungarian.*)

Ball. Clark. 600.

JORGA, M. (1871-) (*Rumanian.*)

Emperor's Daughter. Eaton C. 386.

K

KELLER, GOTTFRIED. (1819-1890.) (*German Swiss.*)

Legend of the Dance. Clark. 265.

KENAAN, HUSSEIN. (*Turkish.*)

Spent Stars. Eaton C. 511.

KISFALUDI, KAROLY. (1788-1830.) (*Hungarian.*)

Invisible Wound. Clark. 594.

KOROLENKO, VLADIMIR GALAKTIONOVICH. (1853-1921.) (*See* 1921.) (*Russian.*)

Old Bell Ringer. Clark. 664.

KUPRIN, ALEXANDER. (1870-) (*See* 1925.) (*Russian.*)

In the Bowels of the Earth. Eaton C. 402.

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L

LAGERLOF, SELMA. (1858-) (*Swedish.*)

Eclipse. Clark. 792.

LAFONTAINE, JEAN DE. (1621-1695.) (*French.*)

Four Friends. Clark. 316.

- LAZAREVICH, LAZAR K. (1851-1890.) (*See 1921.*) (*Serbian.*)
 At the Well. Clark. 834.
 LEMONNIER, CAMILLE. (1844-1913.) (*French.*)
 Soul of Veere. Clark. 814.
 LERMONTOV, MIKHAIL YURIEVICH. (1814-1841.) (*See 1921.*) (*Russian.*)
 Ashik-Keriv. Chamot. 97.
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 "LIBIN, S." (ISRAEL HURWITZ.) (1872-) (*Yiddish.*)
 Picnic. Clark. 731.
 LIVIUS, TITUS. (59 B.C.-17 A.D.) (*Latin.*)
 Horatius at the Bridge. Clark. 39.

M

- MACCHIAVELLI, NICCOLO. (1469-1527.) (*See 1921.*) (*Italian.*)
 Belphegor. Clark. 410.
 MACORLAN, PIERRE. (1863-) (*See 1925.*) (*French.*)
 At the Marie-Madeleine Hospital. Eaton D. 257.
 MAETERLINCK, MAURICE. (1862-) (*French.*)
 Massacre of the Innocents. Clark. 807.
 MANUEL, JUAN. (*circa 1280-1347.*) (*Spanish.*)
 Son and His Friends. Clark. 474.
 MARIE DE FRANCE. (*circa 1150-1200.*) (*French.*)
 Lay of the Two Lovers. Clark. 303.
 MARMONTEL, J. F. (1723-1799.) (*French.*)
 Lausus and Lydia. Clark. 322.
 MASUCCIO GUARDATO. (*15th century.*) (*Italian.*)
 Cavalier of Toledo. Clark. 405.
 MATOS, ANTUN GUSTAV. (1873-1914.) (*Croatian.*)
 Neighbor. Clark. 824.
 MAUPASSANT, HENRI-RENE-ALBERT-GUY DE. (1850-1893.) (*See 1925.*) (*French.*)
 Alexander. Maupassant N. 73.
 Allouma. Maupassant N. 80.
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 Baroness. Maupassant M. 59.
 Beside the Bed. Maupassant L. 178.
 Boitelle. Maupassant N. 125.
 Ca Ira. Maupassant L. 150.
 Checkmate. Maupassant M. 27.
 Confession. Maupassant M. 104.
 Country Courts. Maupassant L. 111.
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 Dead Woman. Maupassant N. 206.
 Divorce. Maupassant M. 114.
 Divorce Case. Maupassant N. 47.
 Drowned Man. Maupassant M. 211.
 Duchoux. Maupassant N. 177.
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 Hantot and His Son. Maupassant N. 108.
 Hermit. Maupassant L. 216.
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 Little Soldier. Maupassant L. 188.
 Love. Rhys C. 189.
 Madame Hermet. Maupassant N. 225.
 Madame Husson's May King. Maupassant M. 1.
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 Mademoiselle Pearl. Maupassant L. 227.
 Martin's Girl. Maupassant M. 84.
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 One Evening. Maupassant N. 150.
 One Night's Entertainment. Maupassant M. 94.
 Orderly. Maupassant N. 135.
 Portrait. Maupassant N. 26.
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GUY DE. (*Contd.*)
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MAUROIS, ANDRE. (*French.*)
It Was Monsieur de Balzac's
Fault. Maurois. 89.
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Portrait of an Actress. Maurois.
149.
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MENDES, CATULLE-ABRAHAM. (1841-
1909.) (*French.*)
Lost Words of Love. Bercovici
D. 103.
MENDOZA, DIEGO HURTAGO DE.
(1503-1574.) (*Spanish.*)
How Lazaro Served a Bulero.
Clark. 478.
MERIMEE, PROSPER. (1803-1870.)
(*See* 1925.) (*French.*)
Mateo Falcone. Clark. 338.
MIKZSATH, KALOMAN. (1849-1922.)
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Grass of Lohina. Gipsy. 181.
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MILLE, PIERRE. (1864-) (*See*
1925.) (*French.*)
How It All Happened. Eaton D.
286.
MIOMANDRE, FRANCIS DE. (1880-
) (*French.*)
Prodigal Son and His Father.
Eaton D. 309.
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JORGEN.
MOLNAR, FERENC. (1878-)
(*Hungarian.*)
Derelict Boat. Molnar. 169.
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MORAND, PAUL. (1888-) (*See*
1925.) (*French.*)
I Burn Moscow. Eaton D. 349.
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113.
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MILLER, FRIEDRICH. (1889-)
(*German.*)
Cameroons Dreams. Eaton C.
137.

"MULTATULI." (EDUARD DOUWES
DEKKER.) (1820-1887.) (*See*
1922.) (*Dutch.*)
Saidjah. Bercovici D. 339. Clark.
576.

N

NAVARRÉ, MARGUERITE DE. (1492-
1549.) (*French.*)
Pious Lady and the Gray Friar.
Clark. 307.
NERUDA, JAN. (1834-1891.) (*See*
1925.) (*Czech.*)
Vampire. Clark. 847.

O

OGWAI, MORI. (1860-1922.) (*See*
1918.) (*Japanese.*)
Pier. Clark. 565.
OVIDIUS NASO, PUBLIUS. (43 B.C.-
18 A.D.) (*Latin.*)
Orpheus and Eurydice. Clark. 41.

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PEKAR, JULIUS DE. (1867-)
(*Hungarian.*)
Akom the Eternal. Eaton C.
220.
"PELIN, ELIN." (DIMITR IVANOV.)
1878-) (*Bulgarian.*)
Beside the Mill. Eaton C. 36.
Commissioner's Christmas. Clark.
890.
PEREZ, J. L. (1851-1915.) (*Yid-
dish.*)
Bontje the Silent. Bercovici D.
61.
Woman's Wrath. Clark. 722.
PEROCHON, ERNEST. (1865-)
(*French.*)
Tiptoes. Eaton D. 371.
PERRAULT, CHARLES. (1628-1703.)
(*French.*)
Little Red Riding-Hood. Clark.
314.
PETRONIUS ARBITER, GAIUS. (?-
66 A.D.) (*See* 1925.) (*Latin.*)
Matron of Ephesus. Clark. 44.
PETTINI, ADA. (*Italian.*)
Signor Giacomino's Little Slip.
Eaton C. 260.
PHÆDRUS. (15 B.C.-55 A.D.?)
(*Latin.*)
Shipwreck of Simonides. Clark.
43.
PILNIAK, BORIS. (*See* 1925.) (*Rus-
sian.*)
Year of Their Lives. Rhys C.
128.
PINSKI, DAVID. (1872-) (*See*
1920.) (*Yiddish.*)
In the Storm. Clark. 743.

- PIRANDELLO, LUIGI. (1867-)
(See 1925.) (Italian.)
Tight Frock Coat. Eaton C. 244.
PLINIUS CÆCILIVS SECUNDUS,
CAIUS. (62-113.) (Latin.)
Haunted House. Clark. 47.
PROLLES, CONVARD DE. (French.)
"Misery Game." Eaton D. 393.
"PRUS, BOLESŁAW." (ALEXANDER
GŁOWACKI.) (1847-1912.) (Pol-
ish.)
Human Telegraph. Clark. 714.
P'U SUNG-LING. (1622-1679?)
(Chinese.)
Virtuous Daughter-in-Law. Clark.
546.
PUSHKIN, ALEXANDER SERGEEVICH.
(1799-1837.) (See 1921.) (Rus-
sian.)
Queen of Spades. Chamot. 1.
Snow Storm. Clark. 621.

R

- RABELAIS, FRANÇOIS. (149-?-1553?)
(French.)
He Who Married a Dumb Wife.
Clark. 311.
Roast-Meat Seller. Clark. 312.
RAISIN, ABRAHAM. (1876-)
(Yiddish.)
Kaddish. Clark. 736.
REBOUX, PAUL. (1877-)
(French.) 401.
Nest in the Window. Eaton D.
RICHEPIN, JEAN. (1849-)
(French.)
Gitanilla. Gipsy. 45.
ROSITIS, PAVILS. (Latvian.)
At the Witch's Tavern. Eaton C.
321.
"ROSNY, J. H., aîné." (J. and H.
BOEX.) (1856-) (See
1925.) (French.)
Bride That Might Have Been.
Eaton D. 422.
RUMANIA, MARIE, QUEEN OF. (1875-
) (See 1925.) (Rumanian.)
What Vasile Saw. Clark. 879.
RUNG, OTTO. (Danish.)
Sonia. Eaton C. 65.

S

- SACCHETTI, FRANCO. (Circa 1335-
circa 1400.) (Italian.)
Two Ambassadors. Clark. 402.
SCHNITZLER, ARTHUR. (1862-)
(See 1925.) (Austrian.)
Triple Warning. Clark. 285.
SIENKIEWICZ, HENRYK. (1846-
1916.) (Polish.)
Lighthouse Keeper of Aspinwall.
Clark. 702.

- SERAO, MATILDE. (1856-)
(Italian.)
Lulu's Triumph. Clark. 449.
SRAMEK, FRANA. (1877-)
(Czech.)
Warming Up. Eaton C. 58.
"STENDHAL." (MARIE-HENRI BEYLE.)
(French.)
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Cenci. Stendhal A. 163.
Duchess of Palliano. Stendhal A.
205.
Vanina Vanini. Stendhal A. 237.
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129.
STRINDBERG, AUGUST. (1849-1912.)
(Swedish.)
Love and Bread. Clark. 785.
STURLUSON, SNORRI. (1178-1241.)
(Icelandic.)
Baldr's Bale. Clark. 750.
SUDERMANN, HERMANN. (1857-
) (See 1920.) (German.)
New Year's Eve Confession.
Clark. 288.
SWEDEN, PRINCE WILHELM OF.
(Swedish.)
Ngombani. Eaton C. 495.

T

- TERZANI, ANG. (Greek.)
Love and Avarice. Eaton C.
162.
TOLSTOI, ALEXIS. (Russian.)
Ibycus. Eaton C. 416.
TOLSTOI, COUNT LYOF NIKOLAIE-
VICH. (1828-1910.) (See
1921.) (Russian.)
Long Exile. Clark. 658.
What Men Live By. Bercovici D.
185.
TOSON, SHIMAZAKI. (1871-)
(See 1918.) (Japanese.)
Domestic Animal. Clark. 569.
TUGLAS, FRIEDEBERT. (Esthonian.)
Popi and Huhuu. Eaton C.
82.
TURGENEV, IVAN SERGEEVICH. (1818-
1883.) (See 1920.) (Russian.)
Asya. Chamot. 107.
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U

- UNAMUNO, MIGUEL DE. (1871-
) (Spanish.)
Nothing Less Than Every Inch a
Man. Eaton C. 452.

V

- VAL, ADRIO. (1897-) (Ru-
manian.)
Romany Pride. Gipsy. 73.

VERGA, GIOVANNI. (1840-1922.)
(See 1925.) (Italian.)
Cavalleria Rusticana. Clark.
435.
VERHAEREN, EMILE. (1855-1916.)
(See 1925.) (French.)
One Night. Clark. 818.
VICTORIN, M. (French-Canadian.)
Chopping Bee. Victorin. 39.
Cordwood Donation Bee. Victorin.
169.
Farming on the Embankment. Vic-
torin. 97.
Lonely Heart. Victorin. 125.
Madonna's Rosebush. Victorin.
59.
Old Farm Not for Sale. Victorin.
143.
People Without a History. Vic-
torin. 225.
Pioneer of Temiskaming. Vic-
torin. 195.
Wayside Cross of St. Norbet.
Victorin. 83.
VILLIERS DE L'ISLE-ADAM, PHI-
LIPPE AUGUSTE MATHIAS,
COMTE DE. (1840-1889.) (See
1921.) (French.)
Torture by Hope. French L. 66.
Clark. 358.

VIVIER, M. ROBERT. (1889- .)
(French.)
Pieter and the Clouds. Eaton C.
27.
VOLTAIRE, FRANCOIS-MARIE AROUET
DE. (1694-1778.) (See 1925.)
(French.)
Memnon the Philosopher. Clark.
318.

Y

YOVKOFF, YORDAN. (1884- .)
(Bulgarian.)
Eski-Arape. Eaton C. 42.
YVER, COLETTE. (1874- .)
(French.)
Doutourlines. Eaton D. 458.

Z

ZEROMSKI, STEFAN. (1864-1926.)
(Polish.)
Forebodings. Clark. 716.
ZIFFERER, PAUL. (1879- .)
(Austrian.)
Sunken Hostelry. Eaton C. 1.
ZOLA, EMILE. (1840-1903.) (French.)
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Fairly Amoureuse. Clark. 365.
For a Night. Zola. 15.
Maid of the Dawber. Zola. 109.

MAGAZINE AVERAGES

OCTOBER, 1925, TO AUGUST, 1926

The following table includes the averages of distinctive stories in twenty-five American periodicals published from October, 1925, to August, 1926, inclusive. One, two and three asterisks are employed to indicate relative distinction. "Three asterisk stories" are considered worth reprinting in book form. The list excludes reprints.

PERIODICALS	NO. OF STORIES PUB- LISHED	NO. OF DISTINCTIVE STORIES PUBLISHED			PERCENTAGE OF DISTINCTIVE STORIES PUBLISHED		
		*	**	***	*	**	***
American Mercury	16	15	11	4	94	69	25
American Parade	20	10	3	1	50	15	5
Atlantic Monthly	20	19	12	7	95	60	35
Catholic World	30	18	5	4	60	17	13
Century Magazine	33	31	23	12	93	69	36
Collier's Weekly	196	58	22	10	29	11	5
Cosmopolitan	129	60	32	18	47	25	14
Delineator	32	12	1	1	38	3	3
Designer	39	6	1	1	15	3	3
Dial	19	19	18	14	100	95	74
Forum	12	12	7	6	100	58	50
Good Housekeeping	53	18	8	3	34	15	6
Harper's Bazar	26	13	6	4	50	23	15
Harper's Magazine	35	34	30	23	97	86	66
Ladies' Home Journal	59	15	7	2	25	12	3
Liberty	106	24	8	3	23	8	3
McCall's Magazine	46	11	8	7	24	17	15
Midland	15	15	12	5	100	80	33
Pictorial Review	44	30	19	16	68	43	44
Red Book Magazine	104	35	21	10	34	20	10
Saturday Evening Post	391	104	32	13	22	8	3
Scribner's Magazine	41	30	15	12	73	37	19
Success	39	8	2	1	20	5	3
Vanity Fair	24	22	12	9	92	50	38
Woman's Home Companion..	51	22	9	5	44	18	10

The following tables indicate the rank, during the period between October, 1925, and August, 1926, inclusive, by number and percentage of distinctive short stories published, of twenty-six periodicals coming within the scope of my examination which have published an average of 15 per cent or more of distinctive stories. The lists exclude reprints, but not translations.

BY PERCENTAGE

1. Dial 100%
2. Midland 100%

3. Forum	100%
4. Harper's Magazine	97%
5. Atlantic Monthly	95%
6. American Mercury	94%
7. Century Magazine	93%
8. Vanity Fair	92%
9. Scribner's Magazine	73%
10. Pictorial Review	68%
11. Catholic World	60%
12. Harper's Bazar	50%
13. American Parade	50%
14. Cosmopolitan	47%
15. Woman's Home Companion	44%
16. Delineator	38%
17. Red Book Magazine	34%
18. Good Housekeeping	34%
19. Collier's Weekly	29%
20. Ladies' Home Journal	25%
21. McCall's Magazine	24%
22. Liberty	23%
23. Saturday Evening Post	22%
24. Success	20%
25. Designer	15%

BY NUMBER

1. Saturday Evening Post	104
2. Cosmopolitan	60
3. Collier's Weekly	58
4. Red Book Magazine	35
5. Harper's Magazine	34
6. Century Magazine	31
7. Scribner's Magazine	30
8. Pictorial Review	30
9. Liberty	24
10. Vanity Fair	22
11. Woman's Home Companion	22
12. Dial	19
13. Atlantic Monthly	19
14. Catholic World	18
15. Good Housekeeping	18
16. Midland	15
17. American Mercury	15
18. Ladies' Home Journal	15
19. Harper's Bazar	13
20. Forum	12
21. Delineator	12
22. McCall's Magazine	11
23. American Parade	10
24. Success	8
25. Designer	6

The following periodicals have published during the same period ten or more "two-asterisk stories." The list excludes reprints, but not trans-

lations. Periodicals represented in this list during 1915, 1916, etc., to 1925 inclusive, are represented by the prefixed letters, a, b, etc., to k inclusive.

1.	ijk	Cosmopolitan	32
2.	abcdef jk	Saturday Evening Post	32
3.	abcdefghijk	Harper's Magazine	30
4.	abcdefghijk	Century Magazine	23
5.	abcde jk	Collier's Weekly	22
6.	i k	Red Book Magazine	21
7.	bcdefghijk	Pictorial Review	19
8.	fghi k	Dial	18
9.	abcdef hijk	Scribner's Magazine	15
10.	c f j	Midland	12
11.	cdef hijk	Atlantic Monthly	12
12.		Vanity Fair	12
13.	k	American Mercury	11

The following periodicals have published during the same period five or more "three-asterisk stories." The list excludes reprints, but not translations. The same signs are used as prefixes as in the previous list.

1.	abcdefghijk	Harper's Magazine	23
2.	ijk	Cosmopolitan	18
3.	bcdefghijk	Pictorial Review	16
4.	fghijk	Dial	14
5.	abc ef jk	Saturday Evening Post	13
6.	abcdefghijk	Century Magazine	12
7.	abcdef hijk	Scribner's Magazine	12
8.	i k	Red Book Magazine	10
9.	ab d jk	Collier's Weekly	10
10.		Vanity Fair	9
11.	cdef hijk	Atlantic Monthly	7
12.		McCall's Magazine	7
13.	a k	Forum	6
14.	a ef j	Midland	5
15.		Woman's Home Companion	5

Ties in the above lists have been decided by taking relative rank in other lists into account.

INDEX OF SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN AMERICAN MAGAZINES

OCTOBER, 1925, TO AUGUST, 1926

All short stories published in the following magazines are indexed:

Ainslee's Magazine	Liberty
All's Well	Little Review
American Magazine	Living Age
American Mercury	McCall's Magazine
American Parade	MacLean's Magazine (except June 15 to August 15)
American-Scandinavian Review	Menorah Journal
Atlantic Monthly	Midland
Bookman (New York)	Modern Quarterly
Catholic World	New Masses
Century	New Republic
Chicago Tribune (Syndicate Service) (except March 7)	New York Herald-Tribune
Collier's Weekly	North American Review
Commonweal (except May 26)	Opportunity (except May)
Cosmopolitan	Outlook (New York)
Delineator	Pictorial Review
Designer	Red Book Magazine
Dial	Reviewer
Double Dealer	Saturday Evening Post
Elks Magazine	Scribner's Magazine
Everybody's Magazine	Shrine (except June)
Famous Story Magazine	Southwest Review (except October and January)
Forum	Stratford Magazine
Golden Book	Success
Good Housekeeping	Sunset Magazine
Guardian (Philadelphia)	This Quarter
Harper's Bazar	Vanity Fair
Harper's Magazine	Virginia Quarterly Review
Holland's Magazine	Woman's Home Companion
Hue and Cry	Yale Review
Independent	
Ladies' Home Journal	

Short stories of distinction only, published in the following magazines during the same period, are indexed. The list includes four British periodicals in which American stories were published which did not appear elsewhere.

Adventure	American Hebrew
Amazing Stories	Bermondsey Book
American Boy	Blackwood's Magazine

Blue Book Magazine
 B'rith Sholom News
 Calendar of Modern Letters
 Cedar Rapids Republican
 Columbia
 Country Gentleman
 Dearborn Independent
 Dubuque Telegraph-Herald
 Echo
 Frontier
 Gammadion
 High Hat
 Jewish Forum
 Jewish Tribune
 Junior League Bulletin
 Justice
 London Mercury

McClure's Magazine
 Munsey's Magazine
 Our World
 Overland Monthly
 Popular Magazine
 Psychology
 Rotarian
 St. Nicholas
 Sea Stories Magazine
 Short Stories
 Sport Story Magazine
 Toronto Weekly Star
 West
 Woman's World
 Young Israel
 Young's Magazine

I have considered many other magazines without finding any stories of distinction. One, two or three asterisks are prefixed to the titles of stories to indicate distinction. Three asterisks prefixed to a title indicate the fact that the story is listed in the "Roll of Honor." Cross references after an author's name refer to the last previous volume of this series in which his or her name appeared. (H) after the name of an author indicates that other stories by this author have been published in American periodicals between 1900 and 1914, and that these stories are listed in "The Standard Index of Short Stories" by Francis J. Hannigan, published by Small, Maynard and Company, 1918. The figures in parentheses after the title of a story refer to the volume and page number of the magazine. In cases where successive numbers of a magazine are not paged consecutively, the page number only is given in this index. As the reader will have noticed, a few odd numbers of periodicals have been so far unprocurable for my purpose. I hope to report upon these next year. Those which I failed to obtain in time for last year's book are for the most part reported upon here.

I. AMERICAN AUTHORS

A
 ABBOTT, ELEANOR HALLOWELL.
 (MRS. FORDYCE COBURN.)
 (1872-) (See 1925.) (H.)
 House of the Faintly Demented
 Ladies. Chic. Trib. Feb. 28.
 Reality. Am. Aug. (23.)
 Thursday's Swan Had a Crum-
 pled Wing. G. H. Apr. (30.)
 Young Company. L. H. J. Nov.,
 '25. (18.)
 ABDULLAH, ACHMED. (ACHMED AB-
 DULLAH NADIR KHAN EL-DU-
 RANI EL-IDRISSYEH.) ("A. A.
 NADIR.") (1881-) (See
 1925.) (H.)
 **Enemies. Ly. Jul. 10. (7.)

*Hatchetman. (R.) F. S. Apr.
 (3:131.)
 ***Honourable Gentleman. (R.)
 F. S. Aug. (4:255.)
 **Musa of the Seven Goats. Chic.
 Trib. Mar. 21.
 Miss Smythe and the Carthage
 Vase. Col. Jul. 24. (15.)
 Miss Smythe Goes Fifty-Fifty.
 Col. Aug. 21. (18.)
 ***Road of His Feet. Des. Jan.
 (9.)
 ***Simple Act of Piety. (R.) F. S.
 Dec., '25. (1:341.)
 **Tao. (R.) Gol. Feb. (3:193.)
 ***Two-Handed Sword. (R.) Gol.
 Jul. (4:23.)

- ABDULLAH, ACHMED. (*Contd.*)
 *When My Caravan Comes In. Des. May. (5.)
 *Woman of the Benni-Fuhara. McCall. Oct., '25. (8.)
 *You Gotta Expect the Woist. Chic. Trib. Jan. 17.
 Zanahoria. Ly. Apr. 17. (7.)
- ADAMIC, LOUIS.
 *Crusader. Par. Jul. (51.)
- "ADAMS, BILL." (BERTRAM M. ADAMS.) (1879-) (*See* 1925.)
- ***Apprentice Way. Adv. May 8. (52.)
 **Ensign. Adv. Oct. 10, '25. (74.)
 ***Mersey Men. Red Bk. Mar. (82.)
 ***Liverpool Irish. Adv. Jul. 8. (91.)
 ***Old Stormy. Outl. (N. Y.) Jan. 20. (142:112.)
 **Posted Missing. Sh. St. Apr. 25. (46.)
 **Slaver. Adv. Oct. 30, '25. (25.)
 ***Solace of the Sea. Adv. Jan. 10. (131.)
 **Stammerjohann. Adv. Apr. 23. (142.)
- ADAMS, DAVID ERNEST. (1891-) (*See* 1925.)
 *Fear. Sport. Mar. 22. (48.)
 *Job That Wouldn't Stay Lost. St. Nich. Jul. (53:893.)
- ADAMS, FRANK H.
 Accomplice. MacL. May 1. (24.)
- ADAMS, FRANK R. (1883-) (*See* 1925.)
 April Day. Chic. Trib. Jun. 27.
 Champagne Roadster. Ly. May 29. (23.)
 Other Foot. Suc. Aug. (30.)
 Sally Comes Back. Col. Dec. 26, '25. (20.)
- ADAMS, SAMUEL HOPKINS. (1871-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 Emperor Learns a Tune. Pict. R. Aug. (19.)
 Gigolo. Red Bk. Mar. (31.)
 Masque-Ball. Ly. Mar. 6. (23.)
 *Smithy. Ly. Nov. 21, '25. (45.)
 Touch of Green. Col. Apr. 17. (9.)
- ADDINGTON, SARAH. (1891-) (*See* 1925.)
- Book for Jerry. L. H. J. Dec., '25. (24.)
 Grammar Town. L. H. J. Aug. (10.)
- AGEE, MRS. H. P. *See* LEA, FANNIE HEASLIP.
- AKERS, ARTHUR K. (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 Henry Squares a Triangle. Suc. Aug. (68.)
 Hound Bait. Red Bk. Jul. (77.)
- ALDIS, MARY.
 ***Seed. H. C. Summer. (9.)
- ALDRICH, BESS STREETER. ("MARGARET DEAN STEVENS.") (1881-) (*See* 1925.)
 Easy Money. McCall. Sept., '25. (16.)
 Woman Who Was Forgotten. Am. Jun. (50.)
- "ALEXANDER, MARY." *See* KILBOURNE, FANNIE.
- ALEY, MAXWELL.
 *Men Folks. G. H. Aug. (44.)
- ALLEN, WILL.
 He and She. Ly. May 15. (45.)
- ANDERSON, FREDERICK IRVING. (1877-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 Footstep. S. E. P. Nov. 28, '25. (8.)
 *Japanese Parasol. S. E. P. Jul. 3. (12.)
 Start in Life. S. E. P. Jan. 30. (14.)
- ANDERSON, SHERWOOD. (1876-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 ***Small Boy Looks at His World. W. H. C. Jul. (19.)
- ANDREWS, MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN. (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 *Autumn Roses. Scr. Dec., '25. (78:626.)
- ANGULO, JAIME DE.
 **Wife of Cheating Frog. Ind. Aug. 21. (117:206.)
- ANNIXTER, PAUL.
 Feud. S. E. P. Jan. 9. (8.)
 Spanish Waters. Hol. Jun. (7.)
- ANTHONY, JOSEPH. (1897-) (*See* 1925.)
 **Surprise for Stanislav. Cen. Jan. (111:265.)
- ASCH, NATHAN. (1902-) (*See* 1925.)
 ***Bus-Boy. N. Mass. May. (1:13.)
- ATHERTON, GERTRUDE FRANKLIN. (1857-) (*See* 1924.)

ATHERTON, GERTRUDE FRANKLIN.

(Contd.)

***Natalie Ivanhoff. (R.) F. S. Jan. (2:93.)

***Sacrificial Altar. (R.) F. S. May. (3:213.)

ATLEE, BENGE.

Coureur's Way. MacL. May 15. (22.)

Not Always to the Strong. MacL. Mar. 1. (16.)

ATON, JAMES L. (See 1925.)

Ethics of Terry. Ev. Oct., '25. (76.)

AUSTIN, MARY HUNTER. (1868-) (See 1923.)

**Speaking of Bears. Book. (N. Y.) Dec., '25. (62:440.)

**Three Tales of Love. A. Merc. Mar. (7:346.)

AUSTIN-BALL, MRS. (See STEELE, ALICE GARLAND.)

AVERY, STEPHEN MOREHOUSE. (See 1925.)

Balm of Bar-Le-Duc. Col. Jul. 10. (18.)

Compleat Fish. Col. Aug. 14. (5.)

Field 10. Col. Nov. 7, '25. (11.)

In the Presence of Ladies. Col. Oct. 10, '25. (11.)

Mademoiselle from Armenteurs. Ev. Aug. (9.)

Monarch in the Mist. Col. Mar. 27. (5.)

Red Dawson Had It Comin'. Col. Aug. 7. (9.)

She Who Gets Criticized. W. H. C. Apr. (27.)

Till It All Blows Over. Col. Jan. 23. (11.)

AVISON, GEORGE.

Exchange of Favors. Hol. Apr. (18.)

AVROOM, ZADLE.

*Cross of Oak. Cath. W. Jan. (122:471.)

B

BABCOCK, EDWINA STANTON. (See 1925.) (H.)

*Ravine. Harp. M. Jun. (153:96.)

BACHELLER, IRVING. (1859-) (See 1921.) (H.)

*Soloist of Center Pond. (R.) F. S. Mar. (2:375.)

BACON, JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM. (1876-) (See 1925.) (H.)

Aunt Florrie. Chic. Trib. Feb. 7.

In the City Without a Heart. W. H. C. Nov., '25. (15.)

BAILEY, IRENE TEMPLE. (See 1925.) (H.)

Crystal Bowl. McCall. Dec., '25. (8.)

BAILEY, LEDYARD M. (See 1924.)

"Except Your Wife." W. H. C. Apr. (26.)

BAILEY, MARGARET EMERSON.

***Concerto. Dial. Feb. (80:137.)

***Twilight. W. H. C. Feb. (27.)

BAILEY, TEMPLE. See BAILEY, IRENE TEMPLE.

BALCH, MRS. EDWIN SWIFT. See CLARK, EMILY.

BALL, CALVIN. (See 1925.)

Annabelle Struts Her Stuff. Red Bk. Oct., '25. (58.)

Chinese Merchandise. S. E. P. Dec. 19, '25. (50.)

BALMER, EDWIN. (1883-) (See 1925.) (H.)

Warning. Ly. Jan. 16. (15.)

BALMER, EDWIN. (1883-), and

MACHARG, WILLIAM BRIGGS. (1872-) (See 1924.) (H.)

Keys. S. E. P. Nov. 7, '25. (14.)

Sanctity of the Guest. S. E. P. Dec. 26, '25. (12.)

Special Service. S. E. P. Jun. 26. (14.)

BANNING, MARGARET CULKIN. (See 1925.)

*Battle of the Fur Coats. McCall. Feb. (10.)

**Cramped Style. Harp. M. Jul. (153:234.)

Fifteen Servants. Shrine. Jul. (16.)

Good Party Man. S. E. P. May 29. (16.)

Good Service. Des. Feb. (10.)

*Her Husband's Shoes. S. E. P. Feb. 6. (18.)

No Sense of Humor. Red Bk. Jan. (86.)

Nobody at All. Red Bk. Jul. (50.)

Overhead. Chic. Trib. Nov. 29, '25.

**Perfect Juror. Harp. M. Jan. (152:219.)

Room 811. S. E. P. Dec. 5, '25. (16.)

Rubber Ice. Col. Feb. 20. (12.)

Side-Partner. Col. Oct. 3, '25. (20.)

Unkissed and Sober. Chic. Trib. Dec. 20, '25.

When Debt Comes in at the

- Door. Am. Dec., '25. (31.)
BARKER, ELSA. (*See* 1925.)
 Mystery of Cabin 135. Red Bk. Dec., '25. (79.)
 Sauerkraut Riddle. Red Bk. Mar. (86.)
 Seven Threats. Red Bk. Aug. (96.)
 Stains on the Mantel. Red Bk. Feb. (56.)
 Starbuck Puzzle. Red Bk. Jun. (72.)
 *Unseen Owner. Red Bk. Oct., '25. (75.)
BARNARD, LESLIE GORDON. (*See* 1925.)
 *Barcarolle. Rot. Nov., '25. (8.)
 *"Billee, Billee—the Button." Mun. May. (87:688.)
 *Chicken-Hearted Tonkin. Rot. Apr. (18.)
 *Passion Flower. Rot. Oct., '25. (11.)
BARNES, DJUNA. (1892-) (*See* 1925.)
 ***Little Girl Continues. This Quar. Autumn-Winter, '25-'26. (195.)
BARRETTO, LARRY.
 Theft. Ly. Oct. 24, '25. (46.)
 "BARRINGTON, E." (*See* 1925.) (*See also* BECK, L. ADAMS.)
 **House of Enchantments. MacL. Feb. 1. (9.)
 **King and the Lady. (R.) Gol. Feb. (3:157.)
 ***Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman. Atl. Mar. (137:355.)
BARROWS, MARY ALICE.
 *Corridor Adventures. Scr. Mar. (79:300.)
BARTLETT, FREDERIC ORIN. (1876-) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 Whiskers. S. E. P. Oct. 10, '25. (13.)
BARTLEY, NALBRO. (1888-) (*See* 1922.)
 Dear Little Thing. McCall. Jun. (5.)
BATTEN, H. MORTIMER.
 Spanking Jonathan. Suc. Nov. '25. (28.)
BEASLEY, NORMAN.
 Rabbit Ears. Elks. Jul. (26.)
BEAUMONT, GERALD. (*See* 1925.)
 Alias St. Anthony. Red Bk. Jul. (46.)
 Blue Ribbon. (R.) F. S. Jun. (3:372.)
 Come-Back of Lady Courageous. Red Bk. Nov., '25. (55.)
 Common Ground. Red Bk. Jan. (48.)
 Even—Stephen. Red Bk. Oct., '25. (48.)
 Gospel Shoes. Red Bk. Jun. (44.)
 Mud Bug. Red Bk. Aug. (56.)
BECHDOLT, FREDERICK RITCHIE. (1874-) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 Man Who Needed Killing! Cos. Dec., '25. (70.)
 Match For Any Bad Man. Cos. Jun. (84.)
 Plank Door. Cos. Nov., '25. (90.)
 Seven Bad Men Ride Into Town. Cos. Aug. (106.)
BECK, L. ADAMS. (*See* 1925.) (*See also* "BARRINGTON, E.")
 **Super-Magnifico. MacL. Dec. 1, '25. (9.)
BEDFORD-JONES, H. (*See* 1923.)
 Profit Intangible. Ev. Dec., '25. (94.)
 Sergius Stone. Ev. Jun. (44.)
BEER, THOMAS. (1889-) (*See* 1925.)
 *Gentility. S. E. P. Oct. 3, '25. (8.)
 *He Grieved. S. E. P. May 8. (10.)
 Last Voltorno. S. E. P. Aug. 21. (6.)
 Love's Bitter Mystery. S. E. P. Nov. 7, '25. (8.)
 *Reunion. S. E. P. Dec. 12, '25. (12.)
 *Romantic Hour. S. E. P. Mar. 20. (18.)
 *Splendor and Glory. S. E. P. Jan. 16. (18.)
BELLAH, JAMES WARNER.
 I, Geoffrey Anstruther. Ly. Jan. 9. (14.)
BELLAMY, FRANCIS RUFUS. (1886-) (*See* 1924.)
 *Jim the Battler. Shrine. Aug. (6.)
BENCHLEY, ROBERT C. (*See* 1925.)
 All at Sea. Red Bk. Oct., '25. (72.)
 Customs of the Country. Red Bk. Feb. (53.)
 Daughters of Men. Red Bk. Apr. (60.)
 For Our Dumb Friends. Red Bk. Jul. (54.)
 Good-by, Parée! Red Bk. Jan. (65.)
 Hands Across the Tea. Red Bk. Dec., '25. (66.)

- BENCHLEY, ROBERT C. (*Contd.*)
 Higher Education of Mr. Peters.
 Red Bk. Mar. (52.)
 Lafayette, Voici Les Peters!
 Red Bk. Nov., '25. (60.)
 Mr. Peters Holds the Bridge.
 Red Bk. May. (74.)
 Peters' Reduction. Red Bk.
 Aug. (86.)
- BENDA, LILITH. (*See 1925.*)
 Hybrid. Red Bk. Feb. (42.)
- BENDING, FREDERICK.
 Two Days. MacL. Dec. 1, '25.
 (16.)
- BENEFIELD, BARRY. (*See 1925.*)
 (H.)
 ***Secret Chaperon. W. H. C.
 Mar. (10.)
 ***That Cesar Honfleur. W. H. C.
 Oct., '25. (19.)
 ***With Banners Blowing. W. H.
 C. May. (7.)
- BENET, STEPHEN VINCENT. (1898—
 .) (*See 1925.*)
 Blackbeard and Co.—Pirates.
 Ly. Aug. 21. (12.)
 Lady Lapith. Col. May 29.
 (16.)
 Language of the Stars. Ly.
 Jun. 12. (45.)
 **Lucky Fist. Col. Jun. 19. (13.)
 *Odor of Sanctity. Col. Jan.
 23. (15.)
 *Shadowy Crown. Elks. May.
 (14.)
 Take a Fellow Your Size. Red
 Bk. Jun. (54.)
 *Till It All Blows Over. Col.
 Jan. 23. (15.)
 ***True Thomas. G. H. Apr.
 (24.)
- BENET, MRS. WILLIAM ROSE. (*See*
 WYLIE, ELINOR.)
- BENNETT, JAMES W. (1891— .)
 ***Departure Delayed. Cath. W.
 Jul. (123:441.)
- BENTHAM, JOSEPHINE.
 It Happened in Cairo. Hol.
 May. (11.)
- BENTLEY, MAX.
 Crazy with the Heat. Hol. Jul.
 (14.)
 My Old Dog Tramp. Scr. Aug.
 (79:202.)
- BERCOVICI, KONRAD. (1882— .)
 (*See 1925.*)
 ***Fanica. Col. Jan. 16. (11.)
 ***Fire-Wood. Pict. R. Jul. (14.)
 ***Gypsy Legend. (R.) Strat.
 Aug. (3.)
 ***Iliana. (R.) F. S. Jul. (4:17.)
 ***Sava. Col. Nov. 28, '25. (5.)
- **Suzette. W. H. C. May. (9.)
 ***Traitor. Suc. Jan. (24.) Feb.
 (48.)
 **What Love Is. Ly. Feb. 13.
 (10.)
 ***Wisdom of Youth. (R.) F. S.
 Feb. (2:249.)
- BERNSTEIN, HERMAN. (1876— .)
 *Messenger of the Community.
 J. T. Nov. 6, '25. (20.)
 **Passing of Soreh Rivke. J. T.
 Dec. 4, '25. (24.)
 *Soreh Rivke's Vigil. (R.) J. T.
 Oct. 9, '25. (14.)
- BERRENBURG, LUISE BRADSHAW.
 *Voice of the Fog. Over. May.
 (84:142.)
- BIERCE, AMBROSE. (1842-1914?)
 (*See 1925.*) (H.)
 ***Middle Toe of the Right Foot.
 (R.) Gol. Feb. (3:241.)
- BLOCK, RUDOLPH. *See* "LESSING,
 BRUNO."
- BLUDGETT, MRS. SIDNEY. *See* DE
 JEANS, ELIZABETH.
- BOOTH, ALICE. (*See 1924.*)
 Dream That Came True. Suc.
 May. (20.)
 Happiness Street. Suc. Aug.
 (42.)
- BOOTH, CHARLES G.
 Love and Dynamite. Sun. Jun.
 (9.)
- BOYD, JAMES. (1866— .) (*See*
 1923.)
 **Slim. McCall. Jan. (9.)
- BOYD, THOMAS. (*See 1925.*)
 *Beyond the Battle. Sh. St.
 Jun. 25. (98.)
 *Good Roads. Scr. Jan. (79:42.)
 Ninety-Day Wonder. Sh. St.
 May 25. (76.)
 *Ohio Fable. Scr. Dec., '25.
 (78:653.)
 *Salt of the Earth. Scr. Aug.
 (79:125.)
 *Sound Sleeper. Sh. St. Jul. 10.
 (99.)
- BOYD, WOODWARD.
 *Salon. Scr., Oct., '25. (78:350.)
- BOYLE, KAY. (1903— .)
 ***Flight. This Quar. Autumn-
 Winter, '25-'26. (167.)
 *Passeres' Paris. This Quar.
 Spring, '25. (140.)
- BOYLSTON, HELEN DORE.
 Dawn. Atl. Jul. (138:70.)
- BRACE, BLANCHE. (*See 1925.*)
 Clinging Vines Are Born—Not
 Made. Am. Jul. (42.)
- BRACKETT, CHARLES. (1892— .)
 (*See 1925.*)

- BRACKETT, CHARLES. (*Contd.*)
 By Bequest. S. E. P. Feb. 20.
 (14.)
 Regulars. Col. Jan. 16. (7.)
 Sun Cure. S. E. P. Nov. 14,
 '25. (12.)
- BRADFORD, GAMALIEL. (1863- .)
 Meteor. Par. Jan. (7.)
- BRADSHAW, L. H.
 Excuses for Competitors. Elks.
 Mar. (21.)
- BRADY, MARIEL. (*See* 1925.)
 Campaign Manager. G. H. Jun.
 (38.)
 In the Cards. Des. Aug. (5.)
 Mist. Des. Mar. (14.)
 Peter Projects. G. H. Oct.,
 '25. (68.)
 Pomes. G. H. Jan. (36.)
- BRAINERD, ELEANOR HOYT. (1868- .)
 *China Coaster. Cos. Dec., '25.
 (30.)
 Funny Things—Girls. McCall.
 Mar. (11.)
 Priscilla in Spite of Herself.
 Cos. Apr. (74.)
- BRALEY, BERTON. (1882- .) (*See*
 1923.) (H.)
 Don't Bother Jim. Elks. Oct.,
 '25. (22.)
 Mulligan the Magnificent. Suc.
 Jun. (60.)
 Trouble with This Country.
 Suc. Jan. (73.)
- BREACH, R. E.
 Fuzzy-Wuzzy. MacL. May 1.
 (16.)
- BRECHT, HAROLD W. (*See* 1925.)
 *Paradise Regained. Harp. M.
 Feb. (152:301.)
- BRERETON, CHARLES V. (*See* 1923.)
 Casco Traps Trouble. Sun.
 Dec., '25. (31.)
- BRETHERTON, VIVIEN R. (*See*
 1925.)
 Irmalee and the Mid-Victorian
 Age. McCall. Jul., '25. (16.)
- BRIGGS, JOHN.
 *Chula. West. Feb. 20. (1:52.)
 *Snag Tooth. West. Jul. 5.
 (92.)
- BRITTON, KENNETH PHILLIPS.
 *Friend of the Great Le Fevre.
 Atl. May. (137:660.)
- BROMFIELD, LOUIS.
 ***Justice. For. Dec., '25.
 (74:850.)
 *Life of Louise Milbrook. Cen.
 Feb. (111:452.)
 **Wedding Dress. Col. Oct. 31,
 '25. (11.)
- BRONSON, F. W.
 Lady Gobelin's Treasure Hunt.
 S. E. P. Mar. 13. (42.)
- BROOKS, GEORGE S. (*See* 1925.)
 *Pipe Major. Scr. Aug. (79:
 193.)
 Twelve to Eight. Scr. Dec.,
 '25. (78:616.)
- BROOKS, JONATHAN. (*See* 1925.)
 Half-a-Leg Onward. Ev. May.
 (24.)
- BROOKS, WINN. (*See* 1925.)
 Story of Jess Tiverton. Chic.
 Trib. Jul. 25.
- BROWN, ADAM HAROLD.
 At the Rainbow's End. MacL.
 Apr. (20.)
- BROWN, ALICE. (1857- .) (*See*
 1925.) (H.)
 *Adventure. Harp. M. Jun.
 (153:46.)
- BROWN, BERNICE. (1890- .) (*See*
 1925.)
 Ananias' Daughter. Des. Jan.
 (5.)
 Barn at Giralton's. Col. Apr.
 10. (5.)
 Boul' Céleste. Col. May 22.
 (11.)
 Mounds. L. H. J. Nov., '25.
 (8.)
 Music Hath Charms. Col. Dec.
 12, '25. (11.)
 Orchard. L. H. J. Apr. (20.)
- BROWN, ROYAL. (*See* 1925.)
 Always as Advertised. Cos.
 Dec., '25. (46.) MacL. Nov.
 15, '25. (17.)
 Banker in Love. Cos. May.
 (68.)
 Kiss on Time. Cos. Oct., '25.
 (64.)
 Less Excitement. Cos. Feb.
 (65.)
 Love Like Cold Water. Des.
 Oct., '25. (8.)
 Prodigal Daughter. Cos. Jun.
 (80.)
 Slightly Scarlet. Cos. Apr.
 (90.)
 Taken for Granted. Des. Feb.
 (5.)
 Third L. Cos. Jan. (65.)
 Very Cool Million. Cos. Jul.
 (70.)
 You Are Young Only Once.
 Cos. Nov., '25. (74.) MacL.
 Oct. 15, '25. (12.)
- BRUBAKER, HOWARD. (1892- .)
 (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 Cellar Champion. Ev. Mar.
 (62.)

- BRUBAKER, HOWARD. (*Contd.*)
Short Wife and a Gay One. Ev.
Aug. (42.)
- BRYNER, EDNA. (*See* 1924.)
***Forest Dweller. Mid. Jun.
(12:177.)
- BRYSON, LYMAN LLOYD. (1888-)
(*See* 1925.)
***Crawdads. Adv. Apr. 23. (62.)
**Life and Death of Mary Trevena. Atl. Jan. (137:48.)
*Suspended Sentence. Adv. Jul. 23. (95.)
- BUCKLEY, NANCY.
*Little People from Home. Cath. W. Mar. (122:787.)
- BUNNER, HENRY CUYLER. (1855-1896.) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
*Col. Brereton's Aunty. (R.) Gol. Aug. (4:159.)
*Love-Letters of Smith. (R.) Gol. Oct., '25. (2:509.) Ev. Aug. (124.)
- BURKE, MORGAN. (1886-) (*See* 1925.)
***Soul-Saver. Blue Bk. Feb. (158.)
*Under the Table. Ly. Oct. 17, '25. (44.)
- BURLINGAME, ROGER. (1889-)
(*See* 1925.)
***Doctor's Confession. Scr. Feb. (79:162.)
- BURNET, DANA. (1888-) (*See* 1925.)
Farewell to the Moon. Ly. Jun. 12. (27.)
Man Who Burned a Hole in His Coat. Elks. Apr. (30.)
Mr. Onion. Col. Aug. 21. (20.)
Moonlight and Honeysuckle. Ly. Jul. 10. (17.)
Rescue. Col. Jul. 3. (5.)
Wind-Blown. S. E. P. Oct. 17, '25. (22.)
You Can Always Get Married. S. E. P. Jan. 23. (10.)
- BURNETT, WHIT. (*See* 1923.)
*Under Thing. N. Mass. Jul. (16.)
- BURT, JEAN BROOKE.
Blunderin' Ways. Sun. Aug. (26.)
- BURT, KATHERINE NEWLIN. (1882-)
(*See* 1925.)
***Corner of the Housetop. Cen. Feb. (111:465.)
Far-Away Girl. Red Bk. Jun. (68.)
Grain of Mustard Seed. Chic. Trib. Jul. 4.
Man's Woman. Cos. Apr. (78.)
- Open Casement. Chic. Trib. Apr. 25.
Red Headed Husband. Cos. Jan. (50.)
- BURT, MAXWELL STRUTHERS. (1882-)
(*See* 1925.)
*Flamingoes. Col. Feb. 6. (18.)
***Water Hole. (R.) F. S. May. (3:183.)
- BURTIS, THOMSON. (*See* 1925.)
*Knight of the Fourth. Am. B. Jul. (5.)
- BUTLER, ELLIS PARKER. (1869-)
(*See* 1925.) (H.)
Birds in the Bush. S. E. P. Nov. 7, '25. (16.)
*Christmas Present for Grandpa. Ly. Dec. 26, '25. (5.)
*Crisis. L. H. J. Mar. (40.)
Dictated to Doris. S. E. P. Jan. 16. (30.)
*"Fat Is Fat." Suc. Mar. (40.)
Kennel and the Cat Coop. W. H. C. Aug. (24.)
Montana Golf. S. E. P. Jun. 26. (48.)
***Pigs Is Pigs. (R.) Gol. Oct., '25. (2:546.)
*Safety First. Col. Feb. 27. (18.)
*Where Is My Father? Del. Dec., '25. (6.)
- BYCHINSKY, ANNA KURYLA.
*Dowry. MacL. Feb. 1. (13.)
"BYRNE, DONN." (BRYAN OSWALD DONN-BYRNE.) (1888-)
(*See* 1925.) (H.)
***Story Against Women. (R.) Ev. Mar. (128.) F. S. May. (3:230.)
**Wall That Is High. Pict. R. Jul. (7.)
- C
- CABELL, JAMES BRANCH. (1879-)
(*See* 1925.) (H.)
***Casual Honeymoon. (R.) Ain. Dec., '25. (79.)
***Coth of Porutsa. Red Bk. May. (50.)
***In the Sylan's House. Red Bk. Mar. (48.)
***Story of the Rat-Trap. (R.) Gol. Oct., '25. (2:437.)
***What Saraide Wanted. Red Bk. Nov., '25. (38.)
- CALLAGHAN, MORLEY. (1903-)
***Girl with Ambition. This Quar. Autumn-Winter, '25-'26. (233.)
- CANFIELD, DOROTHY. (DOROTHEA FRANCES CANFIELD FISHER.)
(1879-) (*See* 1925.) (H.)

- CANFIELD, DOROTHY. (*Contd.*)
 *Flowers of the Soul. Del. Aug. (5.)
 *Mr. Rooster Rebels. For. Nov., '25. (74:714.)
- CARR, C. M.
 Curse of the Logical Mind. Hol. Oct., '25. (19.)
- CARRINGTON, ELAINE STERNE. (1894-) (*See* 1924.)
 Chains. Pict. R. Oct., '25. (14.)
 *Ring Around Rosy. Pict. R. Mar. (12.)
 She Knew What She Wanted. W. H. C. Mar. (27.)
- CARSE, ROBERT.
 *In the Boneyard. Adv. Mar. 30. (158.)
- CARSON, SAM. (*See* 1925.)
 Feet, Let's Go. Ev. Jul. (24.)
- CARTER, ISABEL HOPESTILL.
 ***Old Woman. Atl. Jun. (137:789.)
- CARVER, ADA JACK. (*See* 1925.)
 ***Maudie. Harp. M. Jul. (153:207.)
 ***Treeshy. Harp. M. Feb. (152:353.)
- CARY, HAROLD, and WATERBURY, RUTH. (*See* WATERBURY, RUTH, and CARY, HAROLD.)
- CARY, LUCIAN. (1886-) (*See* 1925.)
 As Wide as a Barn Door. S. E. P. Apr. 24. (26.)
 Champion Takes Off His Sweater. Elks. Aug. (14.)
 Fresh Egg. S. E. P. Oct. 24, '25. (19.)
 One of the Hard-Boiled Kind. Col. Nov. 28, '25. (5.)
 Sauce for the Goose. W. H. C. Jul. (27.)
 Show Me the Way to Go Home. Col. Aug. 28. (18.)
 Trouble with Men. Col. Mar. 6. (18.)
 Voice from the Middle West. S. E. P. Jun. 19. (22.)
 Way Women Have. Col. Nov. 14, '25. (5.)
 Wife Who Wouldn't Play. Col. May 15. (18.)
- CASTLE, EVERETT RHODES. (*See* 1925.)
 Poison Ivory. S. E. P. Feb. 20. (38.)
 Poor Fish! S. E. P. Oct. 31, '25. (14.)
- CATHER, WILLA SIBERT. (1875-) (*See* 1920.) (*H.*)
- ***Gold Slipper. (R.) Gol. Mar. (3:359.)
- ***My Mortal Enemy. McCall. Mar. (8.)
- CHAMBERS, ROBERT W. (1865-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 Alibi. McCall. Aug. (10.)
 Art of Pleasing. McCall. Aug., '25. (9.)
- **Demoiselle d'Ys. (R.) Gol. Nov., '25. (2:601.)
 Work. McCall. May. (5.)
- CHAMBERS, WHITMAN.
 Skillets and Tent Stakes. Red Bk. Aug. (88.)
- CHAPMAN, ELIZABETH COBB. (*See* 1925.)
 One Year to Live. Ly. Apr. 3. (10.)
- CHAPMAN, FRANCES NORVILLE. (1876-) (*See* 1922.)
 **Broken Rhythms. Mid. Apr. (12:113.)
- CHASE, MARY ELLEN. (1887-) (*See* 1922.)
 ***Garment of Praise. Scr. Oct., '25. (78:422.)
- CHILD, RICHARD WASHBURN. (1881-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 **Fog. S. E. P. Dec. 26, '25. (8.)
 *Man of Understanding. (R.) F. S. Mar. (2:378.)
 *No Luck. Red Bk. Nov., '25. (42.)
 *Whiff of Heliotrope. (R.) F. S. Dec., '25. (1:390.)
- CHUTE, ARTHUR HUNT. (1890-)
 *Fighter. Sea. Feb. (101.)
 Stranger. MacL. Jan. 1. (14.)
- CLAIRE, AGNES.
 *Traveller in the Dusk. Colum. Jun. (22.)
- CLARK, EMILY. (MRS. EDWIN SWIFT BALCH.) (*See* 1925.)
 Cloud-Capp'd Towers. A. Merc. Jun. (8:195.)
- CLARK, SYDNEY A.
 Halo and the Sticky Thumb. Hol. Mar. (13.)
 Hangman's Daughter. Ev. Jul. (9.)
 Success of Montgomery Lubbock. Ev. Jan. (9.)
- CLARK, VALMA. (*See* 1925.)
 ***Director's Brother. Scr. Aug. (79:162.)
 Enter Eve. Scr. Nov., '25. (78:476.)
 Experiment. McCall. May. (12.)

- CLARKSON, SETH.
Archie and the Old Porcupine.
Ly. Feb. 13. (61.)
- CLAUSEN, CARL. (See 1925.)
Good Men and True. S. E. P.
Aug. 7. (40.)
Poker Face. S. E. P. Feb. 27.
(35.)
- CLINE, LEONARD LANSO. (See
1924.)
***Don Juan in Baltimore. Scr.
May. (79:467.)
***If There's Men There's Mer-
maids. Mid. Feb. (12:49.)
- COBB, IRVIN SHREWSBURY. (1876-
.) (See 1925.) (H.)
***Bull Called Emily. (R.) Gol.
Nov., '25. (2:663.)
*Ex-Fightin' Billy. (R.) F. S.
Mar. (2:346.)
*Finger That Kills. Cos. Apr.
(68.)
**Fishhead. (R.) F. S. Oct.
'25. (1:91.)
**"G. W." Harp. B. Feb. (66.)
**Good Sam. Cos. Jun. (38.)
*He Who Laughs Last. Cos.
Feb. (54.)
**"How to Choke a Cat to Death
Without Using Butter." Harp.
B. May. (76.)
***Last of the Bourbons. Cos.
Oct., '25. (42.)
*Peace on Earth. Cos. Dec.,
'25. (26.)
**Plaster of Paris. Cos. Jan.
(38.)
*Resourceful Miss Railey. Harp.
B. Aug. (52.)
**Thoroughly Bad Woman. Cos.
May. (26.)
*Three Wise Men of the East
Side. Cos. Jul. (54.)
***Two of Everything. Cos. Nov.,
'25. (34.)
**With the Best Intentions. Cos.
Mar. (26.)
- COHEN, OCTAVUS ROY. (1891-)
(See 1925.)
Aftermath. Col. Jun. 12. (15.)
Anniversary. Col. Feb. 27.
(22.)
Battle of Sedan. (R.) F. S.
Apr. (3:42.)
Battle Scared. S. E. P. Jun.
12. (20.)
Bear Facts. Chic. Trib. Nov.
22, '25.)
Black Max. Col. Oct. 10, '25.
(26.)
Call of the Riled. S. E. P. Mar.
6. (26.)
- Cash and Carrie. S. E. P. Apr.
3. (24.)
*Challenge. Col. Dec. 5, '25.
(20.)
Claws in the Contract. S. E. P.
Feb. 6. (24.)
Dark Hour. Col. Jul. 3. (7.)
Detective Hanvey Pays a Mid-
night Call. Am. May. (23.)
*Drab and Tinsel. Col. Oct. 28,
'25. (15.)
Endurance Vile. S. E. P. Dec.
5, '25. (32.)
Epilogue. Col. Jan. 30. (20.)
Fate—Deputy Sheriff. Elks.
Nov., '25. (6.)
Free and Easy. Red Bk. Apr.
(89.)
Gray Smoke. Chic. Trib. Aug. 1.
Grooms to Let. Elks. Feb.
(26.)
Halfwit. Col. Apr. 24. (16.)
His Wonders to Perform. Col.
May 15. (10.)
**Journey's End. Col. Jan. 2.
(31.)
Keepsake. Col. Mar. 27. (29.)
Lass and a Lack. S. E. P. Nov.
28, '25. (36.)
Last White Line. Ev. Oct., '25.
(25.)
*Light Shines Through. Col.
May 29. (8.)
Live Oak. Col. Nov. 7, '25.
(24.)
Measure for Measure. (R.)
F. S. Dec., '25. (1:351.)
Mercy, Monsieur! S. E. P. May
8. (28.)
Mother's Day. G. H. May.
(78.)
Neapolitan Scream. S. E. P.
Aug. 14. (22.)
Pay of Naples. S. E. P. Jul.
17. (18.)
Phantom Tip. Chic. Trib. Jan.
10.
Plumes and Sable. S. E. P.
Oct. 10, '25. (30.)
Silk's Alibi. Col. Jul. 24. (19.)
Skins and Groans. S. E. P.
Jan. 9. (32.)
Two Pairs—Joker Wild. Ev.
Jan. (26.)
- COLLINS, CHARLES. (See 1925.)
Avenging Ghost. Ly. Aug. 21.
(64.)
Caveman on the Corner. Ly.
Feb. 6. (21.)
- COLLINS, FREDERICK L. (See 1923.)
Under the High Hat. Col. Mar.
13. (8.)

- COMFORT, WILL LEVINGTON. (1878-
.) (See 1925.) (H.)
*Curving Shore. S. E. P. Jun.
5. (36.)
John Herd's Daughter. S. E. P.
Mar. 6. (22.)
Judith Iscariot. S. E. P. Nov.
21, '25. (18.)
*Silent Spring. (R.) F. S. Apr.
(3:138.)
Trouble in Dust. S. E. P. Apr.
3. (12.)
- CONDON, FRANK. (See 1925.) (H.)
Ask for Mr. Smith. S. E. P.
Mar. 20. (22.)
Faded and Gone. S. E. P. May
22. (26.)
Fighting Rabbit. S. E. P. Nov.
21, '25. (24.)
Little Mary Mae. S. E. P. Jul.
24. (20.)
Now and Then. Ly. Dec. 26,
'25. (37.)
Retake Man. S. E. P. Jun. 19.
(24.)
They Also Eat Fish. S. E. P.
Apr. 17. (26.)
Three to Get Ready. S. E. P.
Feb. 13. (34.)
Tickets to Florida. Col. May 1.
(13.)
Up and On. S. E. P. Jun. 5.
(18.)
Woof-Woof! S. E. P. Oct. 17,
'25. (26.)
- CONE, MARJORIE.
***"Wie Eine Blume." Mid. Jan.
(12:27.)
- CONNELL, CATHERINE. (See 1925.)
Merry-go-round. W. H. C. Jun.
(16.)
- CONNELL, RICHARD. (1893-
.) (See 1925.)
Actor's Love-Story. Pict. R.
Feb. (14.)
Angels on Horseback. S. E. P.
May 8. (12.)
Battling Time. S. E. P. Apr.
3. (16.)
Bridal Suite. Col. May 8. (11.)
***D. Box. Red Bk. Nov., '25.
(90.)
Diamond Cuff Links. S. E. P.
Feb. 13. (16.)
Evidence. S. E. P. Feb. 6.
(30.)
*First Lie. S. E. P. Mar. 20.
(16.)
Impossible Pratts. S. E. P. Oct.,
10, '25. (18.)
Job-Shy. S. E. P. Apr. 24.
(12.)
- Pennington Perambulator. S. E.
P. Dec. 19, '25. (18.)
Philanthropic Mr. Trumble. S.
E. P. Nov. 17, '25. (18.)
*Shoddy. S. E. P. Jul. 3.
(16.)
Terrible Tropics. S. E. P. Aug.
14. (14.)
Week-End at Atlantic City. S.
E. P. May 22. (15.)
Women and Elephants. S. E. P.
Jan. 30. (8.)
Yes-and-No-Man. S. E. P. Jan.
9. (20.)
- CONNOLLY, JAMES BRENDON. (1868-
.) (See 1925.) (H.)
*Executioners. Colum. Aug.
(18.)
*Lone Voyager. S. E. P. Jun.
19. (8.)
*When Scuppers Go Under.
Shrine. Aug. (16.)
- CONNOR, BREVARD MAYS.
His Desert Rose. Sun. Jul.
(26.)
Nature of the Beast. Sun. May.
(30.)
- CONWAY, RALPH.
*Be Yourself. Suc. May. (28.)
- COOK, MRS. GEORGE CRAM. See
GLASPELL, SUSAN KEATING.
Over. Jan. (83:3.)
- COOKSLEY, S. BERT.
**From a Remembered Garden.
*Tommy. Over. Oct., '25.
(83:369.) Nov., '25. (83:412.)
*Visitor. Echo. Jul. (9.)
- COOPER, COURTNEY RYLEY. (1886-
.) (See 1925.) (H.)
Condemned. (R.) F. S. Jun.
(3:383.)
*Dummy. Chic. Trib. Oct. 18,
'25.
*Elephant Tears. Col. Jun. 26.
(5.)
*Friendship. (R.) F. S. Jan.
(2:60.)
*Ghosts. Red Bk. Feb. (38.)
*Hippopotamus Number Two. Col.
Dec. 19, '25. (12.)
*"Ole Ugly." Am. Dec., '25.
(49.)
*Poor Little Rich Dog. Col.
Jul. 17. (7.)
*Son of the Vanquished. Am.
Mar. (21.)
- COREY, HERBERT. (See 1924.)
What Price Romance? Ev.
Feb. (9.)
- CORLEY, DONALD. (See 1925.)
***Glass Eye of Mr. Throgmorton.
Pict. R. Jun. (10.)

- CORNING, HOWARD MCKINLEY.
*It Doesn't Matter. Over. May.
(84:140.)
- CORNWELL, JULIE.
Peter Steps Out. L. H. J. Oct.,
'25. (20.)
- COX, ELEANOR ROGERS. (See 1919.)
***Deirdre of the Constant Heart.
Cath. W. Oct., '25. (122:73.)
- COZZENS, JAMES GOULD.
Letter to a Friend. Pict. R.
May. (16.)
- CRAM, MILDRED R. (1889-)
(See 1925.)
Bridge. (R.) F. S. Nov., '25.
(1:217.)
*Chinese Knife. Ly. Apr. 24.
(37.)
*Closed Door. Harp. B. Apr.
(128.)
*Deliverance. Col. Aug. 28.
(11.)
Every Mother's Son. Shrine.
May. (32.)
**Feeder. Red Bk. May. (83.)
Five and Ten Cent Pearls. Col.
Aug. 7. (5.)
Indelible Tattoo. (R.) F. S.
Jun. (3:317.)
**Odell. (R.) F. S. Feb.
(2:194.)
*Sadie of the Desert. Red Bk.
Oct., '25. (85.)
**Swede Woman. Col. Nov. 21,
'25. (5.)
*Top of the Stair. Ly. Nov. 7,
'25. (5.)
*Wheat and Oranges. Elks. Dec.
'25. (25.)
- CRANE, LEO. (1881-) (See
1916.)
*Things for the Home. Mun.
Aug. (88:465.)
- CRANE, STEPHEN. (1870-1900.)
(See 1925.) (H.)
***Kicking Twelfth. (R.) Ain.
Feb. (143.)
- CREW, HELEN COALE. (1866-)
(See 1920.) (H.)
**"Salute a Hero!" St. Nich.
Jun. (53:768.)
- CROWELL, CHESTER T. (1888-)
(See 1925.) (H.)
Eel. S. E. P. Apr. 10. (25.)
*Feud Blood. Am. Jun. (21.)
*Irma and Inez. Am. Feb. (39.)
***Juror Number One. S. E. P.
Jul. 3. (34.)
Kiss for Springtime. Col. Apr.
17. (28.)
*Pedro Valdez. Col. Apr. 10.
(25.)
- **Ruth. Col. Sept. 19, '25. (20.)
*Sourtown. Col. Feb. 20.
(22.)
***Take the Stand, Please. S. E. P.
Aug. 28. (52.)
***Take the Witness. S. E. P.
Feb. 13. (47.)
**Untamed. A. Merc. Nov., '25.
(6:298.)
- CROY, HOMER. (1883-)
Grandma and the Gigolo. Red
Bk. Aug. (51.)
- CUNNINGHAM, EUGENE. (See 1924.)
Yellow and Red. Sun. Apr.
(22.)
- CUNNINGHAM, LOUIS ARTHUR.
*Frères Malenfant. Cath. W.
Aug. (123:659.)
- CURTISS, PHILIP EVERETT. (1885-
) (See 1925.) (H.)
**Assault and Capture of Petti-
gard's Tavern. Pict. R. Apr.
(8.)
*Captain Marcy's Last Run. Am.
Mar. (11.)
Elixir of Lies. Scr. Oct., '25.
(78:372.) MacL. Jan. 1.
(23.)
*Mrs. Hopple and Daughter.
Harp. M. Nov., '25. (151:670.)
Sylvia Goes to the City. Harp.
M. Jan. (152:142.)
- CURWOOD, JAMES OLIVER. (1878-
) (See 1924.) (H.)
Feud. (R.) F. S. Mar.
(2:366.)
Fiddling Man. (R.) F. S.
Aug. (4:216.)
Honor of Her People. (R.)
F. S. Jul. (4:60.)
Match. (R.) F. S. Apr. (70.)
Outlawed. (R.) F. S. Nov.,
'25. (1:178.)
Yellow Back. (R.) F. S. Jun.
(3:390.)
- CUTTING, MARY STEWART, JR.
Last of the Family. Suc. Dec.,
'25. (52.)
Selling the Red Knight. Hol.
May. (24.)
- D
- DALE, VIRGINIA. (See 1925.)
Gay Old Bird. Red Bk. Oct.,
'25. (69.)
Not That Kind of Girl. Red Bk.
Aug. (72.)
Sold. Red Bk. Jul. (93.)
- DAVENPORT, WALTER. (See 1925.)
All About Jill Patrick. Ly. Jan.
9. (50.)
*Scared. Ly. Oct. 31, '25. (22.)

- DAVIES, OMA ALMONA. (*See* 1925.)
 Bee-Holden. S. E. P. Dec. 12, '25. (18.)
 Case of Flew. S. E. P. Jul. 31. (18.)
 Diary by the Horns. S. E. P. Mar. 13. (18.)
 In Every Business Is Kinks. S. E. P. Nov. 7, '25. (34.)
 Terror to Evildoers. S. E. P. May 29. (41.)
 Weakly Items. S. E. P. Mar. 27. (22.)
- DAVIS, E. CHARLES.
 Romance at the Elliots'. Des. May. (8.)
- DAVIS, ELMER HOLMES. (1890-) (*See* 1925.)
 Case in Point. Col. Jul. 24. (20.)
 Case of Scotch. Ly. Oct. 10, '25. (12.)
 Go and Get It. Col. Jun. 12. (5.)
 Gold Is Where You Find It. Ly. Dec. 12, '25. (43.)
 Opportunity. Ly. Oct. 31, '25. (30.)
- DAVIS, FREDERICK. (*See* 1924.)
 *Stranger. Mid. May. (12:147.)
- DAVIS, J. FRANK. (*See* 1923.)
 Nothing Overlooked. S. E. P. Aug. 21. (35.)
- DAVIS, LOUISE TAYLOR. (*See* 1925.)
 Missing Bond. Des. Nov., '25. (14.)
 Susan to Supper. Des. Jul. (12.)
- DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING. (1864-1916.) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 ***Bar Sinister. (R.) Gol. Jul. (4:5.)
 *Her First Appearance. (R.) F. S. May. (3:270.)
 **Mr. Travers's First Hunt. (R.) Gol. Dec., '25. (2:853.)
 **On the Fever Ship. (R.) F. S. Nov., '25. (1:254.)
- DEALEY, TED.
 Ringer. Hol. Oct., '25. (16.)
- DE BRA, LEMUEL L. (*See* 1924 under HUGHES, JAMES P., and DE BRA, LEMUEL L.)
 *Life—A Bowl of Rice. (R.) Gol. Feb. (3:166.)
- DE CLERCQ, JACQUES.
 *Case of Artemys Lynne. Par. Jul. (121.)
- DE JAGERS, DOROTHY. (*See* 1923.)
 Hot Waffles! S. E. P. Oct. 31, '25. (15.)
- DE JEANS, ELIZABETH. (MRS. SIDNEY BLUDGETT.) (*See* 1921.) (H.)
 Foregone Conclusion. Sun. Nov., '25. (9.)
- DELANO, EDITH BARNARD. (*See* 1925.) (*See* "H" under BARNARD and DELANO.)
 **At Auction. Col. Jun. 26. (9.)
 *Back of the Eyes. Shrine. Jul. (24.)
 *Child Shall Lead Them. G. H. Dec., '25. (80.)
 ***In the Dread of Night. L. H. J. Jan. (3.) Feb.
 *Judgment. Col. Apr. 10. (17.)
 **Next to Godliness. S. E. P. May 15. (18.)
 Riches. Col. Mar. 27. (17.)
 Tenth Point. Cos. Nov., '25. (30.)
- DE LA ROCHE, MAZO. (*See* ROCHE, MAZO DE LA.)
- DE LEON, WALTER. (*See* 1925.)
 Between Friends. Shrine. Jul. (6.)
 Daughter of the Star. Red Bk. Apr. (85.)
 Sweet Stepping Baby. Ev. Apr. (24.)
- DENBY, R. J. B.
 Batting for Tony. Ly. Mar. 20. (11.)
- DERIEUX, SAMUEL A. (1881-1922.) (*See* 1925.)
 Mountain Interval. Col. Jan. 23. (16.)
- DETZER, KARL W. (*See* 1925.)
 *Oars. Mun. May. (87:670.)
 **Outside. Cen. Aug. (112:421.)
- DEUTE, ARTHUR H.
 Old Plump. Ev. Apr. (60.)
 MacL. Apr. 15. (20.)
- DEUTSCH, HERMANN BACHER. (*See* 1925.)
 Last Garonne. Elks. Jan. (14.)
 Warmed Up to Win. Col. Dec. 26, '25. (12.)
- DEXTER, GAYNE. (*See* 1925.)
 Street of Shutters. Cos. Nov., '25. (54.)
- DICKIE, FRANCIS.
 Mystery of the Straits. MacL. Apr. 1. (13.)
- DICKINSON, ROY. (1888-) (*See* 1918.)
 **Perfect Setting. Harp. M. Nov., '25. (151:684.)
 ***Ultimate Frog. Harp. M. Nov., '24. (149:761.)
- DICKSON, HARRIS. (1868-) (*See* 1925.) (H.)

- DICKSON, HARRIS. (*Contd.*)
 Identified. S. E. P. Jun. 26.
 (50.)
 One-Eyed Jack. S. E. P. Apr.
 17. (14.)
 *Pranking Guinea. S. E. P. Mar.
 6. (8.)
 **Striped Man. (R.) Gol. Jan.
 (3:5.)
 Tail Puller. S. E. P. Jul. 24.
 (39.)
 DINGLE, AYLWARD E. (1874- .)
 (*See* 1925.)
 For Love of Lucy. Suc. Aug.
 (52.)
 ***Job. Adv. Feb. 20. (61.)
 **Knell of the Horn. Adv. Oct.
 20, '25. (50.)
 *Out of the Fog. Adv. Dec. 20,
 '25. (75.)
 ***Poor Old Man. S. E. P. Oct.
 24, '25. (30.)
 *Steward. Adv. Nov. 10, '25.
 (47.)
 **Toby's White Rats. Adv. Jan.
 20. (64.)
 DIVINE, CHARLES. (1889- .) (*See*
 1925.)
 Count Namovitch Orders a Bul-
 let-Proof Vest. Ly. Feb. 27.
 (33.)
 Perfect Accident. S. E. P. Dec.
 5, '25. (24.)
 DIXON, G. C.
 Round of His Life. MacL.
 Mar. 15. (12.)
 DOBIE, CHARLES CALDWELL. (1881-
 .) (*See* 1925.)
 ***All or Nothing. (R.) F. S.
 Aug. (4:244.)
 ***Partners. Harp. M. Apr.
 (152:627.)
 ***Thrice Bereft Widow of Hung
 Gow. Pict. R. May. (12.)
 DOUGLAS, MARJORY STONEMAN. (*See*
 1925.)
 Goodness, Gracious, Agnes. S.
 E. P. Oct. 17, '25. (12.)
 Little Things Are So Important.
 Hol. May. (13.)
 *Love in Venice. Hol. Feb. (7.)
 Mayor of Flamingo. S. E. P.
 Apr. 24. (30.)
 River in Flood. S. E. P. Apr.
 3. (26.)
 Woman of It. S. E. P. Nov.
 21, '25. (12.)
 DOUNCE, HARRY ESTY. (*See* 1925.)
 Martha's Child. Col. Jan. 16.
 (18.)
 DOWNING, J. HYATT. (1887- .)
 (*See* 1925.)
- ***Rewards. Scr. Apr. (79:412.)
 DREISER, THEODORE. (1871- .)
 (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 ***Convention. A. Merc. Dec.,
 '25. (6:398.)
 ***Lost Phoebe. (R.) F. S. May.
 (3:255.)
 DU BOIS, THEODORA. (1890- .)
 (*See* 1923.)
 ***Eblis. Harp. M. Apr.
 (152:598.)
 DUCKETT, JOAN STUART.
 Gold. Del. May. (5.)
 DUDLEY, HENRY WALBRIDGE (1887-
 .) (*See* 1925.)
 ***Query. Mid. Jan. (12:1.)
 DUFFIELD, ANNE.
 *Plum Tree. Mun. May.
 (87:699.)
 **Siren East. Mun. Aug.
 (88:490.)
 DUFFY, ALICE.
 Time and Chance. Hol. Mar.
 (11.)
 DUGANNE, PHYLLIS. (*See* 1925.)
 Dreams for Margery. Red Bk.
 Apr. (55.)
 Flung Roses. Ly. Feb. 20.
 (33.)
 Love Laughs at Doctors. Hol.
 Apr. (14.)
 Polly's Short Month. Des.
 Dec., '25. (14.)
 Spring Cleaning. Shrine. Aug.
 (32.)
 Stop! Go! Ly. May 22. (25.)
 Tree of Romance. Ly. Feb. 6.
 (55.)
 What Every Woman Wants.
 L. H. J. Jul. (6.)
 DUNN, JOSEPH ALLAN. (1872- .)
 (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 Crimson Flower. Col. Aug. 14.
 (22.)
 Stunt Girl. Ly. Aug. 7. (10.)
 DURKIN, DOUGLAS.
 *White Streak. Cen. Jul.
 (112:333.)
 DURSTINE, ROY S.
 Customer's Game. Ly. Oct. 17,
 '25. (33.)
 DUTTON, LOUISE ELIZABETH. (MRS.
 PARKER FILLMORE.) (*See* 1925.)
 (H.)
 Bad Mr. Goode. S. E. P. May
 1. (16.)
 Station STYX. S. E. P. Aug.
 7. (10.)
 DWIGHT, HARRY GRISWOLD. (1875-
 .) (*See* 1924.) (H.)
 ***Emperor of Elam. (R.) Gol.
 May. (3:647.)

DWIGHT, HARRY GRISWOLD. (*Contd.*)
 ***Leopard of the Sea. (R.) Gol.
 Jan. (3:13.)
 ***Official Returns. Atl. Dec., '25.
 (136:737.)
 DWYER, JAMES FRANCIS. (1874-
 .) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 *Dough. Red Bk. Jun. (58.)
 God Has a Reason. W. H. C.
 Feb. (8.)
 Teeney Treasure. Red Bk. May.
 (64.)

E

EARLY, ELEANOR.
 This College Course Prepares
 Girls for Matrimony. Ly. Oct.
 17, '25. (13.)
 EASTMAN, REBECCA LANE HOOPER.
 (1877- .) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 Miss Sitwell's Husband. G. H.
 Aug. (38.)
 EDGAR, DAY.
 Fool's Nickel. S. E. P. Apr. 3.
 (18.)
 Overtime. S. E. P. Jul. 31.
 (36.)
 EDMONDS, WALTER D. (1903- .)
 ***End of the Tow-path. Scr. Jul.
 (80:45.)
 EDMUNDS, FREDERICA.
 Gadarene Day. Cath. W. Dec.,
 '25. (122:352.)
 EDWARDS, A. CECIL.
 *Debt. Atl. Oct., '25. (136:502.)
 ELDRIDGE, PAUL. (*See* 1925.)
 **Chinese Doll. (R.) Strat. Jul.
 (17.)
 *Comedian's Last Act. This Quar.
 Spring, '25. (143.)
 *He Who Killed Time. Strat.
 Feb. (1:15.)
 Unique Case. Par. Jan. (106.)
 ELLERBE, ALMA MARTIN ESTABROOK
 (1871- .), and ELLERBE,
 PAUL LEE. (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 **Beggars' Diamond. Col. Dec.
 12, '25. (18.) MacL. Dec. 15,
 '25. (22.)
 EMMETT, ELIZABETH. (*See* 1925.)
 Do You Remember? Hol. Oct.,
 '25. (7.)
 Spring. Hol. Mar. (14.)
 ENGLAND, GEORGE ALLAN. (1877-
 .) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 Ten Messengers for a Million-
 aire. Del. Jul. (5.)
 EVANS, IDA MAY. (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 And They Called Him a Fool.
 Cos. Jun. (98.)
 Bitter Samaritan. Chic. Trib.
 Jun. 6.

Only Fifty Years Ago. Cos.
 Aug. (62.)
 Promising Young Man. Cos.
 Oct., '25. (86.)
 Their Famous Father. Chic.
 Trib. Jul. 18.
 Yacht Darling. Red Bk. Dec.,
 '25. (62.)
 EVANS, LARRY.
 Cassidy. (R.) Ain. Feb. (78.)
 Down Our Way. Cos. Mar.
 (88.)
 EWEN, DAVID.
 *God's Disciple. J. T. Aug. 20.
 (4.)
 EYSEN, MARGUERITE.
 Rigid Rotation. McCall. Dec.,
 '25. (20.)

F

FAGIN, N. BRYLLION. (*See* 1925.)
 *One God Over All. Am. H.
 Mar. 19. (118:557.)
 *Two Hands. Am. H. Jul. 23.
 (119:314.)
 FAIRBANK, JANET.
 Idle Hands. Cen. Jun.
 (112:233.)
 FAIRWEATHER, DOROTHY.
 It's All Bunk. MacL. Feb. 1.
 (19.)
 FAUSET, ARTHUR HUFF. (1899- .)
 ***Symphonies. Opp. Jun.
 (4:178.)
 FERBER, EDNA. (1887- .) (*See*
 1925.) (H.)
 *Ain't Nature Wonderful! (R.)
 Gol. Aug. (4:149.)
 **Every Other Thursday. Cos.
 Jul. (134.)
 ***Home Girl. (R.) F. S. Apr.
 (3:56.)
 *Old Lady Mandle. (R.) F. S.
 Jul. (4:47.)
 *That's Marriage. (R.) F. S.
 Oct., '25. (1:78.)
 **Woman Who Tried To Be Good.
 (R.) F. S. Jan. (2:52.)
 FERGUSSON, HARVEY. (1890- .)
 ***New Englander. A. Merc. Feb.
 (7:187.)
 Silver Saddle. Ly. Dec. 19,
 '25. (45.)
 FERNALD, CHESTER BAILEY. (1869-
 .) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 **Spirit in the Pipe. (R.) Gol.
 Jul. (4:75.)
 FIELD, EDWARD SALISBURY. ("CHILDE
 HAROLD.") (1878- .) (*See*
 1925.) (H.)
 Hulas and Humming Birds. S.
 E. P. Oct. 3, '25. (46.)

- FILLMORE, MRS. PARKER. *See* DUTTON, LOUISE ELIZABETH.
- FINEMAN, IRVING.
*Boaz Makes Up His Mind. Men. J. Jun.-Jul. (12:309.)
- FINGER, CHARLES J. (1871-)
(*See* 1925.)
- **Coming of the Roses. St. Nich. Apr. (53:585.)
- **King Lubu the Cat-Faced. St. Nich. Aug. (53:949.)
- **Nini and the Cat. St. Nich. Feb. (53:369.)
- **Silver Heart and Little Star. St. Nich. Dec., '25. (53:116.)
- **Wonderful Tale of Xibalda. St. Nich. Jun. (53:783.)
- FISH, HORACE. (1885-) (*See* 1920.) (*H.*)
- *Snow and Red Roses. Hol. Apr. (20.)
- FISHER, DOROTHY CANFIELD. *See* CANFIELD, DOROTHY.
- FISHER, EDITH FRANK.
*Berini, née Beryl. J. T. Oct. 23, '25. (2.)
- FITZGERALD, BRASSIL.
**Courage. Atl. Nov., '25. (136:655.)
Victoria. Cath. W. May. (123:154.)
- FITZGERALD, FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. (1896-) (*See* 1925.)
- *Adolescent Marriage. S. E. P. Mar. 6. (6.)
- ***Dance. Red Bk. Jun. (39.)
- **Not in the Guidebook. W. H. C. Nov., '25. (9.)
- *Penny Spent. S. E. P. Oct. 10, '25. (8.)
- *Presumption. S. E. P. Jan. 9. (3.)
- ***Two For a Cent. (R.) F. S. Dec., '25. (1:325.)
- FITZPATRICK, COLLINS.
**"Behold the Man." Colum. Jul. (24.)
- FOLSOM, ELIZABETH IRONS. (1876-) (*See* 1925.)
- *As It Was. H. H. Jul. (8.)
- *Darling, Darling. Mun. Nov., '25. (86:307.)
- **"Pretty Bad." Mun. Apr. (87:441.)
- *Publicity Girl. Mun. Jul. (88:284.)
- *Very Little Thing. Hol. Jun. (14.)
- *Without Mercy. Mun. Mar. (87:229.)
- FOOTE, JOHN TAINTOR. (1881-) (*See* 1924.) (*H.*)
- Allegheny. (R.) F. S. Dec., '25. (1:365.)
- Bearer of Gifts. Ly. Nov. 7, '25. (17.)
- FORD, COREY.
Feminine Touch. Shrine. Jul. (57.)
- FORD, SEWELL. (1868-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
- *Boom-De-Ay. S. E. P. Mar. 27. (20.)
- *Gold Putter. S. E. P. Jun. 5. (14.)
- *Just Married. Cos. Jul. (76.)
- *No Statement from Mr. Gunn. S. E. P. Jul. 17. (24.)
- *Petard Butterfly. S. E. P. Dec. 19, '25. (12.)
- *Rusty on the Job. S. E. P. May 22. (52.)
- *Tessie and the Red Arrows. S. E. P. Jan. 30. (36.)
- *Tessie in on a Big Night. S. E. P. Nov. 14, '25. (36.)
- *Tessie Meets the Heir. S. E. P. Apr. 24. (46.)
- FORMAN, HENRY JAMES. (1879-) (*See* 1924.)
- ***Children of Earth. Pict. R. Mar. (7.)
- FOSTER, MAXIMILIAN. (1872-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
- Rascovar, Citizen. S. E. P. May 22. (28.)
- FOX, JOHN (WILLIAM), JR. (1863-1919.) (*See* 1917.) (*H.*)
- *Courtship of Allaphair. (R.) Gol. Aug. (4:196.)
- FOX, PAUL HERVEY. (*See* 1924.)
- First Step. Harp. B. Jun. (145.)
- FRANCIS, GEORGE B.
Twelfth Green. Ly. Jul. 31. (52.)
- FRANKHAUSER, KINGSLEY.
Stiletto and Sally. Suc. Oct., '25. (74.)
- FRASER, JOHN.
In the Dark. Hol. Jan. (17.)
- FRASER, WILLIAM ALEXANDER. (1859-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
- Foundling. S. E. P. Aug. 7. (12.)
- *Joke Horse. S. E. P. Feb. 13. (14.)
- Smoothers. MacL. Jan. 1. (11.)
- FREDERICK, JUSTIN GEORGE. (1882-) (*See* 1921.) (*H.*)
- Barney "Busts" Through. Suc. Aug. (83.)

- FREEMAN, MARY ELEANOR WILKINS. (1862-) (See 1925.) (H.)
 ***Old Woman Magoun. (R.) Gol. Oct., '25. (2:528.)
 ***Scent of Roses. (R.) F. S. Dec., '25. (1:401.)
- FULLERTON, HUGH STEWART. (See 1925.) (H.)
 Rabbit Climbs a Tree. Ly. May 8. (57.)
 Roughneck Sissy. Ly. Nov. 7, '25. (31.)
- FURMAN, LUCY. (See 1925.) (H.)
 *Uncle Tutt's Typhoids. At. Oct., '25. (136:473.)
- FURNISS, RUTH PINE.
 Relax. Chic. Trib. May 9.
- G**
- GABRIEL, GILBERT W. (1890-)
 Among Those Present. Harp B. Nov., '25. (102.)
 ***Stripes. Cen. Jan. (111:305.)
- GAER, YOSSEF. (See 1925.)
 *Nikita the Rich. Strat. May. (24.)
 *Raisins and Almonds. J. T. Mar. 26. (4.)
 *Why Are Cherries Red? J. T. Apr. 30. (2.)
- GALE, ZONA. (1874-) (See 1925.) (H.)
 *And on Earth—Peace. Del. Dec., '25. (8.)
 *"And Then I'll Be Happy." Col. May 8. (10.)
 ***Autobiography. Col. Mar. 20. (17.)
 *Bella. Col. Feb. 6. (26.)
 Belnap. Col. Apr. 17. (17.)
 *Bill's Little Girl. Col. Jun. 5. (24.) [(26.)]
 ***Charivari. Col. Sept. 19, '25.
 *Chase. Del. Mar. (6.)
 Christmas Follies. G. H. Dec., '25. (26.)
 ***Evening. Book. (N. Y.) Dec., '25. (62:414.)
 **Fourth Generation. Col. Jan. 16. (26.)
 Night of the Storm. (R.) F. S. Jul. (4:39.)
 *Piece of Music. Col. Oct. 17, '25. (30.)
 *Question. Col. Nov. 14, '25. (26.)
 *Soft Answers. W. H. C. Jan. (22.)
 Something Plus. (R.) F. S. Oct., '25. (1:110.)
 Spider. Col. Dec. 12, '25. (26.)
 **Voice. Col. Jun. 19. (15.)
- GALLAGHER, MARIE.
 *Arabella Reads a Book. Com. Jul. 14. (4:267.)
 Sun Princess. Par. Jan. (167.)
- GARDNER, ERLE STANLEY.
 Now Listen! Sun. Jun. (30.)
- GATLIN, DANA. (See 1925.) (H.)
 Alice in Search of a Career. Des. Nov., '25. (5.)
- GELZER, JAY. (See 1925.)
 Emmy and the Door. G. H. Feb. (20.)
 Father's House. G. H. Mar. (28.)
 Four Walls. G. H. Oct., '25. (42.)
 *Old Country. G. H. May. (36.)
 Pretty Good. G. H. Jun. (26.)
- GEROULD, GORDON HALL. (1877-) (See 1919.) (H.)
 ***Broken Meats. Scr. Nov., '25. (78:525.)
- GILBERT, KENNETH. (See 1924.)
 Big Mitts. Sun. Nov., '25. (28.)
 **Breed of the Floes. Am. B. May. (18.)
 *Bullet for a Badger. Ly. Aug. 28. (55.)
 Cornhusker. Sun. Mar. (30.)
 *White Assassin. Ly. Dec. 5, '25. (31.)
- GILKYSON, WALTER. (1880-) (See 1925.)
 ***Dust and Bells. Scr. Jul. (80:87.)
- GILL, TOM. (See 1925.)
 *Game. Adv. Jan. 10. (139.)
 If Perrito Shall Not Die! Cos. May. (80.)
 *Madonna of the Pueblos. Cos. Oct., '25. (74.)
- GILLIS, ADOLPH.
 *Cure for Apoplexy. J. T. May 21. (2.)
- GLASGOW, ELLEN. (1874-) (See 1925.)
 **Difference. (R.) F. S. Aug. (4:180.)
 **Ideals. Cos. Jan. (24.)
 ***Shadowy Third. (R.) F. S. Apr. (3:78.)
- GLASPELL, SUSAN KEATING. (MRS. GEORGE CRAM COOK.) (1882-) (See 1921.) (H.)
 ***Faithless Shepherd. Corn. Jan. (60:51.)
- GLASS, MONTAGUE MARSDEN. (1877-) (See 1925.) (H.)
 *Such a Mother. Cos. Oct., '25. (46.)

GLASS, MONTAGUE MARSDEN. (*Contd.*)
 *Well, Why Not? Cos. Aug. (50.)
 *Yes, Mr. Rosenthal. Cos. Jun. (34.)
 GLENN, ISA URQUHART. (MRS. S. J. BAYARD SCHINDEL.) (*See* 1925.)
 ***Dawn of Nothing. Cen. Aug. (112:485.)
 GLUCK, SINCLAIR.
 *Mirage. Pict. R. Feb. (16.)
 GOODLOE, ABBIE CARTER. (1867-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 *Claustrophobia. Scr. Apr. (79:401.)
 GOODMAN, HENRY. (*See* 1923.)
 *"Your America." J. T. Aug. 6. (6.)
 GRAEVE, OSCAR. (1885-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 ***Death on Eight' Avenue. Cen. Mar. (111:522.)
 GRANGER, BOINE.
 Lucius Leaps Over. Shrine. Aug. (24.)
 GRANT, ETHEL WATTS-MUMFORD.
See MUMFORD, ETHEL WATTS.
 GRAY, MORRIS, JR.
 *Off His Beat. Atl. Aug. (138:218.)
 GREEN, KARL.
 Caf-eteria Love. Shrine. May. (38.)
 GREEN, PAUL. (*See* 1925.)
 **Beginning. Rev. Oct., '25. (99.)
 GREENE, J. H. (*See* 1925.)
 *Man from Toolanga. Pop. May. 7. (72.)
 *Ship Keeper. Pop. Aug. 20. (143.)
 *Whaler's Luck. Sh. St. Mar. 25. (112.)
 GREENOUGH, WALTER. (*See* 1925.)
 *"Bunny." Blue Bk. Mar. (143.)
 GREENWALD, TUPPER. (1902-) (*See* 1925.)
 *Max Moves On. Am. H. Apr. 30. (118:833.)
 **Picnic. Mid. Jul. (12:203.)
 ***Wheels. Mid. Feb. (12:41.)
 GREY, ZANE. (1875-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 From Missouri. McCall. Aug. (5.)
 GRIFFITH, MADDY VEGTEL.
 Glove. V. F. Apr. (58.)
 GROMER, BELLE BURNS. (*See* 1925.)
 Five Thousand Dollar Pearl. Cos. Jun. (94.)
 *Harbor of Dead Ships. Mun. Nov., '25. (86:269.)

H
 HAARDT, SARA. (1898-) (*See* 1925.)
 *All in the Family. Cen. Mar. (111:610.)
 ***Commencement. A. Merc. Aug. (8:461.)
 *Mendelian Dominant. A. Merc. Mar. (7:332.)
 HACKETT, MRS. FRANCIS. *See* TOKSVIG, SIGNE.
 HAIGHT, DOROTHY.
 Bull-Fight. Com. Jan. 27. (3:324.)
 Spanish Elevator. Chic. Trib. Aug. 8.
 HALE, AGNES BURKE. (*See* 1925.)
 Closest Diplomacy. S. E. P. Mar. 27. (16.)
 Even Eve. S. E. P. Nov. 21, '25. (40.)
 Flora and Fauna. S. E. P. Nov. 14, '25. (6.)
 Her Heart and Headlines. S. E. P. Jun. 19. (16.)
 HALL, DICK WICK.
 What Dogs Know. Red Bk. Apr. (95.)
 HALL, HAZEL. (?-1924.) (*See* 1925.)
 **Appointment. Mid. Feb. (12:70.)
 ***Favorable Impression. Mid. Jan. (12:11.)
 *Home. Mid. Apr. (12:128.)
 "HALL, HOLWORTHY." (HAROLD EVERETT PORTER.) (1887-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 Stage Door. Des. Apr. (8.)
 HALL, WALTER PHELPS.
 **Commencement. N. Rep. Jun. 16. (47:108.)
 HALL, WILBUR J. (*See* 1925.)
 Jump in the Bay. S. E. P. Mar. 27. (14.)
 Road to Restin' Easy. Red Bk. Aug. (92.)
 Way He Had. Des. Oct., '25.
 HALLET, RICHARD MATTHEWS. (1887-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 *El Parrett's Luck. S. E. P. Dec. 5., '25. (28.)
 **Horoscope. S. E. P. May 29. (22.)
 **Nothing But Blue Chips. S. E. P. Jun. 19. (10.)
 *Point Where All Sails Shiver. S. E. P. Dec. 12, '25. (20.)
 *Unwatched Light. Ev. Jul. (100.)
 HALSEY, FREDERICK.
 Love of the Irish. Ly. Mar. 20. (27.)

- HAMILTON, H. M. (*See* 1924.)
 **Children of Monsieur. S. E. P. Dec. 12, '25. (38.)
- HAMMETT, DASHIELL. (*See* 1923.)
 Ruffian's Wife. Sun. Oct., '25. (20.)
- HANLON, BROOKE.
 *Delicatessen. S. E. P. Oct. 24, '25. (12.)
 Letty Was Through With Men. S. E. P. Oct. 31, '25. (18.)
- HANSON, H. JAMES.
 *According to the Sages. Over. Oct., '25. (83:387.)
- HARDY, ARTHUR SHERBURNE. (1847-) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 ***Twelve Green Russian Garnets. (R.) Gol. Aug. (4:189.)
- HARE, AMORY.
 *Andromeda and Perseus. Scr. Jun. (79:617.)
 **Moorings. Scr. Apr. (79:368.)
- HARLOW, ALVIN F.
 Second Down. S. E. P. Jan. 16. (6.)
- HARRINGTON, EVA GRIFFITH.
 Indian Summer. Sun. Dec., '25. (18.)
- HARRIS, CORRA MAY WHITE. (1869-) (*See* 1924.) (H.)
 Touching Up Married Life. Cos. Aug. (56.)
 Woman Wins. L. H. J. Jun. (6.)
- HARRIS, FRANK. (1856-) (*See* 1922.) (H.) [(25.)
 ***First Love. (R.) Ain. Jun.
 ***Last Kindness. Ber. Mar. (90.)
- HARRIS, FRANK MANN. (*See* 1925.)
 Temptation of Willie Painter. S. E. P. Jan. 23. (14.)
 Willie Painter Loses His Bug. S. E. P. Jun. 26. (32.)
- HARRIS, KENNETT. (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 Lady Clara Vere de Vere. S. E. P. May 8. (16.)
 Pitcher and the Well. S. E. P. Nov. 28, '25. (8.)
 Rules of the Game. S. E. P. Jan. 30. (18.)
 Voice of the People. S. E. P. Apr. 10. (20.)
- HART, FRANCES NOYES. (1890-) (*See* 1925.)
 *Banbury Cross. S. E. P. Jun. 12. (5.)
- HARTE, FRANCIS BRET. (1839-1902.) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 ***How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar. (R.) Gol. Dec., '25. (2:788.)
- ***Mercury of the Foothills. (R.) Gol. Nov., '25. (2:679.)
- ***Wan Lee, the Pagan. (R.) Gol. Jun. (3:752.)
- HARTMAN, LEE FOSTER. (1879-) (*See* 1923.) (H.)
 **Black Fan. Cen. Jan. (111:346.)
- ***Mirage. Harp. M. May. (152:738.)
- ***Veneer. Harp. M. Jan. (152:166.)
- HAWTHORNE, JULIAN.
 *Sea Secret. Mun. Nov., '25. (86:237.)
- HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL. (1804-1864.) (*See* 1925.)
 ***David Swan. (R.) Gol. Apr. (3:545.)
- ***Maypole of Merry Mount (R.) Gol. May. (3:679.)
- HAWTHORNE, RUTH.
 Blood Won't Tell. Des. Apr. (5.)
- HAYNES, CAROL.
 *Travails with a Donkey. Atl. Feb. (136:206.)
- HECHT, BEN. (1896-) (*See* 1925.)
 *Magic Pen. Red Bk. May. (95.)
 Nine Ninety-Five. Red Bk. Mar. (91.)
 *Shadow. Ly. Jan. 30. (30.)
 Unfaithful Window. Red Bk. Dec., '25. (91.)
- HELLMAN, SAM. (*See* 1925.)
 Along Came Aida. S. E. P. Feb. 13. (38.)
 Gentlemen Prefer Bonds. S. E. P. Aug. 7. (18.)
 Man Who Hit 1,000. S. E. P. May 29. (20.)
 Pug and the Prof. S. E. P. Jul. 10. (16.)
 Ring 'Em, Rube! S. E. P. Jan. 2. (18.)
 Rough and Rah-Rah. S. E. P. Oct. 31, '25. (20.)
 Starring Stripe. S. E. P. Oct. 17, '25. (24.)
 Weed 'Em and Weep. S. E. P. Mar. 27. (32.)
 Willie Was His Name, Sir. S. E. P. Oct. 3, '25. (20.)
- HEMINGWAY, ERNEST. (*See* 1925.)
 ***Banal Story. Lit. R. Spring. (22.)
- ***Big Two Hearted River. This Quar. Spring, '25. (110.)
- ***Undeclared. This Quar. Autumn-Winter, '25-'26. (203.)

- HENDERSON, ROSE.
Tonita. Sun. Jul. (12.)
- HENNIGAN, MARY E. L.
*Returned Yank. Colum. Aug. (13.)
- "HENRY, O." (WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER.) (1867-1910.) (See 1925.) (H.)
- ***According to Their Lights. (R.) F. S. Nov., '25. (1:187.)
- ***Blind Man's Holiday. (R.) Ain. Feb. (109.)
- ***Calloway's Code. (R.) Gol. Feb. (3:169.)
- ***Compliments of the Season. (R.) Ain. Jan. (128.)
- ***Gift of the Magi. (R.) Gol. Dec., '25. (2:728.)
- **Hypotheses of Failure. (R.) Ain. May. (107.)
- ***Last Leaf. (R.) F. S. Jul. (4:68.)
- **Let Me Feel Your Pulse. (R.) Gol. Apr. (3:511.)
- **Memento. (R.) Ain. Nov., '25. (80.)
- ***Proof of the Pudding. (R.) Ain. Aug. (105.)
- ***Retrieved Reformation. (R.) F. S. Mar. (2:406.)
- ***Roads of Destiny. (R.) Gol. Nov., '25. (2:627.)
- "HENRY, MRS. O." (MRS. WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER.)
Invisible Cords. McCall. Nov., '25. (8.)
- HERBST, JOSEPHINE.
*Dry Sunday in Connecticut. A. Merc. Jul. (8:339.)
- HERGESHEIMER, JOSEPH. (1880-) (See 1925.) (H.)
- ***Alice Carpenter. McCall. Jul., '25. (5.)
- ***Ann Fascitt. McCall. Oct., '25. (17.)
- **Beyond. S. E. P. May 22. (8.)
- ***Captive Pass. S. E. P. May 1. (8.)
- *Cream of Hearts. S. E. P. Jun. 5. (10.)
- *Fine Metal. S. E. P. Aug. 21. (16.)
- ***Isabel Mays. McCall. Feb. (9.)
- *Replicas for Reality. S. E. P. Aug. 7. (3.)
- HERRMANN, JOHN.
***Story of the Lead Pencil. N. Mass. Jul. (28.)
- HESS, LEONARD L. (See 1925.)
- *Altar. Am. H. Oct. 23, '25. (117:766.)
- ***Beyond Contest. Psy. Jan.
- HIBBEN, PAXTON. (1880-) (See 1925.)
- *Royal Rampage. Ly. Aug. 14. (79.)
- HICKMAN, W. ALBERT. (See 1925.) (H.)
- **A-Flat Major Polonaise. (R.) Gol. Jan. (3:19.)
- HIGGINS, AILEEN CLEVELAND.
Transplanted. Hol. Aug. (11.)
- HILDER, JOHN CHAPMAN.
Forty-Five Minutes from Greenwich Village. Col. May 15. (24.)
- HILL, DREW.
Girl Who Wanted to Grow Up. Am. May. (31.)
- HILLMAN, EDITH.
**Return of Sender. J. T. Jul. (9:261.)
- HILLMAN, GORDON MALHERBE. (See 1924.)
- Texas Queen. Am. Jul. (20.)
- HIRSCH, J. ALBERT. (See 1925.)
- **Breath of Lebanon. J. T. Jan. 29. (2.)
- HOLDEN, OLIVER.
*Faith, Soap and Charity. Hol. Feb. (19.)
- HOLDING, ELIZABETH SANXAY. (1889-) (See 1925.)
- *Memory of a May Night. Pict. R. May. (14.)
- Rosalie Gets Out of the Cage. Am. Feb. (51.)
- HOLT, FRANKLIN. (1891-)
- ***He Twanged a Merry Mandolin. Cen. Feb. (111:435.)
- HOLT, HENRY P. (See 1925.) (H.)
- Stowaway. Ev. Mar. (76.)
- HOOVER, EDWIN HUNT.
*Ends of Justice. Echo. Jan. (4.)
- HOPE, EDWARD. (See 1925.)
- For Sale—Dog. Ly. Jun. 26. (21.)
- *Hendryx Enters. Col. Jan. 9. (7.)
- Nothing Ever Happens in Town. Col. Oct. 24, '25. (7.)
- One Good Turn. Col. Jan. 30. (5.)
- HOPKINS, GEORGE. See MITCHELL, RUTH COMFORT, and HOPKINS, GEORGE.
- HOPKINS, MARY ALDEN. (See 1923.)
- Go Get Him, Phyllis! L. H. J. Apr. (24.)
- HOPPER, JAMES MARIE. (1876-) (See 1925.) (H.)
- **Caybigan. (R.) Ev. Feb. (124.)

- HOPPER, JAMES MARIE. (*Contd.*)
 *Flip of the Hand. MacL. Feb. 1. (16.)
 *Long Try. Pict. R. Nov., '25. (14.)
 *Marriage of Jack Halliday. Des. Jun. (5.)
 *Pepe. Col. Mar. 13. (20.)
 *Promoted. Col. May 8. (20.)
 *Queer Scare. Col. Mar. 6. (24.)
 *Stubborn Jim. G. H. Jul. (80.)
 Training of John Kieran. Col. May 1. (18.)
 **Two Soldiers. G. H. Nov., '25. (82.)
- HORN, R. DE S. (*See* 1922.)
 Squarehead. Am. Oct., '25. (11.)
- HOUGH, EMERSON. (1857-) (*See* 1918.) (*H.*)
 *Stolen Bridegroom. (R.) Gol. May. (3:627.)
- HOUGH, FRANK.
 Double Canfield. Ev. Feb. (26.)
- HOUSTON, MARGARET BELLE. (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 Breaking the Peace of Hillville. L. H. J. Jul. (8.)
- HOVEY, LEE.
 Excuse It, Please. Chic. Trib. Jan. 24.
- HOVEY, PRISCILLA. (*See* 1925.)
 Those Parents! W. H. C. Oct., '25. (32.)
- HUGHES, LLEWELLYN. (*See* 1925.)
 Accomplice. MacL. Oct. 15, '25. (18.)
 Fraud. MacL. Dec. 15, '25. (25.)
 Rose-Colored Chair. MacL. Jun. 1. (20.)
 Treasure. Ly. Apr. 3. (41.)
- HUGHES, RUPERT. (1872-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 **Father of the Waters. (R.) F. S. Feb. (2:176.)
 Garter. Col. Feb. 13. (15.)
 Ghostly Counselors. (R.) F. S. Aug. (4:169.)
 His Last First Night. Harp. B. Jul. (70.)
 **Last Appearance. Sat Nite. Cos. May. (42.)
 *Little Shops. Col. Dec. 19, '25. (23.)
 **Long Ever Ago. (R.) F. S. Oct., '25. (1:22.)
 ***Michaelen! Michaelawn! (R.) F. S. May. (3:192.)
- 1926 Model Wife. Col. Apr. 10. (28.)
 "Oh, Miss Mifflin!" Harp. B. May. (84.)
 *Patent Leather Kid. Cos. Feb. (44.)
 *Perfect Mother. Col. Jan. 9. (26.)
 Pride of Remorse. Ly. Mar. 27. (49.)
 Red Kids. Col. Oct. 24, '25. (23.)
 Well-guessed Woman. Col. Nov. 21, '25. (28.)
- HULL, HELEN R. (*See* 1925.)
 ***Clay-Shuttered Doors. Harp. M. May. (152:684.)
 Inside the Shell. Col. Jul. 31. (10.)
 *Scrap of Paper. Des. Jul. (14.)
- HUMASON, SALLY. (*See* 1925.)
 All on a Summer's Day. Col. Jul. 10. (15.)
 Gate by the Bridge. Hol. Jan. (14.)
- HUME, CYRIL. (*See* 1925.)
 ***Head. Harp. M. Dec., '25. (152:19.)
- HUME, DORIS MARCIA.
 "Always and Always to Remember." Des. Dec., '25. (5.)
- HUMMEL, GEORGE F. (*See* 1923.)
 *Full Flight. (R.) F. S. Apr. (3:107.)
- HUNTING, HENRY GARDNER. (1872-) (*See* 1924.) (*H.*)
 Spice of Life. Col. Dec. 5, '25. (14.)
- HURST, FANNIE. (1889-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 ***Back Pay. (R.) F. S. Feb. (2:156.)
 **"Gold Does Glitter." Harp. B. Mar. (96.)
 *Here Comes the Bride. Cos. Apr. (38.) MacL. Mar. 15. (29.)
 ***Madagascar Ho! Cos. Mar. (48.)
 **Roulette. (R.) F. S. Aug. (4:153.)
 ***Smirk. Harp. B. Jan. (78.)
 ***Smudge. (R.) F. S. Mar. (2:312.)
 ***Sob Sister. (R.) F. S. Oct., '25. (1:39.)
 **Vertical City. (R.) F. S. Jul. (4:27.)
 ***Who Are You? Cos. Jan. (44.)

- HURSTON, ZORA NEALE. (*See 1925.*)
 **John Redding Goes to Sea. Opp.
 Jan. (4:16.)
 ***Muttsy. Opp. Aug. (4:246.)
 HUSE, HARRY GOODHUE.
 **Halo. Mid. Aug. (12:225.)
 *Old Trail. Mid. May. (12:160.)
 HUSSEY, L. M. (*See 1924.*)
 ***Embers. Cen. Oct., '25.
 (110:656.)
 **Liberator. A. Merc. Apr.
 (7:484.)
 HUSTON, MCCREADY. (*See 1925.*)
 Breakfast If Desired. Red Bk.
 Apr. (74.)
 **Mechanical Genius. Cen. Jul.
 (112:356.)
 ***Mrs. Arnold's Smile. Scr. Dec.,
 '25. (78:639.)
 Until Closing. Red Bk. Feb.
 (80.)
 HUTCHINGS, STACEY.
 Bramble Bush. L. H. J. May.
 (18.)
 HUTTY, LEE.
 Even This Can Happen. Chic.
 Trib. Apr. 18.
- I
- IRWIN, INEZ HAYNES. (INEZ
 HAYNES GILLMORE.) (1873-
 .) (*See 1925.*) *See "H"*
under GILLMORE.
 *Not a Single Nerve. Des. Oct.,
 '25. (5.)
 IRWIN, WALLACE. (1875- .)
 (*See 1925.*) (H.)
 Apartment No. 6. Suc. Jun.
 (20.)
 *Challenge at the Border. Col.
 Jul. 17. (9.)
 Club Bore. Col. Mar. 13.
 (17.)
 *Home Department. Col. May
 1. (15.)
 One Beloved. Col. Feb. 27.
 (5.)
 Scarlet. Ly. May 15. (5.)
 IRWIN, WILL (IAM HENRY). (1873-
 .) (*See 1925.*) (H.)
 Contender. S. E. P. Mar. 27.
 (28.)
 **Not Without Honor. Ev. Nov.,
 '25. (9.)
 President of the Scrooge Club.
 Elks. Dec., '25. (6.)

J

- JACKSON, CHARLES TENNEY. (1874-
 .) (*See 1925.*) (H.)
 *Under the Fleet. Adv. Jul. 23.
 (59.)

- JACKSON, MARGARET W.
 Stars That Shine. G. H. Nov.,
 '25. (74.)
 JAMES, WILL. (*See 1925.*)
 *Silver Mounted. Red Bk. Jul.
 (64.)
 JAVITZ, ALEXANDER. (1897- .)
 (*See 1925.*)
 ***Night and the Mist. Guar.
 (Am.) Oct., '25. (2:412.)
 JENKINS, CHRISTOPHER.
 Bayonet of Henri Laberge.
 MacL. Oct. 15, '25. (15.)
 JENKS, ALMET.
 **Funeral Guest. Harp. M. Aug.
 (153:367.)
 JERARD, ELISE JEAN.
 Florrie Finds a Gentleman.
 Pict. R. Nov., '25. (22.)
 Selfish McGay. Col. Jun. 26.
 (13.)
 JOHN, W. A. P. (*See 1921.*)
 Subdivided We Fall. Shrine.
 Jul. (38.)
 JOHNS, ORRICK. (*See 1923.*)
 Idyl of the Province. Par. Apr.
 (49.)
 JOHNSON, GUY B.
 *Black and White at the Negro
 Fair. Opp. Jul. (4:223.)
 JOHNSON, NUNNALLY. (*See 1925.*)
 *Black Menace. Par. Apr. (96.)
 Fame Is a Bubble. S. E. P.
 Apr. 3. (20.)
 His Name in the Papers. S. E.
 P. Mar. 13. (12.)
 It Probably Never Happened.
 S. E. P. Jul. 10. (6.)
 Love of a Moron. S. E. P.
 Feb. 27. (20.)
 Lure of the Game. Par. Jan.
 (150.)
 Rough-House Rosie. S. E. P.
 Jun. 12. (16.)
 JOHNSON, OWEN McMAHON. (1878-
 .) (*See 1925.*) (H.)
 Sealed Papers. Red Bk. Dec.,
 '25. (31.)
 JOHNSTON, CALVIN. (*See 1925.*)
 (H.)
 *Cold Jingle of Money. MacL.
 Feb. 15. (16.)
 *Run of the Outlaw Mail. Sh.
 St. Nov. 10, '25. (126.)
 *Story of the Haunted Robber.
 Elks. Feb. (35.)
 JONES, STANLEY.
 Feather-Duster. Elks. Apr.
 (21.)
 Hick. Suc. Jun. (74.)
 New Gods for Old. Ev. May.
 (78.)

- JORDAN, ELIZABETH GARVER. (1867-
.) (See 1925.) (H.)
Her Beloved Three. Chic. Trib.
May 30.
Star and the Village Maiden.
S. E. P. Dec. 12, '25. (16.)
JORGENSEN, NELS LEROY. (See
1925.)
*Stars of Desire. Mun. Aug.
(88:498.)

K

- KAHLER, HUGH MACNAIR. (1883-
.) (See 1925.)
Beloved Handicap. S. E. P.
Aug. 21. (18.)
Catastrophe. S. E. P. Nov. 14,
'25. (18.)
Cup and the Lip. S. E. P.
Nov. 7, '25. (22.)
Easy. S. E. P. Jan. 16. (8.)
Island in the Night. S. E. P.
Jun. 12. (8.)
Last Rose of Sumble. S. E. P.
Feb. 20. (22.)
Samson Strain. S. E. P. Oct.
3, '25. (12.)
Shining Armor. S. E. P. Jul.
10. (10.)
Squashes. S. E. P. Apr. 10.
(12.)
Trodden Dust. S. E. P. Nov.
28, '25. (6.)
Vinegar. S. E. P. Mar. 20.
(24.)
Witch Tree. S. E. P. May 15.
(24.)
KAUFFMAN, REGINALD WRIGHT.
(1877- .)
Moonlight. Ev. Aug. (52.)
Starshine. Ev. Jan. (96.)
KELLAND, CLARENCE BUDINGTON.
(1881- .) (See 1925.) (H.)
Bill Payable. S. E. P. Nov.
14, '25. (22.)
Call Money. S. E. P. Dec. 26,
'25. (20.)
Counter Attack. S. E. P. Aug.
14. (26.)
Extra Legal. S. E. P. Jul. 31.
(10.)
Heap of Human Nature. S. E.
P. Nov. 28, '25. (20.)
High Finance. S. E. P. Oct.
24, '25. (8.)
Hole in One. S. E. P. Oct. 10,
'25. (28.)
In Fee Simple. S. E. P. Aug.
28. (18.)
*Medal. L. H. J. Jun. (10.)
Nerve. S. E. P. Nov. 7, '25.
(30.)

- Pum! Po! Pum! Po! S. E. P.
Apr. 10. (6.)
Scattergood Blows Away the
Dust. Am. Aug. (38.)
Scattergood Finds the Gate.
Am. Apr. (48.)
Scattergood Wins a Bird
of Prey. Am. Nov., '25.
(52.)
Tiller Girl. Ly. Nov. 21, '25.
(32.)
United We Stand. S. E. P.
Jan. 16. (20.)
Why Is a Bank? S. E. P. Dec.
12, '25. (26.)
KELLY, ELEANOR MERCEIN. (1880-
.) (See 1920.) (H.)
Basquerie. S. E. P. Jul. 3.
(3.)
*Getting Even. Pict. R. Apr.
(26.)
KELLY, MYRA. (1876-1910.)
***Little Matter of Real Estate.
(R.) Gol. Jan. (3:99.)
KEMP, HARRY HIBBARD. (1883- .)
*Nikita the Rich. Strat. May.
(31.)
KEMPTON, KENNETH PAYSON.
(1891- .) (See 1925.)
*Blood Boat. Am. B. Mar. (8.)
KENYON, BERNICE.
**Florentine Face. Scr. Jan.
(79:59.)
*Riviera Road. Scr. Aug.
(79:133.)
KENYON, THEDA.
Gay Tyrant. McCall. Aug., '25.
(5.)
KERNISH, J. D.
Caliph's Convert. Hol. Jan.
(8.)
KERR, SOPHIE. (1880- .) (See
1925.) (See "H" under UNDER-
WOOD, SOPHIE KERR.)
Art for Art's Sake. Col. May
1. (22.)
As Easy as Kiss-Me-Hand. Ly.
Jun. 19. (11.)
But Oh, the Difference! Red
Bk. Jan. (53.)
Darrah's Daughter. Col. Feb.
20. (19.)
Flawed. Col. May 22. (9.)
Genius. S. E. P. Jan. 30.
(40.)
Good Business Christmas. Pict.
R. Dec., '25. (20.)
Good Works. Col. Aug. 14.
(13.)
Ladies' Change. S. E. P. Mar.
6. (20.)
Manna. Col. Apr. 3. (22.)

KERR, SOPHIE. (Contd.)

- Merry Christmas. Col. Dec. 26, '25. (14.)
 Mother's Got a Good Home. Col. Oct. 10, '25. (18.)
 Myrtle Must Be Happy. W. H. C. Oct., '25. (25.)
 Old American. Col. Nov. 28, '25. (5.)
 Pack Horse. S. E. P. Aug. 28. (34.)
 *Perfect Idyll. Col. Oct. 3, '25. (28.)
 Permanent Accessions. W. H. C. Feb. (7.)
 ***Release. Col. Oct. 31, '25. (23.)
 Servant of Beauty. Col. Jan. 23. (23.)
 Sword and the Sea. S. E. P. May 22. (22.)
 Things. Cen. Aug. (112: 395.)
 Tyrant. W. H. C. Jul. (7.)
 Youth Is Served. S. E. P. Jul. 17. (14.)
 "KHELEV, ABDUL BEN."
 Two Tramps. Strat. Apr. (1:17.)
 KILBOURNE, FANNIE. ("MARY ALEXANDER.") (See 1925.)
 Cinderella Celebrates. Del. Jan. (10.)
 Do You Believe in Luck? Am. Mar. (51.)
 Dot Takes a Lesson in Values. Am. Apr. (30.)
 "Easy Money." Am. May. (55.)
 Let Dot Do It! Am. Jan. (44.)
 Madge's Last Chance. Am. Jul. (29.)
 What Would a Young Man Do? S. E. P. May 8. (24.)
 KILMAN, JULIAN. (1878-) (See 1925.)
 *In the Lea of the Open Hearth. Echo. Dec., '25. (1.)
 KING, ETHEL.
 Gardener. Cath. W. Apr. (123:55.)
 KINGSLEY, HOMER.
 *One-Cent Lady. Rot. Dec., '25. (19.)
 KIRK, R. G. (See 1925.)
 Belongs on a Bridge. S. E. P. May 22. (10.)
 Soots. S. E. P. May 15. (3.)
 Sportsman. S. E. P. Aug. 14. (16.)

- To Coal. S. E. P. Jun. 19. (6.)
 KLAHR, EVELYN GILL. (See 1924.) (H.)
 Her Impossible Husband. W. H. C. Nov., '25. (7.)
 KLEIN, MARION.
 Mauve Youth. Par. Jul. (147.)
 KLUMPH, INEZ. (See 1924.)
 After All, Why Not? W. H. C. Mar. (21.)
 KNIGHT, ADELE FERGUSON.
 *Flaming Hill. Am. Dec., '25. (7.)
 KNIGHT, GLADYS.
 Candle of Maria Sanchez. Cath. W. Jun. (123:337.)
 KNISTER, RAYMOND. (1899-) (See 1924.)
 *Boy's Girl. Tor. S. Jul. 31.
 **Christmas at Corncob Corners. Tor. S. Dec. 19, '25.
 ***Elaine. This Quar. Spring, '25. (160.)
 ***Fate of Mrs. Lucier. Autumn-Winter, '25-'26. (172.)
 **Harvest Home Chicken Supper at Birdseye Center. Tor. S. Nov. 21, '25.
 *Little Gift of Earrings. Tor. S. Dec. 26, '25.
 KNOWLTON, CLARKE. (See 1925.)
 ***Gladys Marley. Scr. Mar. 79:263.)
 Miss Phœbe's Lover. Scr. Feb. (79:137.)
 KOMROFF, MANUEL. (1890-) (See 1925.)
 ***Christian Bite. Atl. Mar. (137:326.)
 ***Grace of Lambs. (R.) Gol. May. (3:697.)
 KORSMEYER, M. S. B.
 Out with Santa Claus. Ly. Dec. 19, '25. (18.)
 KRUNICH, MILUTIN. (1894-)
 ***Then Christs Fought Hard. Atl. Dec., '25. (136:778.)
 *"We, the Cavemen." Atl. Nov., '25. (136:615.)
 KUMMER, FREDERIC ARNOLD. (1873-) (See 1925.) (H.)
 Gifts from Saladin. G. H. Aug. (60.)
 Queen Sheba's Rouge-Pot. G. H. Jun. (52.)
 Seal of Rameses. G. H. May. (22.)
 Vive les Américains. Ly. Jan. 30. (51.)
 Wine for Alexander. G. H. Jul. (62.)

KYNE, PETER BERNARD. (1880-)
 (See 1925.) (H.)
 Beloved Leader. Cos. Dec., '25.
 (36.)
 Cappy Bells the Cat. Cos. Oct.,
 '25. (30.)
 Rustling for Cupid. Cos. Feb.
 (68.)
 Star-Spangled Manner. Col. Jul.
 31. (5.) Aug. 7. (15.)

L

LANE, D. R. (See 1925.)
 Wooden Nutmeg. Sun. May.
 (2.)
 Worthy of His Hire. Sun., '25.
 (20.)
 LANE, ROSE WILDER. (1877-)
 (See 1925.)
 *Hill-Billy Pride. C. G. Dec.,
 '25. (12.)
 LARDNER, RING W. (1885-)
 (See 1925.) (H.)
 **Champion. (R.) F. S. Dec.,
 '25. (1:375.)
 ***Day with Conrad Green. Ly.
 Oct. 3, '25. (5.)
 ***Reunion. Ly. Oct. 31, '25.
 (5.)
 **Rhythm. Cos. Mar. (32.)
 ***Travelogue. Cos. May. (36.)
 ***Who Dealt? Cos. Jan. (32.)
 MacL. Dec. 15, '25. (10.)
 LARSSON, GENEVIEVE. (See 1925.)
 ***Purple Thistles. Pict. R. Jan.
 (8.)
 LATIMER, MARGARET. (See 1925.)
 **Picnic Day. N. Mass. Aug.
 (23.)
 LATIMER, MARGERV.
 **Werwolf. Cen. Apr. (111:688.)
 LAURENCE, JOHN.
 Snake in the Glass Jar. Hol.
 Jul. (18.)
 LAURIE, JOHN LEE.
 Jan Parazyl-Canadian. MacL.
 Jan. 15. (19.)
 LAZARUS, SIDNEY F. (See 1925.)
 Gladys Had Ideals. S. E. P.
 Nov. 14, '25. (28.)
 Hill and Dale. S. E. P. May
 1. (55.)
 Romance On and Off. S. E. P.
 Jan. 9. (28.)
 Woodlane Follies. S. E. P. Dec.
 19, '25. (47.)
 LEA, FANNIE HEASLIP. (MRS. H. P.
 AGEE.) (1884-) (See
 1925.) (H.)
 "Man-rice!" S. E. P. Jul. 31.
 (6.)
 Purple Scarf. G. H. Jul. (26.)

Stowaway. S. E. P. May 15.
 (6.)
 There Goes a Sailor. S. E. P.
 Feb. 27. (10.)
 LEACOCK, STEPHEN BUTLER. (1869-
) (See 1924.) (H.)
 *Transit of Venus. G. H. Jan.
 (78.)
 LEARY, EVA WOODBURN. (See 1924.)
 *No Man's Man. Cath. W. Nov.,
 '25. (122:167.)
 LE CLERCQ, JACQUES. See "TANA-
 QUIL, PAUL."
 LE CLERCQ, PAUL. See "TANAQUIL,
 PAUL."
 LEE, JENNETTE BARBOUR PERRY.
 (1860-) (See 1925.) (H.)
 *Freedom of John Peabody. Cen.
 Apr. (111:658.)
 *Only Young Once. G. H. Jun.
 (80.)
 LEECH, MARGARET KERNOCHAN. See
 McMEIN, NEYSA, MORAN, and
 LEECH, MARGARET KERNOCHAN.
 LEINSTER, MURRAY. (See 1924.)
 Big Idea. Hol. Aug. (18.)
 Lucky Guy. Sun. Aug. (9.)
 LEONARD, ORVILLE H. (See 1924.)
 *Song of the Colorado. Sun.
 Jan. (20.)
 "LESSING, BRUNO." (RUDOLPH
 BLOCK.) (1870-) (See
 1925.) (H.)
 Thirty Days. Cos. May. (77.)
 LEWARS, ELSIE SINGMASTER. See
 SINGMASTER, ELSIE.
 LEWIS, ALFRED HENRY. ("DAN
 QUINN.") (1842-1914.) (See
 1925.) (H.)
 **Dawson and Rudd, Partners.
 (R.) Gol. Jan. (3:87.)
 **Rival Dance-Halls. (R.) Gol.
 Jun. (3:827.)
 LEWIS, SINCLAIR. (1885-)
 (See 1923.)
 Ghost Patrol. (R.) F. S. May.
 (3:263.)
 Speed. (R.) F. S. Nov., '25.
 (1:246.)
 LEWISOHN, LUDWIG. (1883-)
 ***Holy Land. Harp. M. Oct.,
 '25. (151:523.)
 LHEVINNE, ISADORE J. (1896-)
 (See 1925.)
 ***Enemies. J. T. Oct. 9, '25.
 (4.)
 **White Vision. Am. H. Nov.
 20, '25. (118:43.)
 LIEBERMAN, ELIAS. (1883-)
 (See 1925.) (H.)
 *Poor Columbine. Par. Apr.
 (145.)

- LIEFERANT, HENRY. (1892-)
(See 1924), and SALTZBERG,
SYLVIA B. (1896-) (See
1924.)
- ***At Dusk We Met. A. W. Oct.,
'25. (10.)
- ***White Teeth. Jus. Dec., '25.
(1:66.)
- LINCOLN, JOSEPH CROSBY. (1870-
) (See 1924.) (H.)
- *Mare and the Motor. (R.) Gol.
Apr. (3:457.)
- Owl and the Mermaid. Pict. R.
Jun. (7.)
- *Supply and Demand. (R.) Ev.
Jul. (130.)
- Through Fire and Water. (R.)
Ain. Nov., '25. (119.)
- LLOYD, BEATRIX DEMAREST.
In Short, Herkimer. S. E. P.
Jan. 9. (10.)
- Intention of the Testator. S. E.
P. Jul. 24. (8.) [(28.)
- Spite House. S. E. P. Apr. 17.
LONDON, JACK. (1876-1916.) (See
1925.) (H.)
- **Bâtard. (R.) F. S. Jun.
(3:361.)
- **Marriage of Lit-Lit. (R.) F. S.
May. (3:225.)
- ***Samuel. (R.) F. S. Jan.
(2:98.)
- **To the Man on the Trail. (R.)
Over. Jun. (84:163.)
- ***Wit of Porpotuk. (R.) Oct.,
25. (1:9.)
- LONG, E. WALDO. (See 1924.)
- Old Sam Invests a Quarter. Ev.
Apr. (110.)
- LOOMS, GEORGE.
- *Scherzo. Echo. Jun. (13.)
- LOVELACE, DELOS W. (See also
LOVELACE, MAUD HART and
DELOS W.) (See 1925.)
- *Big Bite. C. G. Feb. (12.)
- *Bonanza. C. G. Jul. (15.)
- *Country Fair. C. G. May.
(14.)
- *Old Chris Pederson. C. G.
Dec., '25. (5.)
- *Venture. Ly. May 1. (57.)
- LOVELACE, MAUD HART and DELOS,
W. (See 1925.)
- *One Day to Live. Del. Oct.,
'25. (10.)
- LOW, EMERSON. (See 1925.)
- **Bleeding Cross. Scr. Jan.
(79:82.)
- LOWELL, AMY. (1874-1925.) (See
1925.)
- ***Real Estate Agent's Tale. N. A.
Rev. Jun.-Jul.-Aug. (223:345.)
- LUBAN, MABEL DODGE.
**Southwest. Dial. Dec., '25.
(79:477.)
- LUCE, PHILIP WINTER.
Pete Puts It Over. MacL. Jan.
15. (24.)
- LUGRIN, N. DE BERTRAND.
Lure of the Ranges. MacL.
Apr. 15. (15.)
- LYLE, EUGENE P., JR. (1873-)
(See 1925.) (H.)
- Pink Alligator. Ev. Feb. (76.)
- LYMAN, OLIN.
Office Seeks. Hol. Nov., '25.
(19.)
- M
- MABIE, LOUISE KENNEDY. (See
1925.) (H.)
- Bonza Tabby. L. H. J. Aug.
(6.)
- Cellini Coupe. L. H. J. Oct.,
'25. (28.)
- Compartment B. L. H. J. Feb.
(10.)
- Man's Work. L. H. J. Jun.
(12.)
- Sea-Green Incorruptible. L. H.
J. Nov., '25. (14.)
- MACBETH, MADGE.
Fifty-Seven Minutes. MacL.
Nov. 15, '25. (16.)
- MCBLAIR, ROBERT. (See 1925.)
- Come Seven, Come High Yaller!
Ly. Jul. 24. (47.)
- Her Boys. Del. Jan. (5.)
- Lots of Air. Ly. Oct. 10, '25.
(21.)
- Marriage à la King. MacL.
May 15. (19.)
- Miss Washington's Elbows. Col.
Nov. 7, '25. (7.)
- Tryst at Tunnel Four. Ev. Jun.
(9.)
- MCBRIDE, EDWARD.
*Song Bird of Olson's Alley.
Cath. W. Mar. (122:759.)
- MCCAHEY, SARAH E.
"Tight Mike." Cath. W. Aug.
(123:592.)
- MCCLURE, JOHN. (See 1925.)
- *Dwarf Biogenes. D. D. Nov.,
'25. (7:265.)
- **Friar Thomas. Adv. Nov. 30,
'25. (128.)
- **Metaphysician. A. Merc. Oct.,
'25. (6:223.)
- **Renegade. A. Merc. Mar.
(7:353.)
- MCCORMICK, VIRGINIA.
Dark Diplomacy. Cath. W.
May. (123:227.)

- McCULLOCH, FRED.
*There's a Land That Is Fairer Than Day. McCall. Nov., '25. (12.)
- McCUNE, THORNTON C.
*Game of Billiards. (R.) Strat. Mar. (1:13.)
- MACDONALD, MRS. EWEN. *See* MONTGOMERY, LUCY MAUD.
- MACDONALD, HAZEL CHRISTIE. (*See* 1925.)
Fifi, the Flivver. Hol. Dec., '25. (16.)
Monty, the Panting Pup. Hol. Mar. (7.)
- MACGRATH, HAROLD. (1871-) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
These Things Will Happen. Red Bk. May. (77.)
You Can't Always Tell. Red Bk. Dec., '25. (84.)
- MCGREGOR, AGNES C.
Locked Gardens and a Key. MacL. Nov. 1, '25. (20.)
- MCGUINNESS, JAMES KEVIN.
One of Those Chips. Col. Dec. 5, '25. (7.)
- MCGURK, WILLIAM F.
Devil's Jest. Hol. May. (29.)
- MACHARG, WILLIAM, *and* BALMER, EDWIN. *See* BALMER, EDWIN, *and* MACHARG, WILLIAM.
- MACKALL, ALEXANDER LAWTON. (1888-) (*See* 1918.) (H.)
*Clothed Incident. Par. Apr. (31.)
- MACKEY, ISABEL ECCLESTONE.
Mental Processes of Professor Wix. MacL. Oct. 1, '25. (13.)
Moon Lady. MacL. Mar. 15. (16.)
- McKISHNIE, ARCHIE P.
Mediator. MacL. Feb. 15. (19.)
Quits. MacL. Oct. 1, '25. (16.)
Strangulation Strategy. MacL. Apr. 1. (24.)
Two Hundred Dollars Reward. MacL. Mar. 1. (11.)
- MACLEAN, CHARLES THOMAS AGNEW. (1880-)
Cabochon Emeralds. (R.) Ain. Jan. (67.)
- MCLEAN, MARGHERITE FISHER.
West of Romance. Scr. Dec., '25. (78:593.)
- McMEIN, NEYSA MORAN, *and* LEECH, MARGARET KERNOCHAN. (1893-) (*See* 1923.)
Gay Cockade. Cos. Mar. (65.)
- McMORROW, THOMAS. (*See* 1925.)
Florida Fish. S. E. P. Aug. 21. (54.)
Land of Promise. S. E. P. Mar. 6. (30.)
Natural Selection of Mr. Pethick. S. E. P. Aug. 7. (22.)
Paradise-on-Chootchee, Florida. S. E. P. Jan. 23. (8.)
People Against Castano. S. E. P. Jul. 17. (22.)
People Against Cone. S. E. P. Apr. 3. (42.)
People Against Van Alt. S. E. P. Oct. 24, '25. (16.)
People Ex Rel. Clement. S. E. P. Jan. 9. (26.)
Some Like It Cold. S. E. P. Mar. 27. (26.)
State Against Adams. S. E. P. Jun. 5. (28.)
To Let, on Flagler Street. S. E. P. Feb. 6. (16.)
Where Every Prospect Pleases. S. E. P. Apr. 10. (26.)
Wilson Against Pruitt. S. E. P. May 15. (14.)
- McNARY, HERBERT L. (*See* 1925.)
Daley's Three-Bagger. Ev. Aug. (76.)
- MACNICHOL, KENNETH. (1887-)
***Fog-Bound. Black. Apr. (219:531.)
- ***Mandradora. For. Aug. (76:216.)
- ***Pardon. Black. Aug., '25. (218:225.)
- ***Piper of Kerimor. Black. Sept., '25. (218:359.)
- ***Yan Who Came Home. Black. Mar. (219:317.)
- McNUTT, WILLIAM SLAVENS. (*See* 1925.) (H.)
Courage. Col. May 8. (18.)
Coward in His Wife's Name. Ev. Jan. (78.) MacL. Mar. 15. (9.)
Deadly Dud. Ev. Oct., '25. (43.) [(24.)
Desert Decision. Shrine. May.
Hard and Wise. Ev. Mar. (9.)
Way of a Maid. Ev. May. (9.)
- McQUISTON, LAURA FITCH.
*Rescue of Gaston. St. Nich. Feb. (53:388.)
- MAGRUDER, MARY LANIER.
Far Lights. Hol. Dec., '25. (11.)
- MAHONEY, JAMES. (1893-) (*See* 1924.)
***Conspicuousness of Monsieur Crapeoussin. Pict. R. Jun. (14.)

- MANNING, LOUIS V.
 *Water. Over. Oct., '25.
 (83:372.)
- MARKEY, GENE. (See 1924.)
 Flor de Habana. McCall. Sept.,
 '25. (12.)
- MARLOW, JAMES. (1903-)
 ***Nigger Gal. Guar. (Am.) Oct.,
 '25. (2:421.)
- MARQUAND, JOHN PHILLIPS. (1893-
) (See 1925.)
 Blame of Youth. S. E. P. May.
 29. (8.)
 Fun and Neighbours. S. E. P.
 Feb. 20. (8.)
 Last of the Hopwells. S. E. P.
 Dec. 5, '25. (8.)
 *Spitting Cat. S. E. P. Jul. 3.
 (10.)
 Tea Leaves. S. E. P. May 8.
 (18.)
 Thousand in the Bank. S. E. P.
 May 1. (10.)
- MARSH, GEORGE T. (1876-)
 (See 1925.) (H.)
 *Witness for the Defence. Red
 Bk. Oct., '25. (52.)
- MARTIN, JULIA L.
 "Personal Injuries." Par. Jan.
 (207.)
- MASON, ARTHUR. (1876-) (See
 1925.)
 *Backwashed. Sea. Mar. (171.)
 *Coarse Fiber. Ev. Aug. (110.)
 *Deck Load. Sea. Feb. (141.)
 *Fabricated Fixings. Sea. Jan.
 (101.)
 *Last Voyage of Pegleg Jurger-
 son. Sea. Nov., '25. (125.)
 *Mrs. Rooney Deals Again. Red.
 Bk. May. (54.)
 *Fall and Rise of Captain Tossel.
 Sea. Oct., '25. (93.)
 **Necromancy and the Widow Fay.
 Book. (N. Y.) Nov., '25.
 (62:281.)
 *Waves That Dared. Sea. May.
 (173.)
- MASON, MRS. ELMER BROWN. See
 STANLEY, MAY.
- MASON, GRACE SARTWELL. (1877-
) (See 1925.) (H.)
 ***First Stone. Harp. M. Aug.
 (153:304.)
 *Good Blood. W. H. C. Jun.
 (26.)
 Shoot the Moon. S. E. P. Jan.
 16. (14.)
- MATHEUS, JOHN F. (1887-)
 (See 1925.)
 **Mr. Bradford Teaches Sunday
 School. Opp. Apr. (122.)
- MATTHEWS, T. S.
 ***Jamison. London Mercury. Jul.,
 '25. (253.)
- MAURY, REUBEN H. (See 1923.)
 Home. Scr. Jun. (79:639.)
 "In Day's Vork." Red Bk. Apr.
 (46.)
 You Fool, Morna Wayne! Red
 Bk. Oct., '25. (90.)
- MAYNARD, SARAH KATHERINE.
 *Children's Night. Com. Dec.
 23, '25. (3:187.)
- MEANS, ELDRD KURTZ. (1878-)
 (See 1922.) (H.)
 *Dress Affair. Mun. Dec., '25.
 (86:522.)
 *Gospel Wagon. Mun. Apr.
 (87:461.)
 *In Memory of the Past. Mun.
 Feb. (87:165.)
 *Inevitable Answer. Mun. Mar.
 (87:253.)
- MELLETT, BERTHE KNATVOLD. (See
 1925.)
 High Emprise. Ev. Mar. (42.)
- MERIWETHER, SUSAN. (See 1924.)
 ***Grimaldi. J. L. B. Jan. (12:78.)
 *Pan Under the Ice-Box. Pict. R.
 May. (24.)
- MERWIN, SAMUEL. (1874-)
 (See 1925.) (H.)
 Ann Dewing. Col. Mar. 13.
 (11.)
 Entertaining Angel. Des. Dec.,
 '25. (7.)
 Two Tricks in Hearts. Ly.
 May 1. (11.)
- MICHENER, CARROLL K. (See 1925.)
 *Tamarack. Hol. Apr. (7.)
- MILLER, ALICE DUER. (1874-)
 (See 1925.) (H.)
 Cool-headed Friend. W. H. C.
 Jun. (14.)
 Handsome Husband. W. H. C.
 Feb. (12.)
 Happy Ending. W. H. C. Oct.,
 '25. (7.)
 In the Name of Duty. Cos.
 Dec., '25. (40.)
 Not To Be Opened Till Christ-
 mas. W. H. C. Dec., '25.
 (12.)
- MILLER, FRANCIS TREVELYAN.
 New Nativity. (R.) Suc. Dec.,
 '25. (30.)
- MILLER, HELEN TOPPING. (1884-
) (See 1925.)
 Beloved Boob. McCall. Sept.,
 '25. (8.)
 Mary Had a Roaring Tiger.
 Del. Aug. (6.)
 Old Irish. Hol. Aug. (7.)

- MILLER, HELEN TOPPING. (*Contd.*)
Steamboat! Steamboat! G. H. Aug. (88.)
Thunder Maker. Hol. May. (20.)
- MILLER, MARSHALL.
**Gentle Brute. Cen. Feb. (111:475.)
- MILLER, WARREN HASTINGS.
*Sons of the Musketeers. Am. B. Feb. (21.)
- MILLIGAN, SARAH FLETCHER.
*Independence. W. H. C. Aug. (15.)
- MINNIGERODE, MEADE. (1887-)
(*See* 1925.)
Around the Bend. Chic. Trib. Dec. 13, '25.
- MINOR, EDNA.
**Where Truth Is Born. Cen. Mar. (111:554.)
- MISH, CHARLOTTE ROBERTA.
***Photograph. Young. Mar. (120.)
- MITCHELL, ELEANOR EARLY. (*See* 1925.)
Letitia Anne and the Heirlooms. Hol. Jun. (18.)
- MITCHELL, RUTH COMFORT. (MRS. SANBORN YOUNG.) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
"Here's How!" W. H. C. Dec., '25. (7.)
- MITCHELL, RUTH COMFORT. (MRS. SANBORN YOUNG.) (*See* 1925.) (H.), and HOPKINS, GEORGE.
Flash of Fire. Red Bk. Nov., '25. (86.)
- MONTAGUE, MARGARET PRESCOTT. (1878-) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
***Big Music. For. Mar. (75:420.)
- MONTGOMERY, LUCY MAUD. (MRS. EWEN MACDONALD.) (1874-) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
*Bobbed Goldilocks. Del. Jul. (10.)
*Lost—A Child's Laughter. Del. Jun. (15.)
*Magic for Marigold. Del. May. (10.)
*Playmate. Del. Aug. (15.)
- MONTROSS, LOIS SEYSTER. (*See* 1925.)
*High Heels. Pict. R. Jan. (14.)
*Love in a Mist. L. H. J. Mar. (22.)
Peacock in the Dooryard. G. H. Feb. (26.)
Saving Georgy from Himself. Pict. R. Mar. (14.)
- MONTROSS, LYNN. (1895-)
(*See* 1922.)
City of Fireflies. Pict. R. Jul. (10.)
- MOON, LORNA. (*See* 1925.)
*Courtin' of Sally Ann. W. H. C. Oct., '25. (27.)
- MOORE, NAPIER.
What Will His Lordship Say? MacL. Dec. 15, '25. (20.)
- MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER DARLINGTON. (1890-) (*See* 1922.)
***Arrow. Harp. M. Feb.-Mar. (152:265,445.)
- MOROSO, JOHN ANTONIO. (1874-) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
*Alias Santa Claus. (R.) F. S. Jan. (2:115.)
**Miracle Mary. (R.) F. S. Oct., '25. (1:62.)
- MORRIS, GOUVERNEUR. (1876-) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
*McTavish. (R.) Ev. Aug. (130.)
*Oswald. Ly. May 29. (11.)
*Wish That Came True. Cos. Dec., '25. (64.)
*Wood Box. (R.) F. S. Jul. (4:86.)
- MORRIS, IRA V., JR. (1903-)
***Tale from the Grave. Cal. Feb. (2:379.)
- MORRIS, VANCE H.
*Routine. Adv. Nov. 20, '25. (126.)
- MORROW, HONORE McCUE WILLISIE. (*See* 1925 and "H" under WILLISIE, HONORE.)
*Thank You, Pocahontas. Del. Nov., '25. (5.)
- MORTON, LEIGH. (*See* 1925.)
*Understudy. Scr. May. (79:529.)
- MOSS, KRIEG.
Lessons in Sophistication. Par. Jul. (161.)
- MOULTON-BARRETT, ARABEL.
Star-Child. Cath. W. Nov., '25. (122:228.)
- MUIR, NORMA PHILLIPS.
"English—Ah, the English." MacL. Jun. 1. (18.)
Matter of Exposure. MacL. Mar. 15. (18.)
Peter and Pokey Meet Pegasus. MacL. Oct. 1, '25. (20.)
Peter Prescribes Mental Stimulus. MacL. Nov. 1, '25. (26.)
There Is Sorrow on the Sea. MacL. Apr. 15. (12.)
Too Many Ships to Windward. MacL. Dec. 1, '25. (24.)

- MULLEN, KATE. (*See* 1925.)
 *Meanwhile There Was God.
 For. May. (75:750.)
 *Omitted from the Census. O. W.
 Jul., '24. (40.)
 MUMFORD, ETHEL WATTS. (ETHEL
 WATTS-MUMFORD GRANT.)
 (1878-) (*See* 1924.) (H.)
 *Suttee. Par. Jul. (92.)
 MURTHA, THOMAS.
 **Fragment. Mid. Aug. (12:240.)
 MYGATT, GERALD. (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 Many Happy Returns. L. H. J.
 Jun. (8.)

N

- NASON, LEONARD H. (*See* 1925.)
 Biscuits Cadoret. S. E. P. Jun.
 12. (11.)
 *Coneyac and the Colonel. S. E.
 P. Jul. 17. (10.)
 Harry the Helper. S. E. P.
 May 1. (18.)
 Last Survivor. S. E. P. Mar.
 6. (14.)
 Three Sallies. S. E. P. Aug.
 7. (16.)
 Volunteer Messenger. Ly. Nov.
 14, '25. (43.)
 NEIDIG, WILLIAM JONATHAN. (1870-
) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 Inside Stuff. S. E. P. May 29.
 (12.)
 Money Thief. S. E. P. Jul. 31.
 (12.)
 Rattlesnake. S. E. P. Mar. 6.
 (18.)
 Salt of the Earth. S. E. P. Oct.
 31, '25. (10.)
 Star of Burma. S. E. P. Jul.
 17. (37.)
 Trail's End. S. E. P. Feb.
 20. (20.)
 Velvet. S. E. P. Jun. 5. (16.)
 NEUMARK, MARTHA.
 *Mottke. Y. I. Mar.
 NEVILLE, MARGOT.
 Late for Lexie. Hol. Jun. (11.)
 NEVIS, ALBA.
 E-String. V. F. May. (56.)
 NEWELL, MAUDE WOODRUFF. (*See*
 1922.)
 *Big Java. G. H. Apr. (90.)
 NICHOLL, LOUISE TOWNSEND. (*See*
 1925.)
 ***Mist. Par. Apr. (116.)
 **Orthodoxy. Cen. Oct., '25.
 (110:720.)
 ***Terminal. N. Mass. Aug.
 (24.)
 NICHOLSON, MEREDITH. (1866-)
 (*See* 1924.) (H.)

- Finding Work for Walter. Cos.
 Aug. (72.)
 NOEL, ANNIE WEBSTER. (*See* 1922.)
 (H.)
 *Detachment. Dial. Jun. (8:481.)
 NORDHOFF, CHARLES B. (1887-
) (*See* 1925.)
 **Sorcery. Red Bk. Dec., '25.
 (52.)
 NORRIS, CHARLES GILMAN. (1881-
)
 *John Rossiter's Wife. Col. Jun.
 26. (26.)
 *Perfect Husband. (R.) F. S.
 Jul. (4:82.)
 NORRIS, KATHLEEN. (1880-)
 (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 *Ellen Begins at Home. Cos.
 Feb. (40.)
 *God of Women. Cos. Aug.
 (96.)
 *Great Gamble. Cos. Jul. (84.)
 Just Fooling. Harp. B. Jun.
 (78.)
 *Miracle Workers. Cos. Apr.
 (62.)
 *Music in the Air. Cos. Mar.
 (42.)
 *Wanted by the Police. Cos.
 May. (86.)
 NORRIS, LAURA.
 **Discoverer. J. L. B. Oct., '25.
 (12:16.)
 NORTON, ROY. (1869-1917.) (*See*
 1923.) (H.)
 *Loner. Blue Bk. Jan. (23.)

O

- OBERST, BENJAMIN.
 *Return. Am. H. Jan. 8.
 (118:307.)
 O'BRIEN, HOWARD VINCENT. (*See*
 1923.)
 May Bennett, Agent. Col. Feb.
 13. (11.)
 Weak in Arithmetic. Col. Apr.
 10. (11.)
 Wrong Type. Col. Dec. 19,
 '25. (18.) MacL. Dec. 15, '25.
 (18.)
 O'BRIEN, SEUMAS. (1880-)
 (*See* 1919.)
 ***Blue Pool of Killfenora. W. W.
 Jun. (12.)
 O'CONNELL, WILKESON.
 *Standards of the Sixteenth.
 Adv. Dec. 10, '25. (136.)
 ODDIE, CARLOTTA. (*See* 1924.)
 After the Manner of Mark.
 Sun. Mar. (16.)
 O'HIGGINS, HARVEY JERROLD. (1876-
) (*See* 1925.) (H.)

- O'HIGGINS, HARVEY JERROLD. (*Contd.*)
 Famous Parson Case. Red Bk.
 Nov., '25. (81.)
 Man with the Blue Rose. MacL.
 Nov. 15, '25. (23.)
- OLIVER, JENNIE HARRIS. (*See* 1924.)
 *Boy from Nowhere. G. H.
 Aug. (32.)
 Hunger. G. H. Mar. (36.)
 Muddy Shoes. Del. Mar. (5.)
- OLIVER, OWEN. (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 Better Man. Hol. Dec., '25.
 (20.)
 Fighting for a Man. Ly. Aug.
 21. (43.)
- O'NEALL, PHEBE.
 Jungle Child. Del. Apr. (7.)
- O'NEIL, GEORGE. (*See* 1919.)
 **World's Fair. Par. Jul. (7.)
- OPPENHEIM, JAMES. (1882-)
 (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 Almost Too Beautiful. Col. Jul.
 24. (22.)
 Doctor's Harem. Col. Oct. 17,
 '25. (24.)
 *His Night of Power. Col. Jul.
 3. (10.)
 Husbands Revamped. Des. Nov.,
 '25. (7.)
- O'REILLY, NAN.
 ***Altar. Cath. W. Jan. (122:503.)
- OSBURN, RIMINGTON.
 *Jewel of the Water Carrier.
 W. H. C. Jan. (19.)
- OSTERN, FLORENCE.
 In Search of a Scandal. Hol.
 Aug. (16.)
- OTT, MONROE.
 And Now I Am an Author. S.
 E. P. Apr. 10. (46.)
- P
- PALMER, EDWIN.
 Southbound Traffic. Ev. Jun.
 (78.)
 Taxi Meet 'Er. Ev. Nov., '25.
 (62.)
- PANGBORN, GEORGIA WOOD. (1872-)
 (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 Best House. Chic. Trib. Dec.
 20, '25.
 Boulder. Hol. Dec., '25. (7.)
- PARADISE, VIOLA L. (*See* 1925.)
 Boy-Friend. Col. Oct. 24, '25.
 (11.)
 *Thursday. Col. May 29. (24.)
- PARIS, DAVID.
 **Simyon the Fool. J. F. Apr.
 (9:101.)
- PARKER, AUSTIN. (*See* 1925.)
 Born To Be Hanged. Col. Jan.
 30. (11.)
- Butter-Side-Up. Col. Jan. 9,
 (11.)
 Sarah's Jimmy. S. E. P. Jun.
 26. (12.)
 Violent Romance. Ly. Oct. 17,
 '25. (16.)
- PARKER, CORNELIA STRATTON. (1885-)
 (*See* 1924.)
 As You Do or Don't Like It.
 G. H. Mar. (70.)
- PARKER, DOROTHY ROTHSCHILD.
 (1893-) (*See* 1925.)
 ***Wonderful Old Gentleman. Pict.
 R. Jan. (24.)
- PARKER, FRANK A.
 Rejuvenation of Ezra Butter-
 field. Suc. May. (36.)
- PARMENTER, CHRISTINE WHITING.
 (1877-) (*See* 1925.)
 For Value Received. Cath. W.
 Dec., '25. (122:307.)
 Hermit of Sunrise Canyon. Suc.
 Mar. (74.)
 Light in the Window. Cath. W.
 Feb. (122:638.)
 Partners. Suc. Jul. (20.)
 Roses in December. Del. Apr.
 (9.)
 Star Light, Star Bright. Del.
 Jan. (9.)
- *Tropic Beast. Cath. W. Apr.
 (123:13.)
- PATTERSON, NORMA. (1891-)
 (*See* 1924.)
 Exile. Suc. Mar. (64.)
 *Glorious Dust. Pict. R. Dec.,
 '25. (11.)
- PATTULLO, GEORGE. (1879-)
 (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 Buzzards. S. E. P. Jun. 19.
 (18.)
 Courtship of Andy Skeets. S.
 E. P. Jul. 10. (12.)
 No Kfn. S. E. P. Feb. 27. (6.)
 Unspanked Third. S. E. P. Jul.
 24. (18.)
- PAYNE, ELIZABETH STANCY. (*See*
 1920.)
 *Storm. Del. Mar. (10.)
- PAYNE, WILL. (1855-) (*See*
 1925.) (*H.*)
 Herder. S. E. P. May 29. (6.)
 Honor. S. E. P. Jul. 31. (16.)
- PAYNTER, ERNEST.
 *"Maskee." Am. Aug. (49.)
 Mongrel and Thoroughbred. Suc.
 Aug. (61.)
- PEARSON, GEORGE. I (20.)
 Film Hogs. MacL. Jan. 15,
 PEARSON, P. H.
 *Goran Hansker. Scan. Oct.,
 '25. (13:603.)

- PEDROSE, LAWRENCE W.
On the Wings of the Storm.
Sun. Feb. (20.)
- PELLEY, WILLIAM DUDLEY. (1885-
.) (See 1925.)
- *Are Millionaires People? Mun.
Jan. (86:663.)
- *Forgotten Village. Mun. Dec.,
'25. (86:459.)
- *Gentlemen of Shade. Sh. St.
Jan. 25. (94.)
- **Lost Chord. Red Bk. Feb.
(70.)
- *Man Who Couldn't Fall in Love.
Elks. Jun. (8.)
- *Mart Gets an Even Break. Am.
Nov., '25. (23.)
- *Nellie Stover's Great Moment.
Am. Feb. (21.)
- *Sunset Derby. Am. Jan. (13.)
- PERRY, LAWRENCE. (1875-
.) (See 1925.) (H.)
- Bull Pup and Tiger Cub. Col.
Oct. 31, '25. (18.)
- His Father's Son. Elks. Mar.
(6.)
- Mid-Air. Col. Feb. 27.
(15.)
- Out of the Rough. L. H. J.
Aug. (8.)
- Scrub Material. Red Bk. Dec.,
'25. (44.)
- Varsity Letter. Elks. Nov.,
'25. (24.)
- PERRY, M. EUGENIE.
Suzanne and Susanna. MacL.
Nov. 1, '25. (23.)
- PERRY, MONTANYE. (See 1925.)
- Jewel. W. H. C. Dec., '25
(20.)
- PHELPS, CARRINGTON.
**Long Winter. Pict. R. Mar.
(10.)
- PHILLIPS, DOROTHY SANBURN. (See
1925.)
- Her Job. G. H. Feb. (82.)
- Her Son's Girl. Am. Nov., '25.
(41.)
- Strangers Under One Roof.
Am. Dec., '25. (42.)
- PHILLIPS, HENRY WALLACE. (1869-
.) (See 1925.) (H.)
- **Foretaste of Fortune. (R.) Gol.
Jul. (4:116.)
- PICKTHALL, MARJORIE LOWRY
CHRISTIE. (?-1922.) (See
1925.) (H.)
- *Ash Grove. MacL. Dec. 15,
'25. (9.)
- PIERCE, FRANK RICHARDSON. (See
1924.)
- Red Marauder. Ev. Jul. (42.)
- PINKERTON, ROBERT E.
Long Run Out. Suc. Jul.
(30.)
- Roaring Hole. S. E. P. Dec.
5, '25. (14.)
- POE, EDGAR ALLAN. (1809-1849.)
(See 1925.) (H.)
- ***Cask of Amontillado. (R.) Ev.
Nov., '25. (98.)
- ***Facts in the Case of Mr. Val-
demar. (R.) Am. St. Apr.
(1:92.)
- ***Manuscript Found in a Bottle.
(R.) F. S. Jan. (2:109.)
- ***Mesmeric Revelation. (R.) Am.
St. May. (1:124.)
- ***Oval Portrait. (R.) Ain. Jan.
(136.)
- ***Sphinx. (R.) Am. St. Jul.
(1:357.)
- POLLOCK, CHANNING. (1880-
.)
- Coming of Spring. (R.) Ain.
Mar. (146.)
- POOLE, ERNEST. (1880-
.) (See
1925.) (H.)
- **Bandit Comes Home. Red Bk.
Jul. (68.)
- ***Cherchez la Femme. Ind. Jan.
30. (116:133.)
- ***Gallant Lady. Cos. Mar. (54.)
- **Home-Body. Cos. Jul. (104.)
- ***Man Who Loved Two Women.
Cos. Jan. (88.)
- *This Girl Wished for a Palace.
Cos. Feb. (78.)
- POPE, LOUISE BOWDOIN.
Mammy Manages. Hol. Apr.
(19.)
- PORTER, GENE STRATTON. (1868-
.)
- Whitmore's Bull. McCall. Jun.
(8.)
- PORTER, HAROLD EVERETT. See
"HALL, HOLWORTHY."
- PORTER, WILLIAM SYDNEY. See
"HENRY, O."
- PORTER, MRS. WILLIAM SYDNEY.
See "HENRY, MRS. O."
- POST, MELVILLE DAVISSON. (1871-
.) (See 1925.) (H.)
- ***Act of God. (R.) F. S. Feb.
(2:259.)
- ***Age of Miracles. (R.) F. S.
Jul. (4:107.)
- **Devil's Tool. (R.) F. S. Aug.
(4:226.)
- *Hidden Path. (R.) F. S. Oct.,
'25. (1:53.)
- **Life Tenant. (R.) Gol. Jul.
(4:50.)
- **Other Mary. L. H. J. Dec.,
'25. (8.)

POTTLE, MRS. EMORY. *See* TOMPKINS, JULIET WILBOR.
 PRATT, LUCY. (1874-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 **Premonition. G. H. May. (88.)
 PRESNELL, ROBERT R.
 Port. Col. Jan. 2. (13.)
 PRINGLE, HENRY F. (*See* 1923.)
 Bee's Knees. Ly. Jan. 2. (38.)
 PULVER, MARY BRECHT. (1883-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 Mr. and Mrs. Gildersleeve. S. E. P. Mar. 13. (16.)
 Western Stuff. S. E. P. Apr. 24. (20.)
 PUTNAM, EMILY JAMES. (1865-)
 **Candaules' Wife. Atl. Aug. (138:183.)
 **Helen in Egypt. Atl. Apr. (137:481.)
 *Hippoclidest Doesn't Care. Atl. May. (137:610.)
 PUTNAM, NINA WILCOX. (1888-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 Radiant Lady. (R.) Ain. Nov., '25. (151.)
 Sand in the Shoes. S. E. P. Oct. 10, '25. (22.)

Q

QUEEN, HELEN DUNCAN. (*See* 1923.) (*H.*)
 Change. Des. Apr. (14.)
 Dancing Shoes. Sun. Jan. (9.)

R

RAINE, NORMAN REILLY. (*See* 1924.)
 Argonauts. MacL. Apr. 15. (18.)
 Mutiny. MacL. Nov. 1, '25. (13.)
 Silver Night. MacL. May 1. (27.)
 RALEIGH, WALTER.
 Only a Matter of Minutes. Ly. Dec. 5, '25. (51.)
 RAMOS, ELEANOR. (*See* 1922.)
 **His Honorable Departure. Par. Apr. (13.)
 Professional. Par. Jan. (48.)
 RANDOLPH, HUGH.
 Castaway Stuff. McCall. Nov., '25. (14.)
 RATCLIFFE-GRAF, WILTON. (1903-)
 ***Rose et Noir. This Quar. Autumn-Winter, '25-'26. (156.)
 RAY, MARIE BEYNON. (*See* 1925.)
 *When Liza Smiles. Harp. B. Jun. (138.)

RAYMOND, ALLEN.
 Innocent Dears. Des. Aug. (14.)
 RAYNER, MARTA.
 America First. Sun. Apr. (12.)
 Journey's End. Sun. Oct., '25. (9.)
 READ, OPIE. ("Arkansas Traveller.") (1852-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 Four Aces. Cos. Aug. (70.)
 Girl Named Moth. Ly. Feb. 20. (58.)
 REDDING, LOUIS L.
 *Christmas Journey. Opp. Dec., '25. (3:363.)
 REDINGTON, HELEN. (*See* 1925 under WALKER, ISABEL, and REDINGTON, HELEN.)
 "To Heel, Apollo!" Hol. Jan. (12.)
 REDPATH, BEATRICE.
 Beautiful Mamma. MacL. Nov. 15, '25. (20.)
 Rose Red City. MacL. Feb. 15. (22.)
 Tentacles of Evil. MacL. Jan. 1. (20.)
 Voice in the Garden. Hol. Jan. (20.) MacL. Dec. 1, '25. (14.)
 You Know What Husbands Are. MacL. Jun. 1. (9.)
 REESE, LIZETTE WOODWORTH. (1856-) (*See* 1924.) (*H.*)
 **Gildy. S. W. Apr. (11:205.)
 REESE, LOWELL OTUS. (1866-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 Furrow. Red Bk. Mar. (65.)
 General. S. E. P. Jan. 9. (22.)
 REEVE, ARTHUR BENJAMIN. (1880-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 Pandora, or the World To-morrow. Suc. Jun. (82.)
 REGAN, JOHN H.
 Freedom. MacL. Oct. 15, '25. (21.)
 REYHER, FERDINAND M. (1891-) (*See* 1924.) (*H.*)
 Interlude at Twelve. L. H. J. May. (22.)
 RHONE, CAROLYN ROSMER.
 *So Not To Be Alone. Cen. Jul. (112:295.)
 RICH, H. THOMPSON.
 Gilky. Hol. Jun. (21.)
 Million Dollar Lie. Ev. Dec., '25. (76.)
 RICHARDSON, NORVAL. (1877-) (*See* 1924.) (*H.*)
 And It Was So. G. H. Jul. (32.)

RICHARDSON, W. G.

*Passage from the Life of Francois Villon. (R.) Strat. Jun. (17.)

RICHTER, CONRAD. (1890-)
(See 1925.) (H.)

Exaggerator. Am. Jun. (29.)

*Man Who Loved a Hound.

Elks. Dec., '25. (16.)

Man Who Retired. Am. Apr. (21.)

RIDEOUT, HENRY MILNER. (1877-)
(See 1925.) (H.)

**Old Fighter's Children. S. E. P. Oct. 17, '25. (20.)

*Sunny Pool. S. E. P. Jun. 26. (20.)

RIDLEY, FLORIDA.

*Two Gentlemen of Boston. Opp. Jan. (4:12.)

RINEHART, MARY ROBERTS. (1876-)
(See 1925.) (H.)

Gray Goose. S. E. P. Aug. 14. (3.)

Little Goldilocks. S. E. P. Oct. 3, '25. (3.)

Papered Door. (R.) F. S. Feb. (2:209.)

Secret House. (R.) F. S. Nov., '25. (1:53.)

Treasure Hunt. S. E. P. Feb. 13. (5.)

Trumpet Sounds. Col. Apr. 24. (5.)

RIPLEY, THOMAS.

*Next Case. Scr. Jun. (79:599.)

RITCHIE, ROBERT WELLES. (See 1921.)

Ant's Wife. Red Bk. Jan. (71.)

Li'l' Goofydust. S. E. P. Jul. 3. (26.)

ITTER, MARGARET TOD.

Paradise Regained. Cath. W. Oct., '25. (122:51.)

ROBERTS, CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS. (1860-) (See 1925.) (H.)

*Children of the Wind. Red Bk. Feb. (66.)

*Grip in Deep Hole. (R.) F. S. Jun. (3:347.)

ROBERTSON, MORGAN. (1861-1915.)
(See 1923.) (H.)

***Argonauts. (R.) F. S. Jun. (3:414.)

ROBIN, MAX. (See 1925.)

*Chanukah. Y. I. Dec., '25.

*Faigili's Engagement. J. T. Oct. 2, '25. (6.)

**First Years. Dial. Feb. (80:89.)

**Injured. Rev. Oct., '25. (34.)

*Succoth. Y. I. Oct., '25. (5.)

***Unconquered. Dial. Oct., '25. (79:311.)

ROBINSON, GERTRUDE. (See 1925.) (H.)

*Betty Lamp. St. Nich. Mar. (53:468.)

**Blooming. For. Jun. (75:877.)

ROCHE, ARTHUR SOMERS. (1883-) (See 1925.) (H.)

Astral Friend. Harp. B. Jul. (110.)

Broken Pledge. Ly. Jun. 19. (41.)

Confirmed Old Bach. McCall. Apr. (16.)

Devil-May-Care. Col. May 29. (13.)

Green Silk Dress. Harp. B. Feb. (84.)

Hutchins' Divorce. Cos. Oct., '25. (71.)

Legitimate. Harp. B. Apr. (110.)

Right Thing To Do. Cos. Dec., '25. (95.)

Simple Equation. McCall. Jun. (19.)

Victim of Amnesia. (R.) F. S. Feb. (2:268.)

ROCHE, MAZO DE LA. (See 1922.)
(See "H" under DE LA ROCHE, MAZO.)

**Word for Coffey. Cen. Apr. (111:746.) MacL. Apr. 1. (23.)

ROE, VINGIE E. (MRS. LAWTON.) 1879-) (See 1925.) (H.)

Billing's Cora. McCall. Jul., '25. (10.)

Judgment of Hellenie Broc. McCall. Apr. (12.)

Love of Cactus Carrie. McCall. Nov., '25. (5.)

Monsieur of the Rainbow. McCall. Jun. (12.) Jul. (15.)

One Touch of Love. McCall. Oct., '25. (10.)

ROGERS, LILLIAN.

*Kiss. W. H. C. Mar. (7.)

RORTY, JAMES.

Anything Can Happen in Los Angeles. N. Mass. Jun. (6.)

ROSEBORO', VIOLA. (1857-)
(See 1922.)

***Aaron Westcott's Funeral. (R.) Gol. Nov., '25. (2:597.)

ROSS, MARY LOWREY.

Love. Force. S. E. P. Jun. 19. (50.)

Mamma's Young Man. S. E. P. Jun. 26. (8.)

- ROUSE, WILLIAM MERRIAM. (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 Deacon Bill Smith. *Ly.* Oct. 3, '25. (16.)
 Pearl of Mistassini. *Ly.* Mar. 20. (58.)
- ROWLAND, HENRY COTTRELL. (1874-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 Meddlers. *Chic. Trib.* Nov. 1, '25.
- ROWLAND, JOHN T. (1885-) (*See* 1925.)
 Light in the Night. *Ly.* May 15. (55.)
- ROY, ROBERT.
 Skag. *Ev.* Feb. (64.)
- RUDDOCK, STELLA BEEHLER.
 Landlocked. *Scr.* May. (79:504.)
- RUSSELL, ALICE DYAR. (*See* 1925.)
 Bitter Bread. *G. H.* Oct., '25. (78.)
 Requital. *Des.* Nov., '25. (12.)
- RUSSELL, CHARLES EDWARD. (1860-)
 It's the Little Things That Count. *Elks.* Apr. (14.)
- RUSSELL, JOHN. (1885-) (*See* 1925.)
 **Fourth Man. (*R.*) *Gol.* Jun. (3:736.)
 *Lost God. (*R.*) *Gol.* Mar. (3:293.)
- RUTLEDGE, JOSEPH LISTER. (*See* 1925.)
 Achievement. *Del.* Jun. (10.)
 Leavings. *Des.* Feb. (14.)
 MacL. Jan. 15. (15.)
 Ties That Bind. *MacL.* Jun. 1. (14.)
 When You Were Warm. *MacL.* Dec. 15, '25. (7.)
- RYAN, STELLA. (*See* 1925.)
 ***Roots. *Pict. R.* Jan. (12.)
- S
- ST. JOHNS, ADELA ROGERS. (*See* 1925.)
 Jail Bait. *Cos.* Nov., '25. (68.)
 Love o' Women. *Cos.* Feb. (72.)
 Peanut. *Chic. Trib.* Nov. 15, '25. [14.]
 Seven Devils. *Chic. Trib.* Feb.
- SALTZBERG, SYLVIA B. *See* LIEFERANT, HENRY, and SALTZBERG, SYLVIA B.
- SAMSON, ERIC. (*See* 1925.)
 **Mam'selle Anastasie. *Com.* Jul. 21. (4:284.)
- SANBORN, RUTH BURR. (*See* 1925.)
 Ladies First. *Col.* Dec. 5, '25. (11.)
- Love Cure. *Del.* May. (9.)
 Mary Paul and the Experimental Method. *L. H. J.* May. (30.)
 Round Pegs. *Col.* Aug. 28. (5.)
- SANFORD, WINIFRED. (*See* 1925.)
 **Blue Spruce. *A. Merc.* May. (8:50.)
 **Mary. *W. H. C.* May. (16.)
 **Monument. *W. H. C.* Jan. (9.)
 **Saved. *A. Merc.* Jan. (7:100.)
- SANGSTER, MARGARET ELIZABETH. (1894-) (*See* 1925.)
 Happiest Day of All. *G. H.* Jun. (32.)
 Island in the Mist. *G. H.* Apr. (44.)
 Our Debts. *Suc.* Jan. (60.)
 Our Lady of the Seas. *G. H.* May. (52.)
 Roses of Destiny. *Suc.* Oct., '25. (44.)
 Runaway Bride. *Suc.* Jun. (40.)
 Shoes. *G. H.* Oct., '25. (20.)
- SARGENT, POST.
 *Plato—Great Adventures of the Super-Minds. *Adv.* Jan. 30. (94.)
- SASS, HERBERT RAVENEL. (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 Cat of the Cherokees. *Col.* Jun. 5. (28.)
 *Tyrant. *Elks.* May. (8.)
- SAUNDERS, JOHN MONK. (*See* 1923 under *British and Irish Authors.*)
 Fiery Furnace. *Ly.* Jul. 24. (21.)
 For Ten Thousand Dollars. *Ly.* Aug. 28. (27.)
 Mad Pilot. *Ly.* Jul. 17. (29.)
 Princess of Frog Hollow. *Ly.* Dec. 12-19, '25.
 Treasure Hunt. *Ly.* Jan. 23. (26.)
- SAXBY, CHARLES. (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 Captains and the Kings Depart. *Col.* Jun. 12. (16.)
 Flying Mercury. *Col.* Nov. 21, '25. (12.)
 House on the Bayou. *Col.* Nov. 14, '25. (11.)
 Opal String. *Col.* Nov. 7, '25. (18.)
 Survival. *Col.* May 15. (11.)
 MacL. May 15. (12.)
- SAXON, LYLE.
 ***Cane River. *Dial.* Mar. (80:207.)

SCHINDEL, MRS. S. J. BAYARD. *See*
GLENN, ISA URQUHART.
SCHOONMAKER, FRANK. (*See* 1925.)
**Djeballa. H. C. Summer. (61.)
SCHRADER, ATREUS VON. (*See*
1922.)
All of a Lather. Col. Jun. 12.
(11.)
Cow That Jumped Over the
Moon. Elks. Jun. (17.)
SCOGGINS, CHARLES ELBERT. (*See*
1925.)
Not So, Bolivia. S. E. P. Apr.
24. (9.)
SCOTT, LEROY. (1875-) (*See*
1925.) (H.)
Professional Friend. Red Bk.
May. (35.)
SCOTT, R. T. M. (*See* 1922.)
Crushed Pearl. Am. Jan. (20.)
SCOTT, WILL.
Black Stamp. Ev. Feb. (42.)
SCOVILLE, SAMUEL, JR. (1872-
) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
Khambu. Red Bk. Aug. (77.)
Killer. Red Bk. Dec., '25.
(69.)
Lopstick. Red Bk. Apr. (70.)
Renaming of Quit. Red Bk.
Jun. (88.)
Silver Fennec. Red Bk. Jan.
(68.) [(42.)
White Barbienssa. Ev. May.
White Tiger. Col. Dec. 12,
'25. (13.)
SEDGWICK, ANNE DOUGLAS. (MRS.
BASIL DE SELINCOURT.) (1873-
) (*See* 1920.) (H.)
***Rat. Cos. Feb. (26.)
SEIFERT, SHIRLEY L. (*See* 1925.)
Bulgarian Bet. Del. Oct., '25.
(7.)
Cigarette Girl. Del. Feb. (5.)
Two Singles Close Together.
Red Bk. Nov., '25. (78.)
SELINCOURT, MRS. BASIL DE. *See*
SEDGWICK, ANNE DOUGLAS.
SETON, ERNEST THOMPSON. (1860-
)
*Bingo. (R.) Ev. Dec., '25.
(130.)
SHAW, CHARLES LUGRIN.
Mating of Sabastian. MacL.
Jun. 1. (11.)
SHAW, VICTOR. (*See* 1925.)
Base Ore and High Grade. S.
E. P. Feb. 27. (16.)
Brown Outlaw. S. E. P. Nov.
14, '25. (14.)
SHENTON, EDWARD.
*Golden Calf. Scr. Nov., '25.
(78:517.)

SHERWOOD, ROBERT EMMET. (1896-
)
***"Extra! Extra!" Scr. Jul.
(80:39.)
SHIFFRIN, A. B. (1902-)
(*See* 1925.)
*Be This, Be That. Am. H.
Jun. 25. (119:201.)
*Death of Yuddle. Am. H. Feb.
5. (118:408.)
**Exit, Clown. Am. H. Jun. 11.
(119:165.)
**Last Gesture. Am. H. Dec. 25,
'25. (118:231.)
*Red Ones. Am. H. Nov. 27,
'25. (118:63.)
***Swords. Brith. May. (6.)
*Yellow Heart. Am. H. Nov.
13, '25. (118:13.)
SHOLL, ANNA McCLURE. (*See*
1925.) (H.)
*Search for Prester John. Cath.
W. Feb. (122:584.)
SHORE, VIOLA BROTHERS. (*See*
1925.)
Little Pitchers. Des. Jun. (12.)
Noblest Cuban of Them All.
Chic. Trib. Apr. 11.
SHUTE, HENRY AUGUSTUS. (1856-
) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
*Chadwick & Shute, Gob Print-
ers. S. E. P. Jan. 30. (17.)
*Fire! Fire! A Cry of Fire!
S. E. P. May 15. (42.)
*Listen, My Children, and You
Shall Hear of the Midday Ride
of Plupy's Dear. S. E. P. Feb.
27. (32.)
*Majority Rules. S. E. P. Mar.
13. (24.)
*Me and Beany Write a Book of
Poims. S. E. P. Oct. 17., '25.
(40.)
*Plupy and Family Migrate. S.
E. P. Dec. 5, '25. (13.)
*Plupy Becomes a Distinguished
Amateur Upon the E-Flat Alto.
S. E. P. Jun. 19. (41.)
*Plupy Earns and Deserves a
New Nicknaim. S. E. P. May
22. (43.)
*Plupy Extends a Saving Hand
to a Friend. S. E. P. Dec. 26,
'25. (8.)
*Plupy Regrets an Ambition That
Leads Him into Literary Activi-
ties. S. E. P. Jul. 3. (36.)
*Plupy Returns to His Muttons
with Dire Results to Them. S.
E. P. May 1. (44.)
*Plupy's Life Is Despaired Of.
S. E. P. Mar. 20. (34.)

- SHUTE, HENRY AUGUSTUS. (*Contd.*)
 *That Silver Arrow Pierced Pluppy's Heart and Head the First Shot. S. E. P. Feb. 20. (36.)
 *They Fought Like Brave Men. S. E. P. Jan. 16. (23.)
 *We Go Into the Pig Business. S. E. P. Oct. 3, '25. (27.)
 *When Music Heavenly Maid Was Young. S. E. P. Jan. 23. (30.)
- SIGMUND, JAY G. (*See 1925.*)
 *Converts. Dub. T. Jul. 23.
 *First Premium. Dub. T. Jul. 16.
 *Ginseng. Dub. T. Jun. 8.
 *Hammers and Erasers. C. R. R. Apr. 2.
 *Holiday. Dub. T. Aug. 10.
 *Lunk-Heads. C. R. R. Feb. 5.
 *Mink's Den. Gam. Summer. (5.)
 *Rivals. Dub. T. Aug. 31.
 *Slipleg. Dub. T. Jun. 21.
- SINCLAIR, BERTRAND W. (*See 1922.*)
 Cattle King's Romance. MacL. Mar. 1. (14.)
- SINGMASTER, ELSIE. (MRS. LEWARS.) (1879-) (*See 1925.*) (*H.*)
 **Aaron Ruhe. Outl. (N. Y.) Aug. 11. (143:509.)
 ***Bred in the Bone. Pict. R. Nov., '25. (10.)
 *Cherry Pie. L. H. J. Apr. (14.)
 *Descent Is Easy. S. E. P. Apr. 10. (16.)
 ***Frau Nolte. Cen. Dec., '25. (111:164.)
 *Harrington. L. H. J. May. (9.)
 **Hero. Hol. Nov., '25. (16.)
 *High Finance. S. E. P. Apr. 24. (14.)
 **Lear of Shireman's Pass. S. E. P. Apr. 17. (16.)
 **Mrs. Eveland. L. H. J. Mar. (4.)
 ***Old Flo. S. E. P. Jan. 9. (17.)
 **Our Brother. S. E. P. Jun. 5. (8.)
 *Slater Brothers. Hol. Feb. (12.)
- SISSONS, CONSTANCE KERR.
 When a Girl's Thirty. MacL. Jan. 1. (16.)
- SKINNER, CONSTANCE LINDSAY. (*See 1918.*)
 ***Dew on the Fleece. Cen. May. (112:57.)
- SMITH, CLARK ASHTON.
 *Abomination of Yondo. Over. Apr. (84:100.)
- SMITH, FAITH ELLEN. (*See 1924.*)
 Victor. Des. Jul. (8.)
- SMITH, GORDON ARTHUR. (1886-) (*See 1925.*) (*H.*)
 Another Waterloo. S. E. P. Dec. 19, '25. (6.)
 ***Sapphire. Harp. M. Dec., '25. (152:37.)
- SMITH, WALLACE. (*See 1925.*)
 Alley Oop! Cos. Jul. (108.)
 Humpty-Dumpty's Eyebrows. Cos. Jun. (106.) MacL. May 15. (17.)
 Little Ledna. Cos. Aug. (112.)
 Nine O'Clock Fellow in a Midnight Town. Cos. Apr. (104.)
 Sentimental Villain. Ev. Oct., '25. (10.)
 Snake's Wife. Cos. May. (100.)
 Terry O'Rorke, Chevalier. Ly. Oct. 24, '25. (11.)
 Two Gun Willie. Suc. Feb. (32.) [(44.)
 Venado's Mystery. Suc. Apr.
- SMITS, LEE J.
 Ghost of the TwoHeart. Col. Jul. 3. (13.)
- SOLOMON, DAVID R. (*See 1925.*)
 Mid-Victorian Stuff. Des. Oct., '25. (14.)
 Tail Feathers. Des. Dec., '25. (10.)
- SPADONI, ADRIANA. (*See 1924.*) (*H.*)
 *Lady Policeman. Cen. May. (112:93.)
 *Old Wisdom. Sun. Aug. (18.)
 *Seventy Times Seven. Col. Aug. 14. (19.)
 *Singing Crabman. Sun. Mar. (11.)
- SPEARS, RAYMOND SMILEY. (1876-) (*See 1923.*) (*H.*)
 *Were-Cougar. Adv. Jan. 20. (53.)
- SPEER, E. LACY.
 Justice of the Desert. Sun. Apr. (31.)
- SPEWACK, SAMUEL. (1899-) (*See 1925.*)
 He Knew What He Wanted. Red Bk. Feb. (61.)
 ***Wings and a Woman. Red Bk. Jun. (98.)
- SPRINGER, FLETA CAMPBELL. (1886-) (*See 1925.*) (*H.*)
 ***We Who Do Not See Ghosts. Harp. M. Mar. (152:470.)

- SQUIER, EMMA-LINDSAY. (1893-
.) (See 1925.)
Jewels of Qu'Appelle. Col.
Jan. 30. (15.)
*Madonna of the Mesa. Col.
Dec. 19, '25. (3.)
Two Women of Han. L. H. J.
Mar. (6.)
- STABLER, MARGUERITE.
Panchita Takes a Hand. Sun.
Jan. (30.)
- STAIT, VIRGINIA.
*Facets. Rev. Oct., '25. (87.)
- STANFORD, ALFRED.
***Evariste: An Image. N. A. Rev.
Mar.-Apr.-May. (223:116.)
- STANLEY, MAY. (MRS. ELMER
BROWN MASON.) (See 1925.)
***Ship with Sails. Col. Feb. 13.
(20.) [12.]
- ***Shore-Huggers. Pict. R. Apr.
- STEELE, ALICE GARLAND. (MRS.
AUSTIN-BALL.) (1880- .) (See
1925.) (H.)
*Every Man for Himself. W.
W. Mar. (10.)
- STEELE, WILBUR DANIEL. (1886-
.) (See 1925.) (H.)
***Beauty. G. H. Jan. (14.)
***Blue Murder. Harp. M. Oct.,
'25. (151:559.)
***Brother's Keeper. Harp. M.
Dec., '25. (152:73.)
***Bubbles. Harp. M. Aug.
(153:273.)
***Fe-Fi-Fo-Fum. Pict. R. Aug.
(14.)
***Gray Goose. Harp. M. Mar.
(152:411.)
***Guibables. (R.) F. S. Jun.
(3:301.)
***Now I Lay Me. Pict. R. Apr.
(10.)
***Out of the Wind. Pict. R.
Oct., '25. (11.)
***Shame Dance. (R.) F. S. Nov.,
'25. (1:204.)
***Woman at Seven Brothers. (R.)
F. S. Apr. (3:30.)
- STEIN, MIRIAM. (See 1924.)
*“Home Is the Sailor.” Am. H.
Oct. 30, '25. (117:787.)
“STEVENS, MARGARET DEAN.” See
ALDRICH, BESS STREETER.
- STEVENSON, PHILIP E. (See 1925.)
**In the Country. Mid. Mar.
(12:81.)
- STILES, PAULINE.
Find the Lady. McCall. Apr.
(8.)
First Star Falls. L. H. J. Apr.
(18.)
- STOCKTON, FRANK RICHARD. (1834-
1902.)
***Bee-man of Orn. (R.) Ev.
Jan. (132.)
- STONE, ELINOR COWAN. (See 1925.)
*“Better Bebbies.” W. H. C.
Nov., '25. (17.)
*Lonch for Two. G. H. Feb.
(74.)
- STRAHAN, KAY CLEAVER. (1888-
.) (See 1924.) (H.)
Revenge. Del. Oct., '25. (15.)
- STRANGE, KATHLEEN REDMAN.
Joy Cometh in the Morning.
MacL. Dec. 1, '25. (11.)
Next-Year Country. MacL. Oct.
1, '25. (22.)
- STRATER, EDWARD L. (1894- .)
(See 1924.)
***Other Road. Scr. Mar.
(79:240.)
- STREET, JULIAN LEONARD. (1879-
.) (See 1925.) (H.)
*Lost Columbine. (R.) F. S.
Mar. (2:402.)
**Need of Change. (R.) Gol.
Oct., '25. (2:445.)
**Voice in the Hall. (R.) F. S.
Jan. (2:128.)
- STRIBLING, T. S. (See 1925.)
*Refugees. Adv. Oct. 10, '25.
(162.)
- STRINGER, ARTHUR JOHN ARBUTH-
NOT. (1874- .) (See 1925.)
(H.)
Angel at the Pool. MacL. May
15. (11.)
Capture. S. E. P. Feb. 6. (10.)
Juggler. (R.) F. S. Mar.
(2:361.)
Outlaw. (R.) F. S. Aug.
(4:263.)
- STRONG, ANNA LOUISE.
***Night on the Transsiberian.
Cen. Jun. (112:136.)
- STURM, WILLIAM F. (See 1924.)
Full o' Pep. Elks. Mar.
(28.)
- SUCKOW, RUTH. (1892- .) (See
1925.)
***Investment for the Future. A.
Merc. Jan. (7:10.)
- SULLIVAN, ALAN. (1868- .)
(See 1925.) (H.)
*Burnaby's Son. Ev. Jun. (62.)
**Loyalty of Peeguk. Atl. Feb.
(136:243.)
- SWEET, ONEY FRED.
His Code of Honor. Ly. Aug.
14. (28.)
- SWINTON, ALLAN.
*Heinreich. MacL. Apr. 15. (9.)

SYNON, MARY. (1881-) (See 1925.) (H.)
 *Cavalier. Des. Mar. (8.)
 Early American. G. H. Jan. (60.)
 *Judith Romer. G. H. Nov., '25. (42.)
 *Smell of the Sawdust. G. H. Feb. (48.)
 Unsigned. Des. May. (12.)

T

TAGGARD, GENEVIEVE. (See 1922.)
 *Whosoever Will. Book. (N. Y.) Jan. (62:565.)
 "TANAQUIL, PAUL." (LE CLERCQ, JACQUES G. CLEMENCEAU. (See 1924.)
 Dean Mason. Par. Jan. (78.)
 *Death of Pierrot. (R.) F. S. Aug. (4:275.)
 TARKINGTON, NEWTON BOOTH. (1869-) (See 1925.) (H.)
 **Cherry. (R.) Gol. Oct., '25. (2:475.)
 *Clytie's Look. L. H. J. Jun. (3.)
 *Fascinating Stranger. (R.) F. S. Mar. (2:326.)
 *Francine. S. E. P. Dec. 12, '25. (3.)
 **Geraldine. Red Bk. Oct., '25. (31.)
 **Girl, Girl, Girl! (R.) Gol. Jan. (3:107.)
 *Napoleon Was a Little Man. Chic. Trib. Oct. 11, '25.
 **Parasite. S. E. P. Jan. 23. (3.)
 *Saida Vuolé. L. H. J. Apr. (6.)
 **Stella Crozier. L. H. J. Dec., '25. (10.)
 *Us. (R.) F. S. Nov., '25. (1:229.)
 **Wallflower. L. H. J. Oct., '25. (10.)
 TARLETON, FISWOODE. (See 1925.)
 *Carnival. Adv. Mar. 30. (76.)
 *Color. Adv. Jan. 10. (84.)
 *Corn. Adv. Nov. 10, '25. (42.)
 *Feud. Echo. Apr. (13.)
 **Rackteen. Adv. Jun. 8. (23.)
 *White. Adv. Aug. 23. (108.)
 TAYLOR, ERIC.
 *Price of Forty Acres. Over. Jun. (84:188.)
 TAYLOR, KATHARINE HAVILAND. (See 1925.)
 Beauty by Chance. Am. Dec., '25. (22.)

*Maybelle's Gent'man. Hol. Jul. (19.)
 Mrs. Whiffle's Fluffy. Hol. Apr. (11.)
 Old-Fashioned Love Story. Hol. Nov., '25. (21.)
 Thaw at Christmas Time. Hol. Dec., '25. (19.)
 TERHUNE, ALBERT PAYSON. (1872-) (See 1925.) (H.)
 About Face! Col. May 22. (5.)
 Adventurer. L. H. J. Jan. (8.)
 Flame. L. H. J. Jul. (18.)
 For Revenue Only. S. E. P. Feb. 6. (12.)
 Gael. Del. Jul. (12.)
 His Mate. L. H. J. Dec., '25. (22.)
 Hoodoo Mascot. L. H. J. Feb. (22.)
 Killing. L. H. J. May. (24.)
 Non-Sacred White Elephant. L. H. J. Nov., '25. (28.)
 Odd Trick and Oddest Trick. S. E. P. Oct. 24, '25. (22.)
 Outlaw. L. H. J. Mar. (24.)
 Peace and the Pup of War. L. H. J. Apr. (28.)
 Runaway. Del. Jan. (6.)
 Scared Stiff. L. H. J. Oct., '25. (14.)
 Shackles. Suc. Apr. (17.)
 Tartar Catcher. L. H. J. Jun. (30.)
 To the Rescue. Del. Apr. (5.)
 Torn Sails. Harp. B. Dec., '25. (62.)
 TERRILL, LUCY STONE. (See 1925.) (H.)
 Youth Shows But Half. S. E. P. Dec. 5, '25. (20.)
 THOMAS, MILTON C.
 Bad Actor. Elks. Jan. (18.)
 THOMAS, STANLEY POWERS ROWLAND. (1879-)
 *Fagan. (R.) Ev. Apr. (28.)
 F. S. Jun. (3:340.)
 THOMASON, JOHN W., JR.
 Conquest of Mike. Scr. Jan. (79:17.)
 Dog Worth Fighting For. Cos. Aug. (38.)
 Marines Have the Situation in Hand. Cos. Jun. (54.)
 Monkey-Meat. Scr. Nov., '25. (78:489.)
 *Red Pants. Cos. May. (30.)
 THOMPSON, CLARA BELLE.
 Run in Silk Hose. S. E. P. Feb. 20. (16.)

- TILDEN, FREEMAN. (1883-)
(See 1925.) (H.)
Positively Last Appearance. S.
E. P. May 1. (46.)
- TITUS, HAROLD. (1888-) (See
1925.) (H.)
Age. Ev. Dec., '25. (25.)
Eyes for the Blind. Am. Mar.
(43.)
Needed. Hol. Jul. (11.)
- TOBENKIN, ELIAS. (1882-)
*Old Iron. O. W. Aug., '24.
(87.)
- TOKSVIG, SIGNE. (MRS. FRANCIS
HACKETT.)
***House in the Reeds. (R.) Ain.
May. (130.)
- TOLER, HENRY P.
Juniper's Last Card. MacL.
Dec. 15, '25. (17.)
- TOMPKINS, JULIET WILBOR. (MRS.
EMORY POTTLE.) (1871-)
(See 1925.) (H.)
Deer Week. Col. Mar. 6. (46.)
Dinners. G. H. Jul. (44.)
Fortunate Woman. Col. Jan.
2. (9.)
Romance. G. H. Nov., '25.
(22.)
Vida's Room. S. E. P. Apr.
10. (24.)
- TOOHEY, JOHN PETER. (1880-)
(See 1925.)
*Night Bell. Col. Aug. 21.
(15.)
Under Their Thumbs. Pict. R.
Oct., '25. (24.)
- TORGERSON, EDWIN DIAL. (See
1925.)
"B. O. Must." Elks. Oct., '25.
(27.)
Be It Ever So Jumbled. Elks.
Feb. (16.)
*Bohemia à la Mode. Scr. Feb.
(79:191.)
- TOWNE, CHARLES HANSON. (1877-
) (See 1921.) (H.)
**Smell of Grease Paint. Hol.
Feb. (11.)
- TRACY, VIRGINIA.
***Giant's Thunder. Pict. R. Oct.,
'25. (8.)
- TRAIN, ARTHUR CHENEY. (1875-
) (See 1925.) (H.)
Acid Test. S. E. P. Jun. 12.
(12.)
Findings Keepings. S. E. P.
Jul. 24. (14.)
Mr. Tutt Lays a Ghost. S. E. P.
May 29. (14.)
Roll of Honor. S. E. P. Jul.
10. (18.)
- TRILLING, LIONEL.
*Chapter for a Fashionable Jew-
ish Novel. Men. J. Jun.-Jul.
(12:275.)
- TROY, ELIZABETH.
Seventh Deadly Quinn. Pict. R.
Feb. (12.)
- TRUMBULL, WALTER. (See 1921.)
Apple Assists. Del. Feb. (11.)
Leap Frog. Del. Nov., '25.
(11.)
- TULLY, JIM. (1891-)
***Stranger Appears. V. F. Jan.
(48.)
**Strong Woman. Ly. Mar. 13.
(45.)
**Whiteface. Ly. Apr. 10. (43.)
- TUNIS, JOHN R. (See 1923.)
King Can Do No Wrong. Suc.
Jun. (32.)
- TURNBULL, AGNES SLIGH. (See
1925.) [(43.)
*Golden Chamber. Am. May.
"In Such a Night." Am. Oct.,
'25. (29.)
Show-Boat. Am. Feb. (29.)
- TURNER, GEORGE KIBBE. (1869-
) (See 1925.) (H.)
Devil's Advocate. Ly. Jan. 2.
(8.) Jan. 9. (62.)
Kiss on the Hand. Ly. Dec.
12, '25. (56.)
- TYLER, EDGAR J.
Sawdust. McCall. May. (11.)
- U
- UPSON, WILLIAM HAZLETT. (See
1925.)
Dirty Work in the Argonne. S.
E. P. Oct. 17, '25. (16.)
Good Old Army! Good Old
War! S. E. P. Jun. 5. (7.)
Good Old Grandpa. S. E. P.
Dec. 5, '25. (10.)
John Brown's Body. Col. Nov.
14, '25. (15.)
Little Freddie. S. E. P. Feb.
20. (10.)
Methuselah. Col. Jun. 5. (5.)
Silent Steve. S. E. P. Jun. 19.
(9.)
Souvenirs. S. E. P. Oct. 3,
'25. (14.)
Two Elegant Mules. S. E. P.
May 8. (22.)
- URNER, MABEL HERBERT.
*All-Night Trip of Chill Discom-
fort in a Blanketless "Couchette."
Bell Syndicate. Dec. 6, '25.
*Audacious Night Adventure in
the Sinister Slums of Limehouse.
Bell Syndicate. Apr. 25.

URNER, MABEL HERBERT. (*Contd.*)

- *Dinner in the Famous Faust Cellar on Their Last Night in Leipsic. Bell Syndicate. Jan. 24.
- *Elusive Umbrella Clouds Their Early-Morning Arrival in Berlin. Bell Syndicate. Jan. 10.
- *Enchanted Music-Glamoured Night in an Ancient Frankfort Weinhaus. Bell Syndicate. Mar. 7.
- *Entertained at a Florentine Palace Warren Proves a Discourteous Guest. Bell Syndicate. Dec. 13, '25.
- *Evening of Old-World Hospitality in an Interesting German Home. Bell Syndicate. Jan. 16.
- *Futile Canvassing of Paris Hotels Makes Warren's Capitulation Complete. Bell Syndicate. Nov. 15, '25.
- *Helen Revives the Secret Romance of an Austere Titled Englishman. Bell Syndicate. May 2.
- *Helen Succumbs to the Usual Depression of Their First Morning at Home. Bell Syndicate. May 30.
- *Helen's Disillusioning Efforts to Re-Live a Long-Treasured Memory. Bell Syndicate. Jan. 3.
- *Helen's Foraging Escapade Delays the Schedule of a German Train. Bell Syndicate. Feb. 21.
- *Helen's Hypocritical Enthusiasm Imposes an Unexpected Penalty. Bell Syndicate. Jul. 11.
- *Helen's Ludicrous Innovation Relieves the Discomfort of a Single Room. Bell Syndicate. Jan. 31.
- *Helen's Steam-Pressing Experiment Proves an Expensive Economy. Bell Syndicate. Mar. 21.
- *Loafing Breakfast-in-the-Room on Their First Morning in Frankfort. Bell Syndicate. Feb. 28.
- *Lost in a Blinding Fog on Their Perilous Paris-to-London Flight. Bell Syndicate. Mar. 28.
- *Lure of an Italian Hat Market Involves Helen in a Near-Disaster. Bell Syndicate. Dec. 20, '25.
- *Mysterious Bundle Places Helen Under Surveillance of the Ital-

ian Police. Bell Syndicate. Dec. 27, '25.

- *Night of Unreality Follows a Strange Encounter in a London Fog. Bell Syndicate. May 16.
- *Stuffed Crayfish Wage War with Pressed Duck Number 73,809. Bell Syndicate. Nov. 22, '25.
- *Supper Club of the Underworld Provides a True-to-Type Adventure. Bell Syndicate. May 23.
- *Ticket Tangle Results in a Hectic Night on an Overcrowded Sleeper. Bell Syndicate. Mar. 14.
- *Vanished Emerald Places Their Bridge Guests Under Grave Suspicion. Bell Syndicate. Jun. 13.
- *Warren Basks in the Culinary Reward of Helen's Reckless Heroism. Bell Syndicate. Nov. 2, '25.
- *Warren's Dynamic Explosion Drives Helen to a Long-Dreaded Task. Bell Syndicate. Jul. 4.
- *Warren's Shrewd Maneuver Calls the Bluff of a Bombastic Boaster. Bell Syndicate. Feb. 14.

V

VALENSI, MARION POSCHMAN. (*See* 1924.)

- Disappearance of Old Madame. McCall. Oct., '25. (22.)
- Papa and the Girls. W. H. C. May. (25.)
- Such a Nice Old Man! Am. Oct., '25. (50.)
- Two Out of Fifty-Two. McCall. Jul. (9.)

VAN DE WATER, FREDERIC F. (*See* 1925.)

- Bluff. Col. Oct. 24, '25. (18.)
- Female of the Species. L. H. J. Jan. (14.)
- Man Is the Oak. L. H. J. Oct., '25. (18.)
- Militant Millicent. L. H. J. Jun. (14.)

VAN DOREN, CARL. (1885-) (*See* 1925.)

- *Ninth Wave. Cen. Dec., '25. (111:246.)

VAN DYKE, HENRY. (1852-) (*See* 1922.) (*H.*)

- Wilful Andromeda. Scr. Aug. (79:143.)

VANCE, LOUIS JOSEPH. (1879-) (*See* 1924.) (*H.*)

VANCE, LOUIS JOSEPH. (*Contd.*)
 By Benefit of Clergy. Col.
 Dec. 19, '25. (11.)
 Dead Ride Hard. McCall. Jul.
 (5.)
 Mr. Potiphar's Party. Col.
 Nov. 7, '25. (14.)
 *Patron Saint. Col. Jan. 9.
 (14.)
 Silent Wife. Col. Jun. 19.
 (9.)
 VERNEY, FRANK E. (*See 1925.*)
 Second Installment. McCall.
 Mar. (23.)
 VINCENT, E
 ***Call to Deliver. N. Rep. Jan.
 13. (45:212.)
 VINCENT, JOHN.
 Lay o' the Luck. Suc. Jul.
 (46.)
 VIVIAN, E. CHARLES.
 Unbidden Guest. Des. May.
 (14.)
 VON SCHRADER, ATREUS. *See*
 SCHRADER, ATREUS VON.
 VORSE, MARY HEATON. (*See 1925.*)
 (H.)
 ***Madelaine. G. H. Mar. (16.)
 *Man Trap for Gawky. Ly.
 Jun. 5. (7.)
 ***Northern Lights. (R.) F. S.
 Jun. (3:351.)
 ***November Gales. L. H. J. Nov.,
 '25. (20.)
 ***Runaway Enchantress. Ly. Jul.
 31. (18.)

W

WAGNER, GRACE WAITH.
 *Ancient Mariner. For. Feb.
 (75:264.)
 WALKER, DUGALD STEWART.
 *Dissonant Bells. Par. Apr.
 (80.)
 WALKER, STANLEY.
 *Quarry of the Godly. A. Merc.
 May. (8:93.)
 WALLACE, EUGENIA.
 Queen in Silks. MacL. Mar.
 15. (20.)
 Woman's Way. Suc. Nov., '25.
 (70.) Dec., '25. (70.)
 WALSH, RICHARD J.
 Welcome to Our City. W. H. C.
 Nov., '25. (29.)
 WALTNER, RULAND V. E.
 Hoss and Fiddle. Hol. Mar.
 (18.)
 WARD, FLORENCE BAIER. (*See 1925.*)
 Blundering. Des. Mar. (10.)
 WATER, FREDERIC F. VAN DE. *See*
 VAN DE WATER, FREDERIC F.

WATERBURY, FLORENCE.
 *"Lest We Lose Our Edens."
 Pict. R. Jul. (12.)
 WATERBURY, RUTH, and CARY,
 HAROLD.
 Narcisse Selects a Partner. Ly.
 Apr. 10. (11.)
 WATSON, MARION ELIZABETH. (*See*
 1923.)
 Ball-Footed Kas. L. H. J. Jan.
 (10.)
 WATTS, CLAUDE SAMUEL. (1877-
 .) (*See 1925.*) (H.)
 Professor's Love-Making. S. E.
 P. Mar. 20. (42.)
 WATTS, MARY STANBERY. (1868-
 .) (*See 1924.*) (H.)
 ***"White Man." Harp. M. Feb.
 (152:328.)
 WEAVER, JOHN VAN ALSTYNE. (*See*
 1922.)
 *Can Y'Imagine. Suc. Apr.
 (25.)
 **Forty-Eight Hours from June.
 Ly. Dec. 5, '25. (18.)
 Table. Col. Mar. 6. (15.)
 WEIMAN, RITA. (1889- .) (*See*
 1925.)
 Beloved Ghost. Ly. Jul. 24.
 (7.)
 *Code of Honor. Ly. Nov. 28,
 '25. (14.)
 Flapping Wings. Red Bk. Jan.
 (74.)
 Love Altar. Red Bk. Jul. (80.)
 Two Masters. (R.) F. S. Jul.
 (4:7.)
 WEIR, FLORENCE RONEY. (1861-
 .) (*See 1924.*) (H.)
 Saving House. Sun. Feb. (9.)
 WELCH, FLORENCE DORSEY.
 **Fetters. L. H. J. Feb. (12.)
 Passant Rampant. L. H. J.
 Jun. (18.)
 WELLS, CORINNE UPDEGRAFF. (*See*
 1925.)
 Sweet Little Rough. Hol. May.
 (19.)
 WESCOTT, GLENWAY. (1901- .)
 (*See 1925.*)
 ***Sister of Hunters. Dial. Mar.
 (80:191.)
 WEST, ANN. (*See 1925.*)
 *Griffin Head. Hol. Feb. (16.)
 Hilda Takes a Hand. Hol.
 Oct., '25. (12.)
 WEST, DOROTHY. (1907- .)
 ***Typewriter. Opp. Jul. (4:220.)
 WESTON, GEORGE T. (1880- .)
 (*See 1925.*) (H.)
 Certain Dexterity. S. E. P.
 Dec. 12, '25. (24.)

- WESTON, GEORGE T. (*Contd.*)
 Green Ticket. S. E. P. May 22. (18.)
 Other Woman's Trunk. Cos. Apr. (58.)
 Temporary Millionaire. S. E. P. Aug. 14. (20.)
- WHARTON, EDITH NEWBOLD JONES. (1862-) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 ***Bottle of Evian. S. E. P. Mar. 27. (8.)
 ***Duchess at Prayer. (R.) Ev. Nov., '25. (102.)
 ***Introducers. (R.) Ain. Nov., '25. (62.)
 ***Long Run. (R.) Ain. Aug. (1.)
 ***Young Gentleman. Pict. R. Feb. (29.)
- WHITE, ARED.
 Martinet. S. E. P. Jun. 26. (18.)
 *On a Silver Platter. S. E. P. Apr. 10. (8.)
- WHITE, E. L. (*See* 1924.)
 Waking. Hol. Nov., '25. (24.)
- WHITE, NELIA GARDNER. (*See* 1925.)
 Caroline Finds Her Way. Am. Jun. (42.)
 Cupid and the Pig. Am. May. (66.)
 Doe Deaver. Am. Apr. (41.)
 Hills of Home. Am. Oct., '25. (21.)
 Lilac Time. Am. Mar. (29.)
 Meadow Grass. Am. Jan. (31.)
 Tomboy. Am. Nov., '25. (31.)
- WHITE, STEWART EDWARD. (1873-) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 **Emigrants. (R.) Gol. Apr. (3:467.)
 Killer. (R.) F. S. May. (3:161.)
 **Road Agent. (R.) F. S. Aug. (4:201.)
 **Scaler. (R.) Gol. Dec., '25. (2:853.)
 **Two Cartridges. (R.) Gol. Jan. (3:43.)
 *Two Gun Man. (R.) F. S. Oct., '25. (1:103.) Gol. Aug. (4:163.)
- WHITMAN, STEPHEN FRENCH. (1880-) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 Beauty and the Beast. S. E. P. Feb. 6. (43.)
 *Fear. Col. Jul. 31. (24.)
 ***Noble Family of Beaupertuys. (R.) Gol. Jan. (3:61.)
 ***Rival. Red Bk. Mar. (76.)
 Star-Maker. Shrine. May. (16.)
- ***To a Venetian Tune. (R.) Gol. Apr. (3:437.)
- WHITMAN, WILLSON. (*See* 1923.)
 Sublet. W. H. C. Feb. (29.)
- WHITNEY, PARKHURST. (1886-) (*See* 1924.)
 **Foggs Were Soldiers. Harp. M. Dec., '25. (152:89.)
- WICKHAM, HARVEY. (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 What Kind o' Luck? S. E. P. Nov. 28, '25. (16.)
- WILDE, PERCIVAL. (1887-) (*See* 1924.)
 *Way to Freedom. (R.) F. S. Nov., '25. (1:192.)
- WILEY, HUGH. (1894-) (*See* 1925.)
 Flim-Flamingo. S. E. P. May 1. (22.)
 Pluvitor. S. E. P. Jun. 5. (24.)
 Pop. S. E. P. Nov. 7, '25. (26.)
 Sick per Cent. S. E. P. Nov. 21, '25. (20.)
 Winning Horace. S. E. P. Aug. 21. (38.)
- WILKINS, MARY E. *See* FREEMAN, MARY ELEANOR WILKINS.
- WILLIAMS, BEN AMES. (1889-) (*See* 1925.)
 *Body Blow. S. E. P. May 1. (24.)
 *Correction of Fools. S. E. P. Apr. 17. (22.)
 **Excellent Clerk. S. E. P. Oct. 10, '25. (24.)
 *Glib and Oily Art. S. E. P. Apr. 24. (24.)
 **Lusty Winter. Col. Jan. 9. (20.)
 *Nerves. S. E. P. Jan. 2. (8.)
 Not a Drum Was Heard. (R.) Gol. Feb. (3:264.)
 ***Nurse. Harp. M. Apr. (152:549.)
 *Ordeal by Water. S. E. P. Mar. 13. (10.)
 *Question Puller. Elks. Aug. (6.)
 *Scapegoat. S. E. P. Nov. 7, '25. (10.)
 *Shoemaker's Wife. S. E. P. Aug. 21. (12.)
 *Sir Oracle. S. E. P. Dec. 12, '25. (8.)
 ***Solitude. Col. Dec. 5, '25. (24.)
 **Stave Stuff. S. E. P. Dec. 19, '25. (8.)
 *Uses of Adversity. S. E. P. Aug. 14. (10.)

- WILLIAMS, BEN AMES. (*Contd.*)
 *Very Practical Joke. S. E. P. Dec. 5, '25. (36.)
- WILLIAMS, FRANCES FENWICK.
 Other Women's Men. Des. Jun. (14.)
- WILLIAMS, JESSE LYNCH. (1871-.) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 **Love and Money. S. E. P. Apr. 24. (18.)
- WILLIAMS, MARGARET K.
 Sheik-Bite. Col. Jul. 24. (32.)
- WILLIAMS, WILLIAM CARLOS.
 ***Five Dollar Guy. N. Mass. May. (1:19.)
- WILLIAMS, WILLIAM D. (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 *Last Choice of Crusty Dick. (R.) Ev. May. (132.)
- WILLIAMS, WYTHE. (1881-.) (*See* 1925.)
 *Duel. S. E. P. Apr. 17. (10.)
 *Lords of the Atlas. S. E. P. Aug. 28. (14.)
 *Red Shadows. S. E. P. Jun. 26. (36.)
- WILLS, SHELDON. (*See* 1924.)
 *Denial. Colum. Aug. (20.)
 **Next Year. Cath. W. Aug. (123:624.)
- WILSON, DIXIE. (*See* 1924.)
 Cross-Eyed Captain. L. H. J. Nov., '25. (24.)
 *God Gave Me Twenty Cents. Cos. Jul. (58.)
 Here Y'Are, Brother. G. H. Dec., '25. (38.)
 Moon-Rose. Del. Dec., '25. (10.)
 Sunrise. Am. Aug. (31.)
- WILSON, BOURDON.
 While the Tracks Were Being Cleared. Sun. Feb. (28.)
- WILSON, HARRY LEON. (1867-.) (*See* 1923.) (*H.*)
 *Hypocrite. S. E. P. Mar. 20. (3.)
- WILSON, JOHN FLEMING. (1887-.) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 *Great Arctic Handicap. (R.) Gol. Aug. (4:259.)
 *Strange Ports. (R.) Gol. Feb. (3:149.)
- WILSON, MARGARET ADELAIDE. (*See* 1922.) (*H.*)
 **Yaqui. Dial. Apr. (80:281.)
- WILSON, MARY BADGER. (*See* 1925.)
 Painted Shadows. Des. Jan. (14.)
- WILSON, NANCY. (*See* 1924.)
 Gilt Weathercock. Des. Aug. (10.)
- WILSON, RUTH.
 Something. Strat. Aug. (17.)
- WINSLOW, HORATIO. (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 And Presto— S. E. P. Aug. 28. (8.)
 College Daze. S. E. P. Jan. 16. (12.)
 Master Mind. S. E. P. May 15. (8.)
 Mysterious Mr. Flesyn. S. E. P. Apr. 17. (20.)
 Paleolithic Thug. S. E. P. Mar. 20. (12.)
 Please, No Publicity. S. E. P. Nov. 28, '25. (14.)
 Regards to Shanty Harris. S. E. P. Oct. 31, '25. (8.)
 Sheik Explains. S. E. P. Jan. 2. (10.)
- WINSLOW, THYRA SAMTER. (1889-.) (*See* 1924.)
 **City Folks. (R.) F. S. Aug. (4:235.)
 *Second Chance. Pict. R. Apr. (14.)
 Spring and the Beautiful Blonde. Red Bk. May. (46.)
 Supreme Insult. Red Bk. Feb. (85.)
 *Usual Ending. Red Bk. Jan. (38.)
 *When We Get In with Nice People. A. Merc. Oct., '25. (6:173.)
- WINSMORE, ROBERT S. (*See* 1925.)
 Big Ones, Good Ones. S. E. P. May 1. (12.)
 Comeback. S. E. P. Jul. 24. (12.)
 Suds. S. E. P. Jun. 19. (12.)
 What Price Brains? S. E. P. Oct. 3, '25. (18.)
- WISTER, OWEN. (1860-.) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 ***Drake Who Had Means of His Own. (R.) Gol. Jun. (3:725.)
 ***Extra Dry. (R.) Gol. Mar. (3:329.)
 ***Once Around the Clock. Cos. Jul. (42.)
 **Serenade at Siskiyou. (R.) Gol. Oct., '25. (2:554.)
 ***Specimen Jones. (R.) Ev. May. (122.)
- WITWER, HARRY CHARLES. (1890-.) (*See* 1925.)
 Came the Dawn. Cos. Jan. (78.)
 Carmen. Col. May 29. (5.)
 Fight That Failed. Col. Jan. 2. (5.)

WITWER, HARRY CHARLES. (*Contd.*)
 Gyps That Pass in the Night. Col. Nov. 21, '25. (9.)
 Here's Howe. Cos. Aug. (90.)
 Knight Before Christmas. Col. Dec. 12, '25. (9.)
 Last Nose of Summer. Cos. Jul. (94.)
 Man Who Should Be King. Col. May 8. (5.)
 Merchant of Venus. Cos. Apr. (32.)
 Pansy Picker. Col. Oct. 10, '25. (6.)
 Prince of Wales, N. Y. Cos. Jun. (68.)
 That Big Punch Climax. Col. Jan. 23. (5.)
 Wandering Jehu. Col. Sept. 19, '25. (7.)
 What Every Girl Should Know. Cos. Dec., '25. (75.)
 Where There's a Bill. Col. Oct. 31, '25. (7.)
 With Benefit of Clergy. Cos. Nov., '25. (78.)
 WOLFF, WILLIAM ALMON. (1885-) (*See 1925.*) (*H.*)
 House of Happiness. Am. Apr. (58.)
 Lovely Liar. S. E. P. Dec. 26, '25. (11.)
 Money Is Useful. Ev. Nov., '25. (77.)
 Never Up—Never In. Col. Sept. 19, '25. (14.)
 WOOD, FRANCES GILCHRIST. (*See 1924.*)
 **Color. Red Bk. Mar. (62.)
 WOOD, JULIA FRANCES. (*See 1925.*) (*H.*)
 Forgotten Altar. Chic. Trib. May 16.
 WOODROW, MRS. WILSON. (NANCY

MANN WADDEL WOODROW.)
 (*See 1925.*) (*H.*)
 Confession. Ly. Nov. 14, '25. (9.)
 Out of My House, Girl! Cos. Jul. (90.)
 WORMSER, GWENDOLYN RANGER. (*See 1922.*)
 **Giant. Mun. Jan. (86:736.)
 Woods, R.
 *Stranger Comes to Bundoran. Cath. W. Jul. (123:480.)
 WORTS, GEORGE FRANK. (1892-) (*See 1925.*)
 Old Rogue. Col. Mar. 27. (11.)
 Sunk. Col. Jan. 30. (24.)
 WYLIE, ELINOR. (MRS. WILLIAM ROSE BENET.) (*See 1925.*)
 *Applewood Chair. W. H. C. May. (12.)
 *Ninety-nine Cream Bottles. W. H. C. Aug. (17.)
 WYNN, ALICE GORTON. (*See 1922.*)
 Honeybee. Cath. W. Apr. (123:76.)

Y

YOUNG, BENJAMIN.
 *Boll Weevil Starts North. Opp. Feb. (42.)
 YOUNG, EDWARD W.
 Limpy. Suc. Jul. (56.)
 YOUNG, MRS. SANBORN. *See MITCHELL, RUTH COMFORT.*
 YOUNG, STARK. (1881-)
 ***Campo Santo. N. A. Rev. Dec., '25-Jan.-Feb. (222:331.)
 *My Grandfather McGehee's Wedding. Scr. Aug. (79:210.)

Z

ZIEGLER, WILLIAM, JR. (*See 1923.*)
 Man-shy. Pict. R. Mar. (26.)

II. BRITISH AND IRISH AUTHORS

A

A., G. M.
 *Mr. Dew's Device. (*R.*) Liv. A. May 9, '25. (325:332.)
 ANDERSON, MRS. J. C. O'GORMAN.
See BENSON, STELLA.
 "ARLEN, MICHAEL." (DIKRAN KUYUMJIAN.) (*See 1925.*)
 **Portrait of a Gentleman. Harp. B. Jun. (59.)
 *Portrait of a Lady With Grey Eyes on Fifth Avenue. Ly. Jan. 16. (7.)
 ***Why Men Join Clubs. Red Bk. Aug. (68.)

ARMSTRONG, MARTIN DONISTHORPE. (1882-) (*See 1922.*)
 ***Matchmaker. Harp. M. Jun. (153:22.)
 **Nanny. (*R.*) Liv. A. Oct. 17, '25. (327:155.)
 ATKEY, BERTRAM. (1880-) (*See 1925.*)
 Down the Wander Ways with Prosper Fair. Elks. Feb. (8.)
 George H. Jay and the Dust Hunters. S. E. P. Jun. 5. (22.)
 George H. Jay and the Lavender Blonde. S. E. P. Feb. 13. (10.)

ATKEY, BERTRAM. (*Contd.*)

- George H. Jay and the Three-Figure Flutter. S. E. P. Apr. 10. (18.)
 George H. Jay and the Witch's House. S. E. P. Feb. 7. (12.)
 George H. Jay and the Wyke Will-o'-the-Wisp. S. E. P. Aug. 28. (12.)
 Man on a Milestone. Elks. Mar. (30.)
 *Man Who Was a Miser. Elks. May. (25.)
 Pale Lady. Elks. Jun. (26.)
 AUMONIER, STACY. (1887-)
 (See 1925.)
 ***Armistice. S. E. P. May 15. (12.)
 ***Brown Wallet. (R.) F. S. May. (3:174.)
 **What Was She to Think? (R.) Gol. Apr. (3:540.)
 AUSTIN, FREDERICK BRITTEN. (1885-) (See 1925.) (H.)
 ***Drama Unrehearsed. Red Bk. Aug. (39.)
 **Goliath. S. E. P. Oct. 17, '25. (8.)
 **Joke. Col. Aug. 7. (17.)
 **They Who Laughed. S. E. P. Oct. 31, '25. (6.)
 *When Mankind Was Young. S. E. P. Jan. 2. (14.) Jan. 30. (12.) Feb. 13. (18.) Mar. 13. (20.) Apr. 10. (8.) Aug. 21. (8.)
 AYRES, RUBY MILDRED. (1883-) (See 1923.)
 Lady Caroline Tries Navy Blue. McCall. Aug., '25. (13.)
 Lady Who Loved a King. McCall. Apr. (20.)

B

- BAILY, FRANCIS EVANS. (1887-) (See 1925.)
 Evaluating Paradise. Harp. B. Nov., '25. (70.)
 Maiden's Delight. Col. Aug. 21. (5.)
 This Our Wife. S. E. P. May 22. (12.)
 BARRIE, SIR JAMES MATTHEW. (1860-) (See 1925.)
 **Inconsiderate Waiter. (R.) Ain. Apr. (52.)
 "BAWN, PHELM."
 *Great Echo. Cath. W. Dec., '25. (122:330.)
 BELL, JOHN JOY. (1871-) (See 1924.)

- *Will and the Way Out. Hol. Oct., '24. (20.)
 BENNETT, ENOCH ARNOLD. (1867-) (See 1925.) (H.)
 ***Fish. (R.) F. S. Jan. (2:79.)
 ***Kiss for Curtenty. Del. Feb. (8.)
 ***Matador of the Five Towns. (R.) F. S. Apr. (3:91.)
 *One of Their Quarrels. S. E. P. Dec. 19, '25. (14.)
 **Silent Brothers. (R.) F. S. Jul. (4:99.)
 *Time to Think. Red Bk. Apr. (42.)
 *What I Have Said I Have Said. S. E. P. Nov. 21, '25. (8.)
 BENNETT, ROLF. (See 1925.)
 ***Pearls and Swine. Adv. Apr. 8. (51.)
 BENSON, STELLA. (MRS. J. C. O'GORMAN ANDERSON.) (1892-)
 ***Awakening. Book. (N. Y.) Dec., '25. (62:396.)
 BERESFORD, JOHN DAVYS. (1873-) (See 1925.) (H.)
 ***Devil's Own Luck. Cen. May. (112:16.)
 BERMAN, HANNAH.
 **Night. J. T. Dec. 18, '25. (2.)
 BLACK, DOROTHY. (See 1925 under AMERICAN AUTHORS.)
 And Then Came Spring. Des. Apr. (12.)
 Bits of Dreams. L. H. J. Jul. (14.)
 Flute and the Buffalo. Des. Jun. (8.)
 Importance of Being Seven. L. H. J. Feb. (14.)
 Love Was Once a Little Boy. L. H. J. Jun. (16.)
 Outcasts. Pict. R. Nov., '25. (12.)
 Salvage. L. H. J. Mar. (18.)
 This Is Where You Laugh. L. H. J. Apr. (10.)
 What All the World Is Seeking. Pict. R. Dec., '25. (9.)
 What Dreams Are Worth. G. H. Apr. (80.)
 BLACKMORE, RICHARD DODDRIDGE. (1825-1900.)
 **Crocker's Hole. (R.) Gol. May. (3:593.)
 BOTTOMOE, PHYLLIS. (MRS. FORBES DENNIS.) (See 1925.) (H.)
 ***Dagger. Col. Dec. 26, '25. (7.)
 ***Waiting Room. Va. Jul. (2:367.)

BOWEN, ELIZABETH. (*See* 1925.)
 ***Shadowy Third. (R.) Ain.
 Aug. (124.)
 "BOWEN, MARJORIE." (GABRIEL
 MARGARET VERE CAMPBELL
 COSTANZO LONG.) (*See* 1925.)
 (H.)
 *Fleur Ange. MacL. May 1.
 (19.)
 Flying Seed. Chic. Trib. Jun.
 20.
 Out of Season. Chic. Trib.
 Apr. 4.
 BOXALL, ERNEST W.
 Hound of Heaven. Cath. W.
 Jul. (123:522.)
 BRETHERTON, VIVIEN.
 Charm. W. H. C. Jul. (17.)
 Tippetty-Witch. McCall. Aug.
 (17.)
 BRETT YOUNG, FRANCIS. *See* YOUNG,
 FRANCIS BRETT.
 BROWN, DR. JOHN. (1810-1882.)
 ***Rab and His Friends. (R.) Ev.
 Dec., '25. (122.)
 BURKE, THOMAS. (1887-) (*See*
 1925.)
 ***Adventurer. (R.) Liv. A. Jul.
 25, '25. (326:205.)
 ***Dream of Ah Lum. Cos. Oct.,
 '25. (60.)
 ***Paw. (R.) F. S. Nov., '25.
 (1:262.)
 **Tablets of the House of Li.
 Cos. May. (90.)

C

CARLETON, WILLIAM. (1794-1869.)
 ***Condy Cullen and the Gauger.
 (R.) Gol. Mar. (3:389.)
 CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH.
 (1874-) (*See* 1925.)
 (H.)
 ***Actor and the Alibi. Harp. M.
 Mar. (152:491.)
 ***Worst Crime in the World.
 Harp. M. Oct., '25. (151:537.)
 CLEMENT, FRANK A.
 *Luck. (R.) Liv. A. Jun. 13,
 '25. (325:594.)
 CLOUSTON, J. STORER. (1870-)
 *Coincidence. MacL. Feb. 15.
 (9.)
 COLLINS, WILLIAM WILKIE. (1824-
 1889.)
 **Mr. Lismore and the Widow.
 (R.) Ain. Apr. (139.)
 ***Terribly Strange Bed. (R.) Ev.
 Oct., '25. (95.)
 COLUM, MARY M.
 **Grey House. Com. Mar. 17.
 (3:521.)

COLUM, PADRAIC. (1881-)
 (*See* 1925.)
 **Character. Com. Jan. 20.
 (3:295.)
 **First Christmas. Com. Dec.
 23, '25. (3:180.)
 **Seven Sleepers. Com. Oct. 21,
 '25. (2:588.)
 ***Slopes of Tara. Com. Apr. 21.
 (3:656.)
 "CONRAD, JOSEPH." (JOSEPH CON-
 RAD KORZENIOWSKI.) (1857-
 1924.) (*See* 1924.) (H.)
 **Because of the Dollars. (R.)
 Gol. Nov., '25. (2:581.)
 ***Inn of the Two Witches. (R.)
 Ev. Oct., '25. (104.)
 COPPARD, ALFRED EDGAR. (1878-
) (*See* 1925.)
 ***Truant Hart. (R.) Liv. A.
 Jan. 23. (328:202.)
 CORKERY, DANIEL. (*See* 1922.)
 ***Emptied Sack. Dial. Aug.
 81:101.)
 COULDREY, OSWALD. (*See* 1925.)
 ***Vision of the River. Atl. Jun.
 (137:752.)
 CRAIGIE, PEARL MARY TERESA
 RICHARDS. *See* "HOBBS, JOHN
 OLIVER."
 CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, ROBERT
 BONTINE. (1852-) (*See*
 1925.)
 ***Fourth Magus. (R.) A. W.
 Nov., '25. (10.)

D

DASHWOOD, M. ELIZABETH. *See*
 "DELAFIELD, E. M."
 DAVEY, NORMAN.
 **Room of the Thousand Pea-
 cocks. (R.) Ain. Apr. (39.)
 DAWSON, CONINGSBY WILLIAM.
 (1883-) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 Her Back to the Wall. McCall.
 Aug. (13.)
 DEEPIG, GEORGE WARWICK. (1877-
) (*See* 1922.) (H.)
 *Elizabeth. Cen. Jun. (112:195.)
 "DELAFIELD, E. M." (M. ELIZA-
 BETH DASHWOOD.) (1890-)
 ***Philistine. Harp. M. May.
 (152:715.)
 DE LA MARE, WALTER JOHN. (1873-
) (*See* 1925.)
 ***Broomsticks. Yale. Oct., '25.
 (15:30.)
 ***Mr. Kempe. Harp. M. Nov.,
 '25. (151:649.)
 ***Three Sleeping Boys of War-
 wickshire. Va. Oct., '25.
 (1:386.)

DE LA MARE, WALTER JOHN. (*Contd.*)
 ***Visitors. For. Oct., '25.
 (74:589.)

DELL, ETHEL M. (*See 1925.*) (*H.*)
 Good Turn. McCall. May. (8.)
 Real Thing. McCall. Jul. (11.)

DENNIS, MRS. FORBES. *See* BOT-
 TOME, PHYLLIS.

DICKENS, CHARLES. (1812-1870.)
 ***Dr. Manette's Manuscript. (*R.*)
 F. S. Nov., '25. (1:237.)

***Seven Poor Travellers. (*R.*)
 Dear. Ind. Dec. 12, '25. (4.)

DORRINGTON, ALBERT.
 Sally of Sunday Reef. Hol.
 Aug. (14.)

DOWNES, MOLLIE PANTER-. *See*
 PANTER-DOWNES, MOLLIE.

DRYDEN, J.
 **Reg'lar Bad 'Un. (*R.*) Liv. A.
 Jun. 6, '25. (325:537.)

DUFFY, P. J. O'CONNOR. (*See 1925.*)
 *House They Had Loved. Cath.
 W. May. (123:197.)

DUNSANY, EDWARD JOHN MORETON
 DRAX PLUNKETT, 18TH BARON.
 (1878-) (*See 1925.*)

***Abu Laheeb. Atl. Jul. (138:45.)

***East and West. (*R.*) F. S.
 Jul. (4:45.)

***Legend of the Dawn. (*R.*) F. S.
 Feb. (2:265.)

***Song of the Blackbird. (*R.*)
 Gol. Jun. (3:751.)

E

EDGINTON, MAY. (*See 1925.*) (*H.*)
 *Fair Lady. S. E. P. Apr. 3.
 (8.)

Jaded Lady. Col. Jul. 17. (13.)
 ***Purple and Fine Linen. Col.
 Feb. 6. (5.)

*So the Soldier Went to War.
 W. H. C. Jan. (7.)

*What Does It Matter? Pict. R.
 Dec., '25. (15.)

***Young Man's Fancy. S. E. P.
 Dec. 19, '25. (5.)

F

FENBY, CHARLES.
 **Never Again! (*R.*) Liv. A.
 Jun. 5. (329:525.)

FLETCHER, GUY.
 Let It Rain. Col. Apr. 24.
 (10.)
 Man Over the Wall. Ev. Dec.,
 '25. (60.)
 Mike Donovan of Ireland. Ev.
 Jun. (26.)
 My Lady in a Cage. Col. Mar.
 20. (5.)

Padre's Colt. Ev. Mar. (26.)
 Strangers of the Night. Ev.
 Oct., '25. (26.)

FLETCHER, J. S. (*See 1925.*) (*H.*)
 Most Rare Adventure of Brother
 Peter. Hol. Dec., '25. (22.)
 \$150,000 Necklace. Cos. Mar.
 (92.)

FORBES, F. A.
 *Snow. Cath. W. Feb. (122:608.)

FRANKAU, GILBERT. (1884-)
 (*See 1924.*)

Peculiar Temptation of Peter
 Jackson, Cigar Merchant. Chic.
 Trib. Aug. 29.

FRIEDLENDER, V. H. (*See 1923.*)
 *Mr. Jeff Buys a Car. (*R.*) Liv.
 A. Aug. 15, '25. (326:369.)

"FUNDI."
 **Mitimoni Raiders. (*R.*) Gol.
 Feb. (3:203.)

G

GALSWORTHY, JOHN. (1867-)
 (*See 1925.*) (*H.*)

***Apple Tree. (*R.*) F. S. Dec.,
 '25. (1:297.)

GIBBON, PERCEVAL. (1879-1926.)
 (*See 1925.*) (*H.*)

*City of Peril. S. E. P. Mar.
 27. (11.)

*Confession. W. H. C. Apr.
 (32.)

**Did They Marry? (*R.*) F. S.
 Mar. (2:292.)

**Doctor. S. E. P. Nov. 21, '25.
 (5.)

*First Class Passengers. S. E. P.
 Mar. 20. (17.)

**Holiday from Sin. S. E. P.
 Mar. 13. (25.)

**Hostage. Suc. Aug. (20.)

**Ill Wind. S. E. P. Jan. 9.
 (16.)

***King of the Baboons. (*R.*)
 Gol. Apr. (3:451.)

**Married Man. S. E. P. Jan.
 23. (38.)

*Tryst. S. E. P. Jul. 17. (16.)

*Underground Railway. S. E. P.
 Nov. 7, '25. (17.)

**Winning Number. (*R.*) F. S.
 Jun. (3:334.)

GIBBS, SIR PHILLIP. (*See 1925.*)
 *Gentleman of the Old School.
 (*R.*) Ain. Aug. (94.)

*Head of the Family. Cos. May.
 (62.)

*House of His Heart. Cos. Aug.
 (78.)

***School of Courage. Cos. Oct.,
 '25. (34.)

- GIBBS, SIR PHILLIP. (*Contd.*)
 **Sign of the Crooked Cross. Harp. B. Feb. (60.)
 **Supernatural Lady. Cos. Jan. (58.)
- GISSING, GEORGE. (1857-1903.)
 ***Lodger in Maze Pond. (R.) Ain. Jun. (106.)
- GILL, ERIC H. N.
 Mungroo, the Bear. (R.) Liv. A. Apr. 3. (329:64.)
- GOLDING, LOUIS. (1895-) (*See* 1925.)
 **Cry of the Swallows. Am. H. Oct. 9, '25. (117:722.)
 **Hyman's Scarlet Lily. Am. H. Jul. 23. (119:313.)
- GORDON, JANET L. (*See* 1925.)
 *Looker-On. Cath. W. Jan. (122:443.)
- GRAHAME, KENNETH. (1859-)
 ***Reluctant Dragon. (R.) Gol. Aug. (4:201.)
- GRANT WATSON, E. L. *See* WATSON, E. L. GRANT.
 "GREEN, LEWIS PATRICK." (LOUIS MONTAGUE GREENE.) (1891-) (*See* 1918.) (H.)
 Candle Bid. Ev. Oct., '25. (50.)
- GRIMSHAW, BEATRICE. (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 Brides of Tarabora. (R.) Gol. Mar. (3:380.)
 Through the Back Door. (R.) Gol. Jul. (4:79.)
- H
- HAMILTON, COSMO. (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 Mother's Son or Wife's Man? Ly. Jul. 3. (11.)
 Whoso Findeth a Wife. Chic. Trib. Oct. 25, '25.
- HARDY, THOMAS. (1840-) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 ***Three Strangers. (R.) Gol. Apr. (3:473.)
- HARWOOD, MRS. H. M. *See* JESSE, F. TENNYSON.
- HAWKINS, SIR ANTHONY HOPE. *See* "HOPE, ANTHONY."
- HICHENS, ROBERT SMYTHE. (1864-) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 Grip. Cos. Dec., '25. (90.)
 Jealousy. Cos. Nov., '25. (50.)
 Mystic. Chic. Trib. May 23.
 Story of the Movies. Suc. Feb. (20.)
 Woman's Past. Cos. Oct., '25. (90.)
- "HOBBS, JOHN OLIVER." (PEARL
- MARY TERESA RICHARDS CRAIGIE.) (1867-1906.)
 **Differing Stars. (R.) Ain. Aug. (111.)
- HODGSON, WILLIAM HOPE.
 *Wild Man of the Sea. Sea. May. (78.)
- HOLDSWORTH, MRS. GEOFFREY LISLE. *See* STERN, G. B.
 "HOPE, ANTHONY." (SIR ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.) (1863-)
 **Duchy of Deodonato. (R.) Ain. May. (97.)
- HORNUNG, E. W.
 *Costume Piece. (R.) Ain. Jan. (139.)
 *Gentlemen and Players. (R.) Ain. Feb. (133.)
 *Ides of the March. (R.) Ain. Dec., '25. (89.)
 Nine Points of the Law. (R.) Ain. May. (140.)
 *Premier Pas. (R.) Ain. Mar. (135.)
 *Voice of the Charmer. (R.) Ain. Nov., '25. (53.)
 *Wilful Murder. (R.) Ain. Apr. (122.)
- HURST, S. B. H. (*See* 1920.)
 Jonah. Ev. Apr. (78.)
- HUTCHINSON, ARTHUR STUART MENTETH. (1880-) (*See* 1924.) (H.)
 **Wicked Aunt. Cos. Jan. (74.)
- HUTCHINSON, VERE. (*See* 1924.)
 ***Hoax. Cen. Jul. (112:257.)
- J
- JACOBS, WILLIAM WYMARK. (1863-) (*See* 1925.) (II.)
 ***Bed Cases. S. E. P. Jan. 23. (16.)
 ***Benefit Performance. (R.) F. S. Nov., '25. (1:166.)
 ***Change of Treatment. (R.) F. S. Feb. (2:233.)
 ***Hard Labor. (R.) Ev. Jul. (124.)
 ***In Borrowed Plumes. (R.) F. S. Jun. (3:328.)
 ***Low Water. (R.) F. S. Aug. (4:175.)
- JAMES, MONTAGUE RHODES. (1862-)
 **View from a Hill. (R.) Liv. A. Jul. 4, '25. (326:57.)
- JAMESON, MARGARET STORM. (*See* 1924.)
 **Pitiful Wife. (R.) Ain. Feb. (100.)
 **Player Perforce. (R.) Ain. Jun. (118.)

- JEPSON, EDGAR. (1864-) (See 1925.) (H.)
 At the Sign of the Jade Fish. S. E. P. Apr. 17. (48.)
 Change of Swords. S. E. P. Feb. 6. (22.)
 Zodiac Goat. S. E. P. May 15. (26.)
- JEPSON, EDGAR, and TASSINARI, GIOVANNA.
 Judgment of Solomon. S. E. P. Jan. 9. (40.)
- JESSE, FRYNIWYD TENNYSON. (MRS. H. M. HARWOOD.) (See 1924.) (H.)
- ***Featherbeds. McCall. Dec., '25. (10.)
- JOPE-SLADE, CHRISTINE. (See 1925.)
 Woman Who Knew Whistler. L. H. J. Oct., '25. (6.)

K

- "KAMASU."
 Meeting of the Shareholders. (R.) Liv. A. Aug. 29, '25. (326:459.)
- KINROSS, ALBERT. (1870-) (See 1924.) (H.)
- *Orphan Annie. W. H. C. Jun. (12.)
- KIPLING, RUDYARD. (1865-) (See 1925.) (H.)
- ***Cupid's Arrow. (R.) Ain. Feb. (130.)
- ***Gardener. McCall. Apr. (5.)
- ***Gate. McCall. Jun. (7.)
- KNOBLOCK, EDWARD. (1874-)
 T'ang Mirror. Ly. Mar. 6. (7.)
- KORZENIOWSKI, JOSEPH CONRAD. See "CONRAD, JOSEPH."

L

- "LANCASTER, G. B." (See 1925.) (H.)
- *Betrothal Party. Suc. Jan. (38.)
- *Bim Sefton's Wife. Hol. Nov., '25. (13.)
- *Last Straw. Suc. Apr. (52.)
- *Painted River Case. Suc. May. (50.)
- LAWRENCE, DAVID HERBERT. (1885-) (See 1925.) (H.)
- ***Glad Ghosts. Dial. Jul. (81:1.) Aug. (81:123.)
- ***Last Laugh. (R.) Ain. Jan. (55.)
- ***Rocking-Horse Winner. Harp. B. Jul. (96.)
- ***Smile. N. Mass. Jun. (1:12.)
- LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD. (1866-) (See 1924.) (H.)

- *Rose That Came Every Morning. (R.) Ain. Nov., '25. (113.)
- **What Are the Captains Doing? Cen. Jun. (112:157.)
- LOCKE, WILLIAM JOHN. (1863-) (See 1925.) (H.)
- *Adventure of Fleurette. (R.) Gol. Oct., '25. (2:537.)
- *Conqueror. (R.) F. S. Aug. (4:192.)
- *Heart at Twenty. (R.) Ain. Nov., '25. (48.)
- Lover's Dilemma. (R.) F. S. May. (3:202.)
- Pontifex. Cos. Apr. (22.)
- *Scourge. (R.) F. S. Jan. (2:15.)
- *Spartan of the Hills. Cos. Jun. (50.)
- LONG, GABRIEL MARGARET VERE CAMPBELL COSTANZO. See "BOWEN, MARJORIE."
- LYSTER, M. (See 1925.)
- *What the Typewriter Needed. (R.) Liv. A. Oct. 10, '25. (327:105.)

M

- MAARTENS, MAARTEN.
 **Fool and the Idiot. (R.) Ev. Jun. (112.)
- McFEE, WILLIAM. (1881-) (See 1925.)
- **Armoire. Red Bk. Jul. (97.)
- **Garden of the Bey. Red Bk. Nov., '25. (63.)
- **Release. Red Bk. Oct., '25. (38.)
- *Sword of Dr. Damocles. Red Bk. Mar. (37.)
- **Vanished Passenger. Red. Bk. Jun. (84.) [(33.)]
- **Virgin of Loreto. Red Bk. Jan.
- MACKAIL, DENIS.
 Earn While You Learn. Cos. Feb. (94.)
- Feet of Clay. Cos. Jan. (100.)
- Girl in a Million. Cos. Mar. (100.)
- Hugo the Sleuth. Cos. Oct., '25. (98.)
- *Nana Sahib. (R.) Liv. A. Oct. 3, '25. (327:62.)
- Pocket Nightingale. Cos. Nov., '25. (100.)
- Todd Street Ghost. Cos. Dec., '25. (100.)
- MACMANUS, SEUMAS. (1870-) (See 1925.) (H.)
- ***Romance of Phelim Ruadh. Cath. W. Mar. (122:731.)

- MCNEILE, H. CYRIL. ("SAPPER.")
(1888-) (See 1925.)
Cynthia Delmorton's Mistake.
Chic. Trib. Aug. 22.
*Marie. McC. Oct., '25. (886.)
*Question of Identity. McC.
Nov., '25. (120.)
- MALLOCH, GEORGE RENTON.
*Roundheads. For. Jan. (75:76.)
- MANNING-SANDERS, GEORGE.
***Stroke. (R.) Liv. A. Aug.
21. (330:421.)
- "MANSFIELD, KATHERINE." (KATH-
LEEN BEAUCHAMP MURRY.)
(1888-1923.) (See 1924.)
***Bliss. (R.) Gol. Feb. (3:255.)
***Doll's House. (R.) Gol. Oct.,
'25. (2:514.) Ev. Jun. (129.)
***Mr. Reginald Peacock's Day.
(R.) Ain. Aug. (20.)
- MARTIN, VIOLET. See SOMERVILLE,
EDITH CE., and "ROSS, MAR-
TIN."
- MASON, ARTHUR EDWARD WOODLEY.
(1865-) (See 1920.) (H.)
Woman Who Threw a Kiss to
Death. Cos. Apr. (100.)
- MAUGHAM, W. SOMERSET. (1874-
) (See 1925.)
*Another Man Without a Coun-
try. Cos. Jan. (54.)
*Consul. (R.) Gol. Apr. (3:537.)
***Creative Impulse. Harp. B.
Aug. (41.)
***End of the Flight. Harp. B.
Jan. (100.)
*Fall of Edward Barnard. (R.)
Ain. May. (1.)
***Fear. (R.) Liv. A. Apr. 18,
'25. (325:162.)
***Great Man. Cos. Nov., '25.
(88.)
*Honest Woman. Cos. Dec.,
'25. (88.)
***Man with the Scar. Cos. Oct.,
'25. (94.)
**Rain. (R.) Ain. Feb. (1.)
- MERRICK, LEONARD. (1864-)
(See 1925.) (H.)
*Elevation of Lulu. Harp. B.
Oct., '25. (106.)
***Flormond and Frissonnette. (R.)
Ain. Jan. (94.)
***How Tricotrin Saw London.
(R.) Gol. Aug. (4:191.)
***Infidelity of Monsieur Noulens.
(R.) Ain. Feb. (93.)
***Very Good Thing for the Girl.
(R.) Ain. Dec., '25. (141.)
- METCALFE, JOHN. (See 1925.)
***Crimson Dragon. For. Jul.
(76:35.)
- MILLIN, SARAH GERTRUDE.
***Black Dress. (R.) Liv. A.
Jul. 11, '25. (326:116.)
***Expiation. Cos. Oct., '25. (26.)
**Purple Dress. Cos. Jun. (74.)
- MILLS, ARTHUR. (1887-) (See
1925.)
On the Rapide. (R.) Ain.
Aug. (151.)
Piccadilly 395. (R.) Ain. Feb.
(25.)
- MILNE, ALAN ALEXANDER. (1882-
) (See 1925.)
*Green Door. L. H. J. Dec.,
'25. (12.)
*Princess and the Apple Tree.
W. H. C. Oct., '25. (23.)
- MONKHOUSE, ALLAN NOBLE. (1858-
)
*Back to Nature. (R.) Rot.
Jan. (29.)
- MONTAGUE, CHARLES EDWARD.
(1867-) (See 1925.)
***Cock-and-Bull Story. S. E. F.
Aug. 28. (20.)
***Honours Easy. (R.) Gol. Mar.
(3:304.)
***My Friend the Swan. (R.)
Gol. May. (3:586.)
- MURRY, KATHLEEN BEAUCHAMP. See
"MANSFIELD, KATHERINE."
- N
- NEWALL, N.
***Au Voir. Dial. Jan. (80:21.)
- NEWTON, WILFRID DOUGLAS. (1884-
) (See 1925.)
Witch's Hat. Chic. Trib. Jul.
11.
- NIVEN, FREDERICK JOHN. (1878-
) (See 1925.)
*"I'm Going Now." Pop. Jul.
20. (98.)
*That Little Sawed-Off Cuss.
Pop. Jun. 20. (79.)
*Two Dogs. Pop. Apr. 20.
(183.)
- NORMAN-SMITH, DOROTHY E.
***Return. Cen. Aug. (112:457.)
- NOYES, ALFRED. (1880-) (See
1923.) (H.)
Mayfairest of Them All. Harp.
B. Mar. (76.)
- O
- O'FLAHERTY, LIAM. (See 1925.)
**Flood. (R.) Liv. A. Jun. 20,
'25. (325:642.)
***Milking Time. Dial. Dec., '25.
(79:491.)
***Your Honor. (R.) Liv. A.
Mar. 20. (328:643.)

OPPENHEIM, EDWARD PHILLIPS.
 (1866-) (See 1925.) (H.)
 Adjourned Inquest. Col. Feb.
 20. (5.)
 Adventure of the Caveman. Col.
 Mar. 6. (20.)
 Affair of the House Party. Col.
 Apr. 3. (15.)
 Beautiful Sisters of Weyde.
 Col. Apr. 17. (14.)
 Chronicle of Melhampton. Chic.
 Trib. Oct. 4, '25.
 Destined Woman. Col. Apr.
 24. (17.)
 Emerald Pendant. Col. Mar.
 13. (15.)
 Gypsy Blood. Col. Mar. 27.
 (15.)
 Honeydew and Kisses. Chic.
 Trib. Jan. 31.
 In the Upstairs Room. Col.
 Feb. 27. (11.)
 Incomparable Mr. Trigg. Chic.
 Trib. Jan. 3.
 Man Must Hold His Wife.
 Chic. Trib. Jun. 13.
 Men Are Such Fools. (R.)
 Ain. May. (151.)
 Minor Hero. Chic. Trib. Nov.
 8, '25.
 Mr. Meekes' Bombshell. Chic.
 Trib. Dec. 6, '25.
 Remarkable Astuteness of Police
 Constable Chopping. Chic. Trib.
 Mar. 28.
 Thief by Night. Chic. Trib.
 Feb. 21.
 Ultimate Triumph of Mr. Tidd.
 Chic. Trib. May 2.
 Unshared Secret. Col. Mar.
 20. (15.)
 Warrant. Col. Apr. 10. (15.)

O'ROURKE, PATRICK.

***Volunteer. This Quar. Spring,
 '25. (134.)

P

PANTER-DOWNES, MOLLIE. (See
 1925.)
 Haughty Miss Pink. Cos. May.
 (58.)
 Jazz. Cos. Nov., '25. (40.)
 Marthe Is—Paris. Harp. B.
 Jun. (148.)
 Very Rich Young Man. Cos.
 Jun. (90.)

PEACOCK, RUTH.

*Flesh. This Quar. Spring, '25.
 (153.)

PEARN, V. A.

***At Half-past Five. (R.) Liv.
 A. Jan. 2. (328:61.)

PEDLER, MARGARET E.

Dangerous Woman. McCall.
 Oct., '25. (18.)
 Little Fool's Wisdom. McCall.
 Feb. (18.)
 Tomorrow's Tangle. McCall.
 May. (24.)

PERTWEE, ROLAND. (See 1925.)

*Amardis of No Man's Land.
 S. E. P. May 15. (20.)
 And See What Heaven Will
 Send You. S. E. P. Nov. 14,
 '25. (24.)
 Fox and the Eggs. S. E. P.
 May 22. (32.)
 *Ministering Angel. S. E. P.
 Oct. 24, '25. (18.)
 Puppy Dog's Tails. S. E. P.
 Jun. 12. (30.)
 Trial Run. S. E. P. Oct. 10,
 '25. (16.)

PHILLIPPS, EDEN. (1862-)
 (See 1924.) (H.)

***Golden Wyandottes. Mun. May.
 (87:653.)
 ***Prophecy. (R.) Liv. A. Feb.
 6. (328:319.)

PORTERFIELD, G. A.

***Marriage Has Been Arranged.
 (R.) Liv. A. May 2, '25.
 (325:273.)

PUGH, EDWIN WILLIAM. (1874-
)

**Martha's Young Man. (R.)
 Liv. A. May 16, '25. (325:379.)

Q

QUILLER-COUCH, SIR ARTHUR
 THOMAS. (1863-)
 ***Omnibus. (R.) Ain. Apr.
 (118.)

R

READE, CHARLES. (1814-1884.)
 **Box Tunnel. (R.) Ain. Mar.
 (118.)

RICHARDSON, ANTHONY. (See 1925.)
 ***Force of Habit. Pict. R. Aug.
 (12.)

"ROHMER, SAX." (1886-)
 (ARTHUR SANSFIELD WARD.)
 (See 1922.) (H.)
 Without Surrender. Ly. Jun.
 26. (9.)

"ROSS, MARTIN." See SOMERVILLE,
 EDITH C., and "ROSS, MAR-
 TIN."

S

SABATINI, RAFAEL. (1875-)
 (See 1925.) (H.)

- SABATINI, RAFAEL. (*Contd.*)
 *After Worcester Field. (R.)
 Ain. Jan. (150.)
 *Carolus and Caroline. (R.)
 Ain. Mar. (149.)
 *Chancellor's Daughter. (R.)
 Ain. Feb. (150.)
 *In the Eleventh Hour. (R.)
 Ain. Apr. (150.)
 **King's Conscience. G. H. Oct., '25. (26.)
 *Loaded Dice. (R.) Ain. Nov., '25. (127.)
 *Of What Befel at Bailienochy. (R.) Ain. Dec., '25. (148.)
 **Tragedy of Madame. G. H. Nov., '25. (16.)
 ŠADLEIR, MICHAEL. (1888-)
 **Bread upon the Waters. (R.)
 Ain. Mar. (113.)
 "SAPPER. See McNeile, H. Cyril.
 SASSON, SIEGFRIED. (1886-)
 (See 1924.)
 *Meritritzsky Concerto. N. A. Rev. Mar.-Apr.-May. (223:145.)
 "SEAMARK." See SMALL, AUSTIN J.
 SEYMOUR, BEATRICE KEAN.
 *House of the Shadows. MacL. Dec. 1, '25. (26.)
 SHAW, HERBERT.
 **Women Want Too Much. Cen. Apr. (111:688.)
 SIMSON, E. A.
 **Atmosphere. (R.) Liv. A. Jun. 5. (329:527.)
 SINCLAIR, MAY. (See 1923.) (H.)
 ***Nature of the Evidence. (R.)
 F. S. Aug. (4:220.)
 ***Token. (R.) Ain. Mar. (128.)
 SLADE, CHRISTINE JOPE-. See JOPE-SLADE, CHRISTINE.
 SMALL, AUSTIN J. ("SEAMARK.")
 *Out of the Storm. MacL. Jan. 15. (22.)
 SNELL, EDMUND. (See 1924.)
 *Man with the Wash Leather Gloves. Mun. Mar. (87:311.)
 SOMERVILLE, EDITH CE., and "ROSS, MARTIN." (VIOLET MARTIN.)
 (See 1925.)
 **Trinket's Colt. (R.) Gol. Mar. (3:335.)
 SOUTAR, ANDREW. (1879-) (See 1922.)
 P. W. Q. Hol. Oct., '25. (11.)
 STACPOOLE, HENRY DE VERE. (1865-)
 (See 1925.) (H.)
 *Chattering Jimmy. Pop. Mar. 20. (101.)
 Confession. Ly. Mar. 27. (12.)
 Doctor's Love Story. Chic. Trib. Aug. 15.
 *Mircami. MacL. May 1. (26.)
 Mun. May. (87:646.)
 Russian. Col. Apr. 3. (7.)
 *Ten-Franc Counter. Mun. Feb. (87:144.)
 STEPHENS, JAMES. (1882-)
 (See 1922.) (H.)
 ***Brien O'Brien. (R.) Ain. Jun. (19.)
 ***Threepenny-Piece. (R.) Gol. May. (3:581.)
 STERN, G. B. (MRS. GEOFFREY LISLE HOLDSWORTH.) (1890-)
 (See 1925.)
 *Lords and Ladies. Red. Bk. Nov., '25. (68.)
 STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS. (1850-1894.) (See 1925.) (H.)
 ***Providence and the Guitar. (R.) Gol. Oct., '25. (2:458.)
 ***Sire De Malétroit's Door. (R.)
 Ev. Mar. (118.)
 ***Treasure of Franchard. (R.)
 Ain. Jan. (1.)
 STEVENSON, SYLVIA.
 Seven Years. W. H. C. May. (18.)
 STORM, JAMESON, MARGARET. See JAMESON, MARGARET STORM.
 SUTTON, BERTHA RADFORD.
 *Figs of Thistles. Cath. W. Jun. (123:298.)
 SWINNERTON, FRANK ARTHUR. (1884-) (See 1925.)
 Lie. W. H. C. Mar. (14.)
 **Will and the Way. Chic. Trib. Mar. 14.
- T
- TASSINARI, GIOVANNA. See JEPSON, EDGAR, and TASSINARI, GIOVANNA.
 TERRILL, G. APPLEBY. (See 1925.)
 *Ex-Commander of a Bombing Plane. MacL. Nov. 15, '25. (12.)
 *Museum at Night. Hol. Jul. (7.)
 THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE. (1811-1863.)
 ***Phil Fogarty. (R.) Gol. Aug. (4:235.)
 THOMPSON, SYLVIA.
 *Too Much Money. Cos. Aug. (34.)
 THORPE, JULIAN.
 ***Tactics. Dial. May. (80:371.)
 TOWNEND, W. (See 1925.) (H.)
 Celebration. Ly. Jan. 16. (66.)
 *White Men, Yellow Men. Sh. St. Oct. 25, '25. (160.)

W

- WALLACE, EDGAR. (1875-) (See 1925.) (H.)
 Get-Back. S. E. P. Dec. 5, '25. (25.)
 Great Sham. Ev. Aug. (27.)
 House of the Candles. S. E. P. Oct. 10, '25. (12.)
 Magic of Fear. Ev. Dec., '25. (9.)
 Man Who Hated Sheffield. Ev. Jan. (116.)
 Very Good Man. Ev. Apr. (9.)
- WALPOLE, HUGH SEYMOUR. (1884-) (See 1925.)
 ***Harmless Flirt. Cos. Jul. (100.)
 ***Mr. Oddy. Cos. Mar. (76.)
- WARD, ARTHUR SARSFIELD. See "ROHMER, SAX."
- WATSON, ELLIOT LOVEGOOD GRANT. (1885-)
 ***Case of Sir Reginald James Farquharson. (R.) Ain. Apr. (130.)
- WEIR, J. GORDON.
 **Deil's Stane. (R.) Liv. A. Oct. 24, '25. (327:196.)
- WELLS, HERBERT GEORGE. (1866-) (See 1925.) (H.)
 ***Crystal Egg. (R.) Am. St. May. (1:128.)
 ***Empire of the Ants. (R.) Am. St. Aug. (1:410.)
 ***Magic Shop. (R.) Ev. Jan. (138.)
 ***Man Who Could Work Miracles. (R.) Am. St. Jul. (1:312.)
 ***New Accelerator. (R.) Am. St. Apr. (1:57.)
 *Pearl of Love. For. Dec., '25. (74:889.)
 ***Star. (R.) Am. St. Jun. (1:242.)
- WELLS, KATHERINE and FRANK.
 **Last Fairy. G. H. Dec., '25. (46.)
- "WEST, REBECCA." (1892-)
 ***Magician of Pell Street. Cos. Feb. (50.)
- WETJEN, ALBERT RICHARD. (1900-) (See 1925.)
 *Beginning of Command. Ev. Jan. (62.)
 *Bill to Collect. Sea. Aug. (159.)
 **Chance. Col. Jul. 17. (21.)
 *Command. Sea. Apr. (42.)
 *Friendship. Rot. Jun. (17.)
 **Ho-Ho-Ho! Adv. Jan. 30. (94.)
- **Island of France. Adv. Jun. 8. (93.)
- ***Lamp Trimmer of the Oddstar. Col. Feb. 6. (11.)
- *Pianos for Santos. Sh. St. Nov. 10, '25. (152.)
- *Pilot of the Pillars. Col. Jan. 2. (24.)
- ***Pound for Pound. S. E. P. Dec. 26, '25. (18.)
- *Ship's a Ship. Sea. Aug. (82.)
- ***Women and Children First. Col. Jun. 5. (20.)
- WILDE, OSCAR FINGALL O'FLAHERTIE WILLS. (1856-1900.)
 ***Birthday of the Infanta. (R.) F. S. Jul. (4:72.)
 ***Nightingale and the Rose. (R.) Ain. Mar. (124.) F. S. Apr. (3:104.)
 ***Young King. (R.) Ain. Jan. (36.) F. S. Feb. (2:276.)
- WILLIAMSON, ALICE MURIEL. (1869-) (See 1925.) (H.)
 Cat Burglarette. Hol. May. (14.)
- WILLIAMSON, HENRY. (See 1925.)
 **Story of Stumberleap. Col. Oct. 17, '25. (16.)
- WODEHOUSE, PELHAM GRENVILLE. (1881-) (See 1925.) (H.)
 Bit of Luck for Mabel. S. E. P. Dec. 26, '25. (14.)
 Buttercup Day. S. E. P. Nov. 21, '25. (14.)
 Inferiority Complex of Old Sippy. Ly. Apr. 17. (7.)
 Keeping in with Vosper. Ly. Mar. 13. (11.)
 *Keeping It from Cuthbert. Ly. Feb. 27. (7.)
 Level Business Head. Ly. May 8. (21.)
 Long Hole. N. Y. Trib. Nov. 1, '25.
 Lord Emsworth Acts for the Best. Ly. Jun. 5. (18.)
 Out of School. (R.) Ain. Feb. (124.)
 Rest Cure. Ly. Jan. 23. (7.)
 Slice of Life. Ly. Aug. 7. (33.)
 Truth About George. Ly. Jul. 3. (23.)
- WYLIE, IDA ALENA ROSS. (1885-) (See 1925.)
 *Dismissing Angela. G. H. Jan. (26.)
 ***Old People. S. E. P. Apr. 17. (5.)
 *Release. (R.) F. S. Jan. (2:69.)

Y
YATES, DORNFORD. (*See* 1925.)
Contrary Winds. Harp. B.
Dec., '25. (82.)
YOUNG, FRANCIS BRETT. (1884-
.)

***Medina Reef. Ev. Jul. (92.)
Z
ZANGWILL, ISRAEL. (1864-1926.)
***Rose of the Ghetto. (R.) Ain.
May. (21.)

III. TRANSLATIONS

A
ACREMAN, ALBERT. (*See* 1925.)
(*French*.)
*Rôle of the Washerwoman.
N. Y. Trib. Jan. 3. (2.)
ALEICHEM, SHALOM. (*See* 1919.)
(*Yiddish*.)
**Brother Elias Goes into Busi-
ness. (R.) Liv. A. Jul. 18,
'25. (326:156.)
ALVAREZ, VALENTIN ANDRES. (*Span-
ish*.)
**Cobwebs in the Sky. (R.) Liv.
A. May 8. (329:318.)
ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN. (1805-
1875.) (*See* 1922.) (*Danish*.)
***King, Queen and Knave. (R.)
Scan. Feb. (14:97.)
Liv. A. Jan. 30. (328:234.)
***Something. (R.) Gol. Jan.
(3:57.)
ANDREYEV, LEONID NIKOLAEVICH.
(1871-1919.) (*See* 1925.) (H.)
(*Russian*.)
**Marseillaise. Echo. Apr. (11.)
ANNUNZIO, GABRIELE D'. *See*
D'ANNUNZIO, GABRIELE RAPAG-
NETTA.
AVERCHENKO, ARKADY. (*See* 1923.)
(*Russian*.)
*Life of Man. Echo. Aug. (12.)

B
BAILLEHACHE, COMTESSE DE.
(*French*.)
Laugh at Jealous Husbands.
N. Y. Trib. Nov. 1, '25.
BALZAC, HONORE DE. (1799-1850.)
(*See* 1925.) (H.) (*French*.)
***Christ in Flanders. (R.) Gol.
Dec., '25. (2:743.)
***Doomed to Live. (R.) F. S.
Oct., '25. (1:70.)
***Grande Brétèche. (R.) Ain.
May. (116.)
***Passion in the Dessert. (R.)
Gol. Nov., '25. (2:696.)
BARBUSSE, HENRI. (1875-)
(*See* 1924.) (*French*.)
***Cross. (R.) Gol. May. (3:677.)
BARGONE, FREDERIC-CHARLES-PIERRE-
EDOUARD. *See* "FARRERE,
CLAUDE."

BEAUMONT, GERMAINE. (*French*.)
Woman of the Night. N. Y.
Trib. Aug. 15.
"BERTHEROY, JEAN." (BERTHE
CARIANNE LE BARILLIER.)
(1860-) (*See* 1925.)
(*French*.)
Essence None Can Analyse.
N. Y. Trib. Nov. 29, '25.
On the Eve of Aldine's Mar-
riage. N. Y. Trib. Feb. 28.
Second Call of Love. N. Y.
Trib. Apr. 11.
BINET-VALMER. (1875-) (*See*
1925.) (*French*.)
**In the Twilight of His Glory.
N. Y. Trib. Jan. 31. (2.)
BIZET, RENE. (1887-) (*See*
1925.) (*French*.)
Madame Fairy Takes a Lodger.
N. Y. Trib. Nov. 15, '25.
BLANCO-FOMBONA, RUFINO. (*See*
1921.) (*Spanish*.)
***Broken Idyll. (R.) Gol. Feb.
(3:251.)
BLASCO IBANEZ, VICENTE. (1867-
.) (*See* 1925.) (*Spanish*.)
**Romantic Past. Cos. Aug. (28.)
BOCCACCIO, GIOVANNI. (1313?-1375.)
(*Italian*.)
***Patient Griselda. (R.) F. S.
Nov., '25. (1:173.)
BOECK, CHRISTOPHER. (*Danish*.)
*White Christmas. Scan. Dec.,
'25. (13:741.)
BOEX, J. and H. *See* "ROSNY, J. H.,
ainé."
BOUCHOR, JEAN. (*French*.)
Portrait That Came to Life.
N. Y. Trib. Nov. 8, '25.
BOUTET, FREDERIC. (*See* 1925.)
(*French*.)
*Apache For One Day Only.
N. Y. Trib. Jun. 6.
Awakening of M. de Loimbre.
N. Y. Trib. Mar. 28.
Gift at the Year's End. N. Y.
Trib. Feb. 21. (12.)
Girl Who Became a Woman.
N. Y. Trib. Sept. 13, '25.
Little Matter Between Friends.
N. Y. Trib. May 2.

- BOUTET, FREDERIC. (*Contd.*)
 Principles of Second Childhood.
 N. Y. Trib. Jul. 25.
 Rivals in Love and Reconciled.
 N. Y. Trib. Jan. 17.
 *That First Evening in Paris.
 N. Y. Trib. Dec. 6, '25.
 **Two Sapphires. Harp. M. Jul.
 (153:185.)

C

- CANKAR, IVAN. (*Yugoslav.*)
 ***Flies. Strat. Jul. (3.)
 CAPUANA, LUIGI. (*See 1925.*)
 (*Italian.*)
 **Dr. Cymbalus. (R.) Gol. Dec.,
 '25. (2:827.)
 CHEKHOV, ANTON PAVLOVICH.
 (1860-1904.) (*See 1925.*) (*H.*)
 (*Russian.*)
 ***Darling. (R.) Gol. Jul. (4:61.)
 ***Happy Man. (R.) Gol. Jun.
 (3:845.)

- CLEMENCEAU, GEORGES-EUGENE-
 ADRIEN. (1841-) (*See*
 1923.) (*French.*)
 *Gideon in His Grave. (R.) Gol.
 Apr. (3:463.)
 *Talisman of Moukoubamba. (R.)
 Gol. Jan. (3:95.)
 "COLETTE." (MME. HENRI DE
 JOUVENEL.) (*See 1925.*)
 (*French.*)

- *After Midnight. V. F. Jun.
 (57.)

- *"Cha." V. F. Feb. (46.)
 *Dawn. V. F. Jun., '25. (59.)
 *End of the Road. V. F. May.
 (57.)

- *Landscape. V. F. Jan. (58.)
 *Lucky Find. V. F. Nov., '25.
 (62.)

- *Murderer. V. F. Nov., '25.
 (62.)

- *Music Hall Sketches. V. F.
 Apr. (67.)

- *Omelette. V. F. Oct., '25. (61.)
 *Secrets. V. F. Mar. (58.)

- COMERT, MARGUERITE. (*See 1925.*)
 (*French.*)

- Merely a Case of Spring Fever.
 N. Y. Trib. May 9.

- CYRIL, VICTOR. (*See 1924.*)
 (*French.*)

- Novel for the Mailbox Only.
 N. Y. Trib. Sept. 20, '25.

D

- D'ANNUNZIO, GABRIELE RAPAG-
 NETTA. (1864-) (*See*
 1925.) (*Italian.*)

- ***Hero. (R.) Strat. Mar. (1:3.)

- DAUDET, ALPHONSE. (1840-1897.)
 (*See 1925.*) (*H.*) (*French.*)

- ***Comtesse Irma. (R.) F. S.
 Jul. (4:96.)

- ***Credo of Love. (R.) F. S.
 Nov., '25. (1:226.)

- ***Game of Billiards. (R.) Gol.
 Jul. (4:20.)

- DELAMARE, GEORGES. (*French.*)
 **Fine Art of Happiness. N. Y.

- Trib. Jul. 18.

- DELGADO, RAFAEL. (*Spanish.*)
 ***Deserter. (R.) Gol. May.
 (3:689.)

- DESCAVES, PIERRE. (*See 1925.*)
 (*French.*)

- **When Three Is Company, Two
 a Crowd. N. Y. Trib. Mar. 7.

- DIEUDONNE, ROBERT-MARIE. (1879-
) (*See 1924.*) (*French.*)

- *True Daughter of Temperament.
 N. Y. Trib. May 16.

- DOSTOEVSKY, FYODOR MIKHAILO-
 VICH. (1822-1881.) (*See 1925.*)
 (*H.*) (*Russian.*)

- ***Beggar Boy at Christ's Christ-
 mas Tree. (R.) Gol. Dec.,
 '25. (2:845.)

- ***Thief. (R.) F. S. Feb. (2:237.)
 (*See 1923.*) (*French.*)

- DUBREUIL, RENE. (*French.*)
 Widow's Friend in Need. N. Y.

- Trib. Dec. 20, '25.

F

- FALAISE, MARQUIS H. DE LA.
 (*French.*)

- Their Paris Divorce. Ly. Jul.
 17. (7.)

- FALK, HENRI. (1881-) (*See*
 1924.) (*French.*)

- *Hat That Didn't Become Her.
 N. Y. Trib. Jul. 4.

- Wall Paper Comes Between
 Them. N. Y. Trib. Aug. 8.

- FALKBERGET, JOHAN. (1879-)
 (*See 1923.*) (*Norwegian.*)

- **Race with Death. Scan. Oct.,
 '25. (13:599.)

- ***Summer Memory. D. D. May.
 (8:323.)

- "FARRERE, CLAUDE." (FREDERIC-
 CHARLES-PIERRE-EDOUARD BAR-
 GONE.) (1876-) (*See 1920.*)
 (*French.*)

- *Capitaine. Adv. Oct. 10, '25.
 (99.)

- FINOT, LOUIS-JEAN. (*French.*)
 *Shorty's First Race. (R.) Liv.

- A. Jul. 24. (330:203.)

- FOMBONA, RUFINO BLANCO-. *See*
 BLANCO-FOMBONA, RUFINO.

- "FRANCE, ANATOLE." (JACQUES-ANATOLE THIBAUT.) (1844-1925.) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*) (*French.*)
- ***Leslie Wood. (*R.*) *Ain.* May. (123.)
- ***Mademoiselle de Doucine's New Year's Present. (*R.*) *Gol.* Dec., '25. (2:725.)
- ***Our Lady's Juggler. (*R.*) *F. S.* Aug. (4:241.)
- ***Wisdom of the Ages. (*R.*) *Strat.* Jun. (3.)

G

- GAUTIER, THEOPHILE. (1811-1872.) (*French.*)
- ***One of Cleopatra's Nights. (*R.*) *Ain.* Jun. (1.)
- GLUCK, E. G. (*French.*)
Waltz of the Violets. *N. Y.* *Trib.* Aug. 22.
- GORIN, BERNARD. (*Yiddish.*)
- **Fall of Mameliga. *Men. J.* Apr.-May. (12:200.)
- "GORKY, MAXIM." (ALEXEI MAXIMOVICH PYESHKOV.) (1868 or 1869-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*) (*Russian.*)
- ***Song of the Falcon. (*R.*) *Gol.* Feb. (3:184.) *Echo.* Jul. (12.)
- GOURMONT, REMY DE. (1858-1915.) (*See* 1925.) (*French.*)
- ***Study in Black. (*R.*) *F. S.* Jul. (4:126.)

H

- "HAMSUN, KNUT." (KNUT PEDERSEN.) (*See* 1923.) (*Norwegian.*)
- ***Woman Victorious. (*R.*) *Strat.* May. (3.)
- HEIDENSTAMM, VERNER VON. (*See* 1925.) (*Swedish.*)
- ***Behold My Children! (*R.*) *Gol.* Dec., '25. (2:843.)
- ***Fortified House. (*R.*) *Gol.* May. (3:634.)
- HEYSE, PAUL. (*German.*)
- ***Fury. (*R.*) *Gol.* Mar. (3:367.)
- HUGO, VICTOR-MARIE. (1802-1895.) (*French.*)
- ***Hubert, the Spy. (*R.*) *Gol.* Mar. (3:399.)

I

- IBANEZ, VICENTE BLASCO. *See* BLASCO IBANEZ, VICENTE.
- IVANOFF, DEMETER. *See* "PELIN, ELIN."

J

- JACOBSEN, JENS PETER. (1847-1885.) (*See* 1925.) (*Danish.*)
- ***Plague at Bergamo. *D. D.* Nov., '25. (7:241.)
- JEAN, ALBERT. (*See* 1924.) (*French.*)
Like a Thief in the Night. *N. Y.* *Trib.* Jun. 27.
Trail of the Stolen Jewels. *N. Y.* *Trib.* Jan. 24.
- JOUVENEL, MME. HENRI DE. *See* "COLETTE."

K

- KAFKA, FRANZ. (*German.*)
Report for an Academy. *Books.* Nov. 1, '25. (7.)
- KEYSERLING, COUNT EDUARD VON. (*German.*)
- ***Harmony. *Dial.* Oct., '25. (79:267.)
- ***Kersta. *Dial.* Nov., '25. (79:397.)
- KINCK, HANS E. (*Norwegian.*)
- ***Nocturne. *Scan.* Aug. (14:467.)
- KOROLENKO, V. G. (*Russian.*)
- ***Winter. (*R.*) *Gol.* Dec., '25. (2:731.)
- KOTZIUBINSKII, MICHAEL. (*See* 1920.) (*Moldavian.*)
- **Zamfir Neron's Vineyard. (*R.*) *Liv. A.* Jun. 27, '25. (325:678.)
- KUPRIN, ALEXANDER. (1870-) (*See* 1925.) (*Russian.*)
- ***Al-Issa. (*R.*) *Mod. Q.* Feb.-Apr. (3:98.)

L

- LA FAGE, LEON. (*See* 1923.) (*French.*)
Eel and the Tame Magpie. *N. Y.* *Trib.* Apr. 18.
*Shadow in the Moonlight. *N. Y.* *Trib.* Apr. 4.
- LAGERLOF, SELMA OTTILIANA LOVISA. (1855-) (*See* 1924.) (*H.*) (*Swedish.*)
- ***Curate and the Dean's Daughter. *For.* Apr. (75:496.)
- LANDRE, JEANNE. (*French.*)
Climax to a Slumming Party. *N. Y.* *Trib.* Jun. 20.
Woman Turned to Stone. *N.* *Trib.* Jan. 10.
- LAZAREVICH, LAZAR. (*Serbian.*)
- ***When Father First Took Me to Matins. *O. W.* Jul., '24. (54.)
- LE BARILLIER, BERTHE-CARIANNE. *See* "BERTHEROY, JEAN."
- LENERU, MARIE. (*French.*)
- ***Awakening. (*R.*) *Liv. A.* May 2, '25. (325:253.)

- LEON-MARTIN, LOUIS. (*French*)
Sentimental Edgar. N. Y. Trib.
Nov. 22, '25.
- LIE, JONAS. (*Norwegian*)
*Story of a Chicken. Scan. Nov.,
'25. (13:677.)
- LINATI, CARLO. (*Italian*)
***Bluebeard's Last Wife. This
Quar. Autumn-Winter, '25-'26.
(161.)
- LIRA, CARMEN. (*Costa Rican*)
**Shattered Shards of Humble
Hopes. (R.) Liv. A. Aug. 8,
'25. (326:321.)
- LOKKEN, THOMAS OLESEN. (*Dan-
ish*)
***In the Dunes. Scan. Aug.
(14:479.)
- "LOTI, PIERRE." (LOUIS-MARIE-
JULIEN VIAUD.) (1850-?)
(*French*)
***Wall Opposite. (R.) F. S.
Jan. (2:123.)
- LOUYS, PIERRE. (*See* 1920.)
(*French*)
***House on the Nile. D. D. Jan.
(7:307.)
- LYESKOV, NICOLAI. (*Russian*)
***Bear. Dial. Jan. (80:1.)
- M
MACHAR, J. S. (*Czech*)
**Honest Thief. (R.) Liv. A.
Nov. 21, '25. (327:412.)
- MAGOG, H. J. (*French*)
Box with the Golden Birds.
N. Y. Trib. Apr. 25.
Damaskeened Pistol. N. Y.
Trib. Dec. 13, '25. (4.)
Enigmatic Stranger from China.
N. Y. Trib. Feb. 14.
*Tempter and His Victim. N. Y.
Trib. Aug. 1.
Venture in Pearl Fishing. N. Y.
Trib. May 23.
- MARSEY, CLAUDE. (*See* 1924.)
(*French*)
Not a Thing But the Truth.
N. Y. Trib. Aug. 29.
*Père Dominique's Wedding Ring.
N. Y. Trib. Jun. 13.
- MARTIN, LOUIS LEON-. *See* LEON-
MARTIN, LOUIS.
- MAUPASSANT, HENRI-RENE-ALBERT-
GUY DE. (1850-1893.) (*See*
1925.) (H.) (*French*)
***Clair de Lune. (R.) Ain.
Aug. (131.)
***Happy Life. (R.) Gol. Feb.
(3:200.)
***Home-Coming. (R.) Gol. Jun.
(3:783.)
- ***Jewels. (R.) Ain. Dec., '25.
(136.)
- ***Mademoiselle Perle. (R.) Ain.
Jan. (45.)
- MAURIERE, GABRIELLE. (*French*)
*Neighbors on the Farm. (R.)
Liv. A. May 23, '25. (325:411.)
- MENDES, CATULLE-ABRAHAM. (1841-
1909.) (*See* 1921.) (H.)
(*French*)
**Lost Words of Love. (R.)
Strat. Feb. (1:3.)
- MERIMEE, PROSPER. (1803-1870.)
(*See* 1925.) (H.) (*French*)
- ***Diana of Turgis. (R.) F. S.
Dec., '25. (1:385.)
- ***Matéo Falcone. (R.) Ev. Feb.
(116.)
- MILLE, PIERRE. (1864-) (*See*
1923.) (*French*)
**Little Leaf. (R.) Ain. Jun.
(81.)
- MOLNAR, FERENC. (1879-)
(*See* 1923.) (*Hungarian*)
- ***Flooded Island. V. F. Nov.,
'25. (48.)
- ***In a Turkish Bath. V. F. Jan.
(60.)
- ***Iron Master. V. F. Apr.
(76.)
- **Little Servant Girl. V. F. Mar.
(73.)
- **Mysterious Mr. Chokay. V. F.
Oct., '25. (59.)
- *Pearl. V. F. Feb. (55.)
- **Silver Hilt. V. F. Dec., '25.
(74.)
- MORAND, PAUL. (1888-) (*See*
1923.) (*French*)
- ***Archie Spencer. V. F. Apr.
(51.)
- ***Chinese Curio Hunt. V. F.
Mar. (44.)
- ***Chinese Ghost Story. V. F.
Aug. (38.)
- ***Living God. V. F. May.
(63.)
- ***Love Powders. V. F. Jun.
(52.)
- ***Mr. U. (R.) Liv. A. Jul. 17.
(330:154.)
- "MULTATULI." (EDUARD D. DEK-
KER.) (*Dutch*)
- ***Saidjah. Strat. Apr. (1:3.)
- MURGER, HENRI. (1822-1861.)
(*French*)
- ***Ali Rodolphe. (R.) Ain. Mar.
(56.)
- ***Francine's Muff. (R.) Ain.
May. (30.)
- ***Mademoiselle Musette. (R.)
Ain. Aug. (26.)

P

- PANZINI, ALFREDO. (See 1923.)
(*Italian.*)
**Vanished Certificates. (R.) Liv.
A. Apr. 25, '25. (325:204.)
PEDERSEN, KNUT. See "HAMSUN,
KNUT."
"PELIN, ELIN." (DEMETER IVAN-
OFF.) (1878-) (See 1924.)
(*Bulgarian.*)
**Guest. Dial. Jun. (8:471.)
PEREZ, J. L. (See 1925.) (*Yid-
dish.*)
***Downcast Eyes. J. T. Dec. 4,
'25. (14.)
PEREZ DE LA OSSA, H. (*Spanish.*)
***Through the Last Portal. (R.)
Liv. A. Feb. 13. (328:370.)
PINSKI, DAVID. (1872-) (See
1925.) (*Yiddish.*)
***In the Madhouse. Mod. Q.
Oct.-Dec., '25. (3:16.)
PIRANDELLO, LUIGI. (1867-)
(See 1925.) (*Italian.*)
***Reserved Coffin. (R.) Gol.
Jan. (3:122.)
POULAILLE, HENRI. (*French.*)
***Life and the Child. (R.) Liv.
A. Mar. 13. (328:595.)
POURCEL, GEORGES. (See 1925.)
(*French.*)
*Catching Up with the Carriage.
N. Y. Trib. May 30.
PRADO, PEDRO. (*Chilian.*)
**Laugh in the Desert. (R.) Liv.
A. Jul. 3. (330:41.)
PUSHKIN, ALEXANDER SERGEYEVICH.
(1799-1837.) (See 1925.) (H.)
(*Russian.*)
***Golden Cock. (R.) Book.
(N. Y.) Feb. (62:653.)
PYESHKOV, ALEXEI MAXIMOVICH.
See "GORKY, MAXIM."

R

- RAMEAU, JEAN. (See 1925.)
(*French.*)
*With This Honey Also. N. Y.
Trib. Oct. 11, '25.
REUTER, GABRIELE. (*French.*)
**Bric-a-Brac and Destinies. (R.)
Gol. Nov., '25. (2:619.)
REYMONT, WLADISLAW. (? -
1926.) (*Polish.*)
***Death of the Forest. (R.) Liv.
A. May 15. (329:373.)
RICHE, DANIEL. (See 1924.)
(*French.*)
*Judgment of the Blind. N. Y.
Trib. Feb. 7.
*Think Much and Say Nothing.
N. Y. Trib. Oct. 25, '25.

- RICHEPIN, JEAN. (*French.*)
**Bon Jour, Monsieur! (R.)
F. S. Mar. (2:339.)
"ROSNY, J. H., *ainé*. (J. and H.
BOEX.) (1856-) (See
1925.) (*French.*)
Caprice of His Majesty, the
Tiger. N. Y. Trib. Mar. 14.
*Rope of Fortune. N. Y. Trib.
Dec. 27, '25.
RUNG, OTTO. (See 1925.) (*Danish.*)
**Radio Courtship. (R.) Liv. A.
May 30, '25. (325:456.)
RUSSINYO, SANTIAGO. (*Catalan.*)
**My Schooldays. (R.) Liv. A.
May 1. (329:281.)

S

- SCHNITZLER, ARTHUR. (1862-)
(See 1925.) (*Austrian.*)
***New Song. Dial. Nov., '25.
(79:355.)
SHAPIRO, S. (*Yiddish.*)
*Kiss. J. T. Jan. 1. (16.)
*Smoke. J. T. Dec. 25, '25. (3.)
SILLEN, MARTA AF. (See 1925.)
(*Swedish.*)
***Golden Circle. Scan. Aug.
(14:464.)
SOLARI, EMILE. (See 1925.)
(*French.*)
Just Like a Handful of Snow.
N. Y. Trib. Oct. 4, '25.
Nymph of the Fountain. N. Y.
Trib. Mar. 21.
STEINBERG, JUDAH. (*Hebrew.*)
**Zaddik of Sosov. Men. J. Oct.,
'25. (11:456.)

T

- THIBAUT, JACQUES-ANATOLE. See
"FRANCE, ANATOLE."
TOLSTOY, LYOF NIKOLAEVICH COUNT.
(1828-1910.) (See 1925.) (H.)
(*Russian.*)
***Ball at the Naryshkins. (R.)
Liv. A. Aug. 22, '25. (326:414.)
***Long Exile. (R.) Gol. Dec.,
'25. (2:823.)
TURGENIEV, IVAN. (*Russian.*)
***Counting House. (R.) F. S.
Dec., '25. (1:332.)
***Rendezvous. (R.) Gol. Nov.,
'25. (2:622.)

U

- UNDSET, SIGRID. (*Norwegian.*)
**Little Girl. (R.) Liv. A. Dec.
5, '25. (327:537.)

V

VELY, ADRIEN-RAYMOND-ANSELME.
(1864-) (See 1924.)
(*French.*)

Word of Fourteen Letters.
N. Y. Trib. Oct. 18, '25.

VERBITZKAYA, MADAME. (*Russian.*)
*God and the Shepherd. Strat.
Jun. (11.)

VIAUD, LOUIS-MARIE-JULIEN. See
"LOTI, PIERRE."

VILLIERS DE L'ISLE ADAM. (See
1919.) (*French.*)

***Torture by Hope. (*R.*) Gol.
Nov., '25. (2:610.)

VON HEIDENSTAMM, VERNER. See
HEIDENSTAMM, VERNER VON.

VON KEYSERLING, COUNT EDUARD.
See KEYSERLING, COUNT EDU-
ARD VON.

W

WASSERMANN, JAKOB. (1873-)
(See 1923.) (*German.*)

***Adam Urbas. Dial. Dec., '25.
(79:445.)

WISBY, HROLF. (*Danish.*)
***Fish Priest. O. W. Aug., '24.
(50.)

Z

ZWEIG, STEFAN. (*German.*)
***Invisible Collection. (*R.*) Liv.
A. Jul. 25, '25. (326:255.)





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